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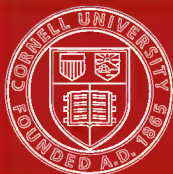
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ROMANTIC RECORDS

OF

DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES;

BEING THE

SECOND SERIES

OF THE

Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.

BY

J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ROMANTIC RECORDS

OF

DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.



FONTHILL ABBEY.

WHEN the young heart beats with excitement, enchanted by the ever-popular Arabian Nights--when older eyes pore with delight over the exaggerated romances which the troubadours of Provence brought into fashion in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,—and when we compare the style of life which can alone have given birth to such productions with that which we now see general around us, where material improvements command a constantly increasing portion of public attention, and theories which are not to save or to make money are despised, it is not wonderful if we should exclaim, that the age of romance is gone for ever !

And yet it is not so. The bulk of mankind have been forced to form their views, and to carry them into action more according to one stiff model; but even still we will ever find some wild exceptions, some characters in whom the savage of nature still holds rule, and which refuse to bend before that monotonous tyrant, custom. View the "*sous-lieutenant d'artillerie*" without friends, without interest, determining at Toulon that he will command; the young general at Marengo resolved to beat the Austrians, though none of his movements were according "to the regular rules of war;" the powerful emperor destroying the finest army Europe had ever seen, that he might sleep in the Kremlin, rich in its Eastern traditions; the exile of Elba overthrowing a victorious monarch in a few days, in order that a few months should behold himself pining to death on St. Helena,—is not that romance? Alexander of Russia was said to be eccentric; but was he not romantic too? And that fine veteran who earned such glory at the period to which we are alluding, Lynedoch, who has only just departed from among us,—was there no romance in his career, who found victory amid the strife of battles, where he only sought for that death which should permit him to rejoin the beloved wife who had been his companion for half his life?

The love of wealth, and the daring speculations to which that passion gives rise in ardent temperaments, though proceeding from no very romantic source, may yet lead to changes of fortune that are quite as extraordinary as anything we meet with in romance. The man of humble birth, but of great energy and prompt judgment, suddenly starts up from his state of nothingness, and seems to emulate the torrent, which, gathering to itself the thousand rills and streams in its onward course, at last swells into a mighty river. Then again we shall see the same spirit that led to a success so wonderful as to astound feeble minds, carrying its possessor a step too far—only a single step—and down goes the whole of the stupendous fabric. In this respect at least, Beckford, who looked upon trade with such intense scorn, might yet very aptly be compared to the Railway King, as Hudson was called in the days of his glory—either of them built up a colossal structure, though of different orders, as different as the massive Doric from the rich Corinthian, by a system of hazard which astonished every one; and each, after a thousand hair oreadth escapes, made one false step, and sank at once into ruin no less complete and wonderful than his rise had been. As regards the latter there is a coincidence well worthy of being remembered amongst these freaks of fortune. From being

the owner of a small shop in one of the minor *gates*—that is *streets*—of York, Hudson, by a singular union of skill and intrepidity, came to be the possessor of so much wealth that he was enabled to purchase from the Duke of Devonshire his noble seat of Londesborough. The first in rank and the first in opulence, the noble from the west end of the metropolis, and the merchant from the wrongside of Temple Bar,—*aristocraticè*,—were alike the invited guests at the table of the Railway King, all paying homage in his person to the deity of Fortune. But while the humble Yorkist was thus sailing before the wind, the amiable and talented Lord Albert Conyngham, who had embarked upon the same voyage of speculation, met with nothing but storms and shipwreck. To drop all metaphor, while Hudson was making a fortune by railways, his lordship was losing one, and was forced to seek a temporary refuge abroad. But again the wheel of Fortune went round. Hudson's schemes burst on the sudden, like the soap-bubbles blown by some idle schoolboy; he was at once stript of his borrowed plumage, while Lord Albert—the ruined Lord Albert—having inherited a large fortune from Mr. Denison, purchased the princely seat of Londesborough, and taking a new title from it, became Lord Londesborough.

Great as was the interest excited by these singular revolutions, they fell very short of what most people experienced in witnessing the ruin of the ducal Buckingham.

How strange that he who bore the noble name of Chandos should so soon forget the fate of Canons, where the Duke of Chandos had expended a fortune in raising an immense structure which his heirs dared not inhabit, and which vanished from earth almost as soon as its extravagant builder! Much more than Canons did Stowe deserve to be preserved. The whole British nation had a species of property in that seat of a family pre-eminently distinguished among our statesmen. The names of Pitt, Buckingham, and Grenville, would of themselves call forth many a sigh from us at the fall of that Stowe with which they were connected; but when in addition we remember the superb library, and the *chef d'œuvres* of art with which successive generations had enriched the mansion, and when we think of the change in the future position of the generous and noble-hearted young man who should be heir to these riches as truly as to the blood of Plantagenet, our national sorrow finds it difficult not to make way for a more angry feeling. Between the long-completed destruction of Canons, and that of Stowe which is now progressing, two other great mansions have

fallen from their old estate, Wanstead and Fonthill. As far as the first is concerned, the reflections which force themselves upon the thinking mind are, if possible, still more painful than those which we cannot but entertain when we meditate over Stowe. A splendid mansion, a vast estate to follow it, and both so wantonly and so speedily destroyed, whilst she who had owned them, and whose prudent ancestors had adorned and increased them, was left to exist upon a wretched pension ! How could the reader derive any pleasure from the recital of these occurrences ? But with Fonthill the case is different ; it was made and sold by the same man—one whose wild and brilliant talents had revelled alike in learning and extravagances—one who loved to astonish, and who, perhaps, felt nearly as much of that singular pleasure which always accompanies excitement, when the greedy public rushed in thousands to devour with their eyes the countless treasures he had there heaped up, and was then preparing to scatter over England, as when he first completed the marvellous structure which he prevented, as far as in his power, from pleasing any eyes but his. Here, therefore, we can hope for something that will interest, and yet that will not derive what gives it zest only from the sorrows and misfortunes of others.

At the time when the island of Jamaica submitted to the British arms, four years prior to the Restoration, the knightly family of Beckford filled a respectable position among the gentry of England. In those days, the spirit which prompted to adventure in foreign lands was very strong in this island. The lofty bearing and great power of the Spaniards in Europe, were naturally attributed altogether to the wealth and resources they constantly drew from their transatlantic dominions, whilst the splendid prizes which our naval commanders had sometimes made on the Spanish main, and the brilliant promises made by the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, and for which many believed there was more foundation than state craft would allow, added to the desire of rivalling in the new world our peninsular enemies, which mere national jealousy would have been sufficient to call into being. Instead of the noble work of colonization being left, as now, to paupers and criminals, this period of time saw such names as De la Warr, Baltimore, Stirling, at the head of the expeditions which planted British arts in America. Colonel Peter Beckford, among other gentlemen of name, set out for the newly conquered Jamaica, and his private fortunes participated in the rapid improvement which took place as soon as the island fell into the hands of

the energetic Anglo-Saxon race. He died in 1710, possessed of immense wealth, after having ably served Charles II. as President of the Council, and William III. as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the island. His eldest son and successor, Peter Beckford, Esq., was Speaker of the House of Assembly. He increased his fortune by a rich marriage, and his children allied themselves to the noblest families in the land. From one of his sons the present Lord Rivers derives : another married the daughter of Perigrine, Duke of Ancaster ; the elder of his two daughters married George Ellis, Chief Justice of Jamaica, grandfather to Lord Seaford ; whilst the younger took two husbands of the noble race of Howard, her first being Thomas, Earl of Effingham, and her second Field Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B. William, the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, was the Speaker's eldest surviving son. Wealthy and popular, he loved England too much to dwell amid tropical scenes. He purchased Fonthill Gifford, an ancient manor of the Mervyns, and when, in 1755, the old manorial residence was accidentally burnt down, he determined upon the erection of a mansion worthy of his great fortune. The expenditure of £150,000 made him master of a house grand in its proportions and beautiful in internal decora-

tion. The centre was adorned with a splendid portico, and expanded at each side into spacious and handsome wings, connected by corridors with the main house. Here for fifteen years the powerful Alderman resided in great state but died in 1770, when in the zenith of his popularity and power, and whilst he was serving for the second time the high office of Lord Mayor of London. He had married a lady of ancient and illustrious blood, Maria, daughter and co-heir of the Hon. George Hamilton, M.P., and granddaughter of James, 6th Earl of Abercorn, by whom he left at his decease one son, called by his own name, who never could conceal the pride he took, and the pleasure he found in his Hamilton descent.

This son being only ten years old at his father's death, his large income was made still larger from the accumulations of a long minority, and when he became of age in 1781, he found himself possessed of an immense fortune, a name known from one end of England to the other, and the fine seat of Fonthill-Gifford. Enough apparently to satisfy most men, certainly you or us, gentle reader ; and when we add that two years afterwards he wedded the Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, whose noble descent and Huntly blood was valued by none higher than by he fortunate husband, if we had not heard, as we al

have, of his singular subsequent career, we certainly should suppose he must have felt that he had all man need legitimately desire. But the younger Beckford was a being of most extraordinary temper, of talents great but wayward, and of wild imagination. He was ambitious. His father had bearded his king, sitting in all the state of sovereignty ; he had been for some time almost a king himself among his faithful lieges of the city ; and his son could not brook to be known only as the heir of such a father. For the contests and victories of parliamentary life, for courting or leading the populace, he was not fitted, and though on more than one occasion he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, his career there has left no trace worthy of notice. Fretted, perhaps, at the difficulties which encumbered him on his search after celebrity in England, where so many others were as wealthy, so many more noble, he first left his native land for the southern countries of Europe, to seek renown in those imaginative lands, to strike with wonder the less wealthy grandees of foreign courts, strengthened in this plan by the death of his wife, who only survived her marriage three years, dying in France in 1786. Who has not read *Childe Harold*?—Whose is the mind that does not ponder with pleased and wondering interest over the being

whose palace, once the resort of the wildest, most pleasure-hunting, must we add most profligate, Court in Europe ; now ruined and lone, is pointed out to the English traveller by his Lusitanian guide, and scarcely discovered amid the luxuriance of the almost tropical vegetation which surrounds it ?

“ There thou too, Vathek, England’s wealthiest son,
Once form’d thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.
Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain’s ever beauteous brow.
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide ;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
Swept into wrecks anon by time’s ungente tide.”

Beckford wished to astonish, and wishing it energetically, he succeeded. All Europe knew his name, and wondered at his wealth and the wild splendour in which he lavished it around him. But singular and picturesque as is the short history of his Portuguese mansion, it is with his Wiltshire property we are now anxious to become acquainted. When the eccentric owner of Fonthill-Gifford returned to take up his abode finally in England, the house erected at so much expense by his father, seated in a handsome park, in a beautiful

part of the county of Wilts, was a fine example of an English country seat of the highest class: but there were others in other districts, and belonging to other men, which were of similar dimensions, fitted up in the same style—and Beckford must have no equal, none to rival *him*. And so this mansion was at once mentally handed over to the care of the auctioneer by its morbid owner. This was in 1796. Ten years afterwards Fonthill Abbey was sufficiently advanced towards completion to permit its lord to take up his residence in it: and then was Fonthill-Gifford consigned to the hammer of Mr. Philips, the George Robins of the day, one wing only being preserved, and remaining a prominent object in the Abbey Park, doubtless to impress upon the passing visitor how vast must be the mind of that man whom a mansion of which it was but a small appendage was not sufficiently splendid to satisfy. On a lofty eminence in its vicinity, the singularly magnificent creation of his erratic genius was now rearing its proud and pinnacled crest. It was built after the plan of the most rich of the Abbeys of bygone days, and like them its superstitious foundations occupied the ground in the form of a cross. From about the centre of the pile of buildings sprung the tower, which was the Abbey's distinguishing feature, and of which the elaborately ornamented walls attained

the great height of 278 feet. Though not so attractive at first sight as the far famed tower, other portions of the edifice were on examination found quite as admirable and astonishing. An arch is mentioned in Neale's *Views of Country Seats*, (a very interesting work, from which we have derived much information) which was nearly six times as high as it was wide, a comparative height exceeding by one-third that of the highest of the lofty arches which support the groining of the nave in Westminster Abbey! The great hall was seventy-eight feet high, whilst its length was only ten feet less. Its width was twenty-eight feet. The great western doorway, also, was of remarkable dimensions, reaching the height of thirty-one feet; and the other portions of the extraordinary structure were not inferior in comparative grandeur of dimensions to those we have more particularly selected for mention.

Having once resolved to erect this palace, the energy of him who planned it refused to submit to the slightest delay. The eternal laws of great Nature herself was set at nought. Night was no longer at Fonthill the season of rest; where Beckford chose to build, darkness no longer reigned when the light of waning day had fled! Countless torches shed their lurid light around the rising walls, and not the busy hum of labour alone, but even the master-spirit's watchful eye

often knew no difference between night and day. Even the Sunday, with its sacred rest, was too frequently forgotten, though him for whose gratification all this was done, had brought home from his sojourn in Italy and Portugal, so much of the true spirit of superstition, as to carry, it is said, a silver image of that amusing anchorite, St. Anthony, constantly about his person. The splendid works at the sovereign's castle of Windsor, where the knightly Chapel of St. George was then being decorated, had to cease for a while, that the workmen might adorn Beckford's young abbey; the agriculturists of the vicinity had to delay, postpone, and mismanage the labours of husbandry, that there might be no lack of horses or waggon at Fonthill. And what thinkest thou, reader, fair or wise as the case may be, was gained by all this wondrous haste? Mr. Beckford amazed the public: his palace, his character, his talents, his riches were the wonder of the moment; and above all, by dint of these unparalleled and almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded at the close of *ten* years in being able to take up his habitation in an unfinished palace which he was only to possess for *fifteen*, and of which there is now nought but a ruined memorial remaining! Well might the wisest of men exclaim "Vanity, vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

With thick woods and lofty fences, with gloomy

firs, and cypresses, and pines, he kept at a distance from him that vulgar world whom he ruined himself to astonish; he spared no expense to appropriate all the most costly curiosities and objects of vertú, with which he crowded walls upon which no eye but their master's was ever willingly permitted to gaze; and whilst his lofty tower, built upon the highest ground in the vicinity, seemed intended to attract the attention of, and be visible over, half his county, he had practically rendered it and its treasures almost inaccessible to the most persevering curiosity. In 1796 he commenced this creation of his brilliant fancy, in 1807 he first inhabited it, in 1822 he sold it to John Farquhar, Esq., for £340,000, and all the articles of vertú and taste which he had spent these years in accumulating, were sold by auction in 1823. Mystery had added much to the interest felt in Fonthill and its wonders, and such was the curiosity excited by the sale, that of the catalogues admitting to the view which preceded it, and which were charged one guinea each, over eight thousand copies were sold. It is generally believed that the decision thus unexpectedly come to by Mr. Beckford, and which transferred this property to others, was the unavoidable result of very serious pecuniary difficulties, which made it impossible for him to continue the lord of these

monastic halls, where his retinue and expenditure were on the scale of a prince's household. He now settled at Bath, where Lansdown Tower, its owner, and his singular life, present as well as past, attracted as much attention as ever he could desire, and where he died in 1844, having survived by many years, Mrs. Orde, the eldest of his two daughters (the present Duchess of Hamilton is the youngest), and having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four. He is said to have left Fonthill with perfect calmness, having previously, however, thought of residing in a small cottage on the estate, where he said he could live in peace on three or four thousand a-year, and letting the noble structure, which had cost its hundreds of thousands to erect, and tens of thousands to maintain in proper style, become a vast and lonely ruin. But had he carried out this wild plan, he would have lost the greater part of the large price for which it sold, and he certainly did more wisely in parting with it.

An anecdote related in the little biographical work called the "Unique," from which we have drawn several particulars concerning this wonderful man, makes the story of his calmness at bidding a long good-bye to Fonthill sufficiently likely. It is there said, that when the great tower caught fire during the progress of the building, owing

perhaps to the frequent use of torchlight, the lord of the thousands which had been expended upon erecting that which was thus being devoured by the flames, looked upon the wild and majestic, but melancholy sight, with feelings apparently of the most perfect composure.

It was not in architecture and vertú alone that Mr. Beckford refused to know what extravagance was. His cook is said to have received £800 per annum; and the style in which his solitary table was kept was luxurious and expensive beyond belief. And yet upon one memorable occasion, he was willing to run the risk of spoiling a good dinner, in order to give himself a further proof that nothing possible to man was impossible to him. He had once sworn by his beloved St. Anthony that he would have his Christmas dinner cooked in the new Abbey kitchen. The time was short, the work severe, for much remained to be done to this portion of the rising edifice. Still, Beckford had said it, and it must be done! So every exertion that money could call forth was brought into play to finish the kitchen in time. It was an impossibility. The apartment, indeed, was finished by the Christmas morning, but the bricks had not had time to settle steadily into their places, the beams were not yet thoroughly secured, the very mortar which kept the main

walls together had not yet dried into hardness, that winter having proved unusually damp. However, Beckford had announced his resolution, nay more, he had called the blessed St. Anthony to witness it, and he would not depart from it. The fire was lit, the splendid repast was cooked, a troop of menials were carrying the many dishes through the long passages which separated the kitchen from the sumptuous chamber where their Sybarite master was to feast, when the kitchen itself fell down with a loud crash. But it was no longer a misfortune of any consequence: no person was injured, its owner had done what he said he would do; and he had money enough to build a new kitchen!

And yet, strange to say, he never completed the marvellous structure, and the east wing (in which, by the bye, this very kitchen was) remained unfinished when Fonthill Abbey passed to its new proprietor, John Farquhar, Esq., a man very different from Beckford, but whose singularities will not permit us to pass over him either in silence.

Born in Aberdeen, Mr. Farquhar, like so many of his countrymen, started in early life to seek in eastern climes that fortune which the constantly increasing competition of an acute and money-loving race made it each day more difficult to acquire under the gloomier skies of Caledonia.

The interest of some relatives procured him a cadetship in the service of the East India Company, on the Bombay establishment: and here the young Scotchman, like all those who held the same station around him, had the certainty of slowly but steadily rising in position, and ultimately, should health be left to him, of enjoying a respectable and independent competency. Fortunately for him, however, he received a dangerous wound in the leg, which first caused a painful and constant lameness, and soon after, progressing in evil effects with that rapidity usual with all ailments in those tropical climes, threatened not only general derangement of his health, which indeed was already becoming too apparent, but even danger to life itself. At a crisis from the occurrence of which all his future success sprung, he requested and obtained leave to remove for Bengal, partly in hopes of a new and perhaps more salubrious climate, but chiefly in search of that medical talent which was likely to be most abundant at the chief seat of government.

Settled in Bengal, he necessarily carried on almost constant intercourse with the best physicians then resident in that locality: their conversation, added to a love of research and a mind naturally fond of the sciences, led him to study the secrets of that sister to medicine, chemistry: which pro-

mises so much less, but whose performances are so much more valuable to humanity than those of her ancient nurse, the alchemy of the middle ages. His practical temperament caused him to do more than merely pore over the theory of the science; and as European society in India is very small, and each member of it soon known to those around him, it was before long generally said that the sickly cadet whose amusing chemical experiments were so interesting, was well fitted to be sent into the interior of the country, where there was a large manufactory of gunpowder established by the government, but which was unsuccessful, nobody exactly knew why. The young Scotchman, like Cæsar, "went, saw, and conquered;" the gunpowder which left the mill was henceforth faultless; and Mr. Farquhar found himself manager of the factory, and shortly afterwards was made the sole contractor for this compound, so necessary to the government of India in those days, and we may add in these also. The Governor-General, Warren Hastings, reposed much confidence in him, and the favour of the ruling powers, added to his own indefatigable vigor of mind, soon laid the foundation of a fortune which was rapidly increased by his constitutional and extreme penuriousness.

It was the time when wars and distresses in Europe kept the funds so low, that fifty-five was

a common price for the three per cents, and according as his monies accumulated, he sent large remittances to his bankers, Messrs. Hoare and Co., for investment in those tempting securities. When he had thus disposed of half a million, he determined that he could afford to return to his native land, and he bade adieu to the eastern soil, where he had found the wealth he coveted. Landing at Gravesend, he engaged a seat upon the inexpensive outside of a coach, and in due time found himself the newest denizen of the modern Babylon. Weather-beaten, covered with dust, he asked his way to his bankers, where he stepped up to one of the clerks, and expressed a wish to see Mr. Hoare himself. But his appearance, and the very economical nature of that portion of his wardrobe which then clothed his sunburnt limbs, satisfied the clerk that he must be some unlucky petitioner for charity, and he was left to wait in the cash office until Mr. Hoare happened to pass through. The latter was some time before he could exactly understand who Mr. Farquhar was, His Indian customer, indeed, he knew well by name, but of course *he* would affect that Eastern pomp and splendour which then uniformly distinguished the successful Anglo-Indian. At length, however, he was satisfied as to the identity of his wealthy visitor, who then asked for £25, and saluting him, retired.

On first arriving in England, he took up his abode with a relative of some rank, who mixed a good deal in London society, and who, in the course of a couple of months, decided upon introducing him to it, by giving a grand ball in honour of his successful return to the island of his birth.

This relative had humoured Mr. Farquhar's singular fancies as regarded his every day attire, but his fashionable mind was horrified when the day of the coming ball was only a week off, and that there was, nevertheless, no sign of his intending to provide a new suit of clothes even for that gay occasion. He ventured accordingly to hint to him the propriety of so doing. His guest made a short reply, retired to his room, packed up his things, and in a few minutes drove from the door in a hired vehicle, not vouchsafing even a farewell to his too critical host. He then settled in Upper Baker Street, in which clean, though not wealthy locality, his windows were ever remarkable for requiring a servant's care, and his whole house, for its dingy and dirty appearance, at which we cannot wonder, when we learn that his sole attendant was an old woman, and that, from even her intrusive care, his own apartment was strictly kept free. In charitable deeds he was munificent to a princely extent, and often when he had left his comfortless house with a crust of bread in his pocket to save the expenditure of a penny at an

oyster shop, he has given away, in the course of the day, hundreds of pounds to aid the distressed, and to cure and care for those who suffered from the countless ills to which flesh is heir; but in his personal expenditure he was parsimonious to an extreme, and whilst he resided in Baker Street, he spent on himself and his household but £200 a-year out of the £30,000 or £40,000 his many sources of income must have brought him in.

This was the man who succeeded the selfishly luxurious Beckford at Fonthill! Truly those splendid walls which had so lately sprung from the ground to which they were so shortly to crumble in ruin again, must have discovered the change of ownership, even though their new lord had not torn from them the proud escutcheons with which they had been adorned by him who had erected them, haughty in the consciousness of his descent from the rich blood of Chatelherault. Their new proprietor, however, did not long possess those vaulted halls. Four years after his great purchase, Mr. Farquhar was no longer an inhabitant of the busy, idle, talking world, which had stared at Beckford, and which stared at him. The immense fortune he had long and earnestly struggled to make, and to increase which he had lived a solitary and apparently comfortless life, he made no disposal of by will; the law dis-

tributed it among his next of kin, and those he favoured, those he neglected, inherited equal portions. Three nephews, Messrs. G. Mortimer, J. Mortimer, and Frazer, and four nieces, Lady Pole, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. Aitken, and Mrs. Trevezant, became entitled to about £100,000 each. The abbey he had sold sometime previous to his death, and it was demolished, merely enough of its ruins being left to shew where it had stood; and to add to the interest of a spot which will always be a pleasing subject of meditation, not only to the Wiltshire lover of the picturesque, but also to the cosmopolitan student of human nature.

We must certainly acknowledge that there is much in the history we have thus cursorily gone over, of Fonthill Abbey and its two remarkable proprietors, which is quite as strange as the most romantic anecdote handed down to us from the vanished days of love and chivalry. To compare it with the wild and charming tales which sprang from the fertile brain of the now unknown author of the *Arabian Nights*, would hardly be fair. Imagination can revel in a poetry of situation and rewards and punishments which can be but very partially realized in the practical career of life; and when (as in a dream for instance the mind, the spirit which we derive from other and

mightier worlds, is freed from that enchaining control with which the body and all that matter which surrounds it, impedes it when we are awake we all know with what rapidity and luxuriousness of conception it can create, change, and unmake. And yet there is much in the fortunes and fate of Fonthill—much in the wayward energy of Beckford's will—much in the charity of the miser Farquhar, which would have formed a character strange and attractive enough for any courtier of the great Caliph of Bagdad. The moral of the story would be somewhat puzzling, however, which of the two men was the happiest? Was either, or were both unhappy? It is hard to say—Beckford wished to be a subject of wonder, and succeeded. He wished his residence to be different from every other, and there again he was successful. And though it must have given him some feeling of disappointment that the creation of his mind should be the seat of another's very different life; yet Mr. Farquhar, as it eventually happened, possessed Fonthill for so short a time, and it was demolished so soon after he parted with it, and so many years before Mr. Beckford followed him to the grave, that the latter lived to see its last proprietor comparatively forgotten, and the strange glories of that almost ephemeral monastic palace, have been, and ever

will be, connected by the public voice with no name but that of its eccentric architect.

On the other hand Farquhar also was successful. He ardently desired a fortune, and unexpectedly he found one. When he began to become rich, his ambition was to find himself in the ranks of that class which is respected before all others in England, the "Millionaires." And there after a while he took his place and showed he held it by his purchase of Fonthill. Favoured by Providence with the fulfilment of his hopes and wishes, he desired a means of proving his gratitude; could he have a better one, than the encouragement which his great wealth enabled him to give to the craving impulse which leads the Christian, we must indeed add the human heart, to deeds of charity? It may have been in him a proof of an ill-balanced mind that, though so noble in charities, he was so sordid and penurious where the other expenses of life were concerned; it may have been a sign of utter selfishness in his predecessor that his profusion and lavishness of money was all done for himself alone. But we do not pretend to judge of the absolute excellence of character which may have marked either individual—we are only considering whether they attained to wordly happiness; and we should guess, where a guess alone is possible, that the gratification of their singularities, tinged

as they were in the one case with avarice, in the other with selfishness, did not take from, but rather add to that happiness of which we speak.

Despite the endeavours of custom, fashion, and law, to force all mankind in these degenerate days to be of one form and cast of mind, at least in essentials, that which brings happiness and pain is as different as possible to each individual. Procrustes, if he lived in our days, would find men willing enough to adopt mechanical or chemical, electrical or magnetical means, to fit, in appearance at least, his tyrannical bed. And we are content, in manners, in dress, and in cant, to be like our fellows. But nature has made us different, and in spite of our often willing efforts, we will never in mind be alike one another. A shipwreck, a fire, a murder, a revolution, will every now and then show us as we really are : and so will any great rise or sudden fall in our fortunes. The angel and the fiend, the savage and the man of pleasure, may divide the empire over one outwardly and apparently humdrum cockney mind : but in the day of terror or exaltation, at the critical moment when life, reputation or fortune is at stake, there can be but one commander, and our own will, if strong and independent, chance or the will of others if we be weak, will then decide which nature shall henceforth rule the soul. Let us

therefore, before that time comes, (as it may suddenly and to-morrow), study our characters, and learn to curb the bad, and to aid and love the good that is in us.

DEATH OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART.

THE ancient house of Burdett descended from Hugo de Burdett, a noble Norman, who fought under the Conqueror's standard at the Battle of Hastings, is imperishably associated with history, where as founders of priories and religious houses in the days of England's adherence to the ancient faith, knights of their shires, *preux chevaliers*, and political martyrs, their names are honourably recorded. Amongst the most distinguished, we may particularise Sir Nicholas Burdett, Chief Butler of Normandy and Governor of Evreux, who was slain while gallantly fighting at the Battle of Pontoise in 1440. The sad fate of Thomas Burdett, the son and heir of this gallant knight, in connection with the story of the White Buck of Arrow, is an historical event of never

failing interest. The execution of this gentleman for an impetuous but natural exclamation upon the loss of a favourite deer is a foul stain upon the escutcheon of Edward IV.; but, although the story is shrouded in considerable mystery, doubtless he fell a victim to the politics of the times, for the contentions of the roses were still unappeased, and the uncertain tenure of the throne engendered a more than ordinary tyranny. Great litigation followed the attainder and death of this unfortunate gentleman, but perhaps, as a reward for former sufferings, the Burdetts were afterwards permitted to enjoy several centuries of peace, wealth, and honour, their property increasing with every succeeding generation, even down to these unromantic days. We are not, however, justified in altogether denying the existence of a spirit of romance, even in our own busy times, for the melancholy anecdote we are about to relate would at once disprove such an idea.

The political career of the late Sir Francis Burdett is too well known to require much comment. Once the idol of the people, he found that popular favour has its turn; and he long survived the lease of their affections, which he had held for upwards of a quarter of a century.

When, in 1843, Sir Francis had attained his

seventy-third year, his fine constitution, coupled with great activity of body and mind, gave strong indications of many years of uninterrupted health and enjoyment; but, to the grief of his numerous friends, he died in the first month of 1844, in his seventy-fourth year. The circumstances of his decease have been much misrepresented; they are, indeed, scarcely known to any one. Were they of an ordinary character, they would not have been entitled to a place in these pages; but they offer food for the philosopher, and prove the fallacy of the cynic's idea, that a broken heart is mere metaphor.

Sir Francis Burdett married, 5th of August, 1793, Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., the celebrated banker, by whom he had issue one son, the present Sir Robert Burdett, Bart., and five daughters, of whom the youngest, Miss Angela Burdett Coutts, is the richest heiress in the British dominions. Sir Francis and Lady Burdett were as much attached to each other as ever were man and wife since the institution of holy matrimony. Towards the close of 1843, her ladyship's illness excited great alarm in the minds of her family. She died on the 10th January, 1844. Her death sounded her husband's knell. She who had been the partner and sharer of his joys and troubles for upwards of forty years, the

mother of his children, the friend of his soul, was no more ! From that instant life became an insupportable burthen, and, resolutely refusing food or nourishment of any nature, he died of grief—a real broken heart—on the 23rd of the same month, and man and wife were buried side by side in the same vault, at the same hour, on the same day, in the church of Ramsbury, Wilts. *Requiescant in pace.*

THE QUEENSBURYS.

THE records of the House of Queensbury are rich in family episodes. No name in Scottish history rivals that of Douglas. From Bannockburn to Landside, the Douglas pennon was always in the van. Incidents of the most romantic interest are associated with almost every generation, and few narratives would be more attractive—more replete with stirring deeds and bright achievements than a comprehensive memoir of this illustrious race.

“ The Douglasses were heroes every age.”

We will not, however, travel back to the days of chivalry. We will pass by the ancient glory of

the House, and, forgetful for the moment of the Dukes of Douglas and Touraine, the Earls of Angus, the Lords of Liddisdale, and all their proud doings, come at once to the two last Dukes of Queensberry, who enjoyed that title for a period of a hundred years, and one of whom, a degenerate scion of a time-honoured stem, became so well known some sixty years since, as the most accomplished *roué* of his time. We will, by and bye, endeavour to give a brief outline of that nobleman's extraordinary career, but we think, by way of preface, that some account of the Duke and Duchess, who possessed the ducal coronet before him, may prove acceptable.

Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, was the son of the famous statesman to whom the Scottish Union was mainly owing. Although he inherited but a small share of his father's powerful mind, his Grace had the affection and esteem of all. In public life, a true patriot, he devoted his best energies to the service of his country, and in private, his amiable and gentle spirit, his benevolence and his generosity gained for him the enviable title of "the good duke." His kindness of feeling, extending beyond his fellow creatures, was exercised even upon his old horses, none of which would he ever permit to be killed or sold. The veterans of his stud had free range of the

park at Drumlanrig, and there the high mettled racer, worn down by time, and retired from active life, had leave to die a natural and decent death. His duchess, Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, whom he married in 1720, was remarkable alike for beauty, wit, and eccentricity. Her oddities were closely akin to madness, and at one time, before her marriage, she is stated to have been placed under restraint, on account of mental derangement. Nevertheless, many were her Grace's good qualities, and her patronage of poor Gay, the poet, redeems much of her foolish caprice. At an early period, Matthew Prior depicted her irrepressible temper in a famous ballad:

“ Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
By little rage inflamed:
Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

“ Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.
Must Lady Jenny frisk about
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

“What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?
Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try ;
I'll have an Earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

“I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall ;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before,
She, I was loosed at all.
Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!”

A very interesting little volume, “the Traditions of Edinburgh,” recounts many anecdotes of the Duchess. “Her Grace was no admirer of Scottish manners. One of their habits she particularly detested—the custom of eating off the end of a knife. When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats ; and then she would confound the offending persons by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver.”

In one of Gay's letters to Swift, this peculiarity is referred to—“As to my favours from great men,” writes the poet, “I am in the same state you left me : but I am a great deal happier, as I have ex-

pectations. The Duchess of Queensbury has signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion (the first performance of the Beggar's Opera) in such a conspicuous manner that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their month."

"When in Scotland," continues the work to which we have alluded, "her Grace always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. Her object seems to have been to ridicule and put out of countenance, the stately dresses and demeanour of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. A laughable anecdote is told, as arising from her attachment to plain dealing and plain dressing. An edict had been issued forbidding the ladies to appear at the Drawing Room in aprons. This was disregarded by the Duchess, whose rustic costume would not have been complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door, she was stopped by the Lord in Waiting, who told her he could not possibly give her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on, in her brown gown and petticoat into the brilliant circle!"

Her patronage of Gay brought down upon herself and the duke the displeasure of the court,

but, despite of its hostility, she never deserted the poet, and at his death, caused a monument with an inscription by Pope, to be raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey. She lived to an advanced age, and so recently as 1772, walked as one of the assistants to the chief mourner at the funeral of the Princess Dowager of Wales. The circumstance elicited these lines from Horace Walpole:—

“To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior’s Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age.”

Her two sons died issueless before her. The fate of the elder was singularly romantic. Early in life he contracted himself to one lady, but afterwards married another, the Lady Elizabeth Hope, but the former engagement proved a bar to their happiness. He and his wife were often observed in the beautiful demesne of Drumlanrig, weeping bitterly together. This unhappy state of feeling preyed so on his lordship’s sensitive mind, that during a journey to London in Oct. 1754, a few months after his wedding, he rode on before the carriage in which his mother travelled, and shot himself with one of his own pistols: his youthful widow never recovered the shock, but died, childless, in 1756, in her 21st year.

The Good Duke thus survived both his sons, and

did not die until he had nearly completed his 80th year in 1778, when his Scottish honours devolved on his cousin the Earl of March, the singular character whose career we are now about to describe.

Few men occupied a more conspicuous place about the court and town for nearly seventy years, during the reigns of the second and third Georges. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure under every shape, and with as much ardour at fourscore as he had done at twenty. At the decease of his father, in 1731, he became Earl of March, and he subsequently, in 1748, inherited his mother's earldom of Ruglen, together with her family's estates in the counties of Edinburgh and Linlithgow. These rich endowments of fortune, and a handsome person, of which he was especially careful, combined to invest the youthful Earl with no ordinary attractions, and the ascendancy they acquired he retained for a longer period than any one of his contemporaries : from his first appearance in the fashionable world in the year 1746, to the moment he left it for ever, in 1810, at the age of eighty-five, he was always an object of comparative notoriety. There was no interregnum in the public course of his existence. His first distinction he achieved on the turf, his knowledge of which, both in theory and practice,

equalled that of the most accomplished adepts of Newmarket. In all his principal matches he rode himself, and in that branch of equitation rivalled the most professional jockeys. Properly accoutred in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, his lordship bore away the prize on many a well contested field. His famous match with the Duke of Hamilton was long remembered in sporting annals. Both noblemen rode their own horses, and each was supported by numerous partisans. The contest took place on the race ground at Newmarket, and attracted all the fashionables of the period. Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified for exertion, was the victor. Still more celebrated was his Lordship's wager with the famous Count O'Taaffe. During a conversation, at a convivial meeting, on the subject of "running against time," it was suggested by Lord March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity previously unexampled, and believed to be impossible. Being desired to name his maximum, he undertook, provided choice of ground were given him, and a certain period for training, to draw a carriage with four wheels, not less than 19 miles within the space of 60 minutes. The accomplishment of such rapidity staggered the belief of his hearers, and a heavy wager was

the consequence. Success mainly depending on the lightness of the carriage, Wright, of Long-acre, the most ingenious of coach-builders, devoted the whole resources of his skill to its construction, and produced a vehicle formed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, with silk harness, that came up to the wishes of his employer. Four blood horses of approved speed were then selected, and the course at Newmarket chosen as the ground of contest. On the appointed day, 29th of August, 1750, noble and ignoble gamesters journeyed from far and near to witness the wonderful experiment: excitement reached the highest point, and bets, to an enormous amount, were made. At length the jockeys mounted; the carriage was put in motion, and rushing on with a velocity marvellous in those times of coach travelling, but easily conceived by us—railway travellers of the nineteenth century—gained, within the stipulated hour, the goal of victory.

The turf did not engross his lordship's whole attention. With these occupations he blended the more elegant pursuits of high life, led the fashion in dress, equipage, and manners, and was long considered the first figure in the brilliant circle of the aristocracy. In 1778, as we have already shewn, by the death of his cousin, the

third Duke of Queensbury, he succeeded to a ducal coronet, and inherited the vast estates of that nobleman. Other honours soon followed; his Grace became a Knight of the Thistle, a Peer of Parliament as Baron Douglas of Amesbury, a Lord of the Bedchamber, and finally, Vice Admiral of Scotland. On the political arena, however, the Duke gained but little distinction; almost invariably he supported the court party, but in 1789 he sided with the Prince of Wales on the Regency question, and was dismissed from office. Few men were more assailed by the lampoons and witticisms of the press. Yet his Grace appears to have submitted, with a good grace, and was perhaps one of the first to laugh at the bad puns and coarse allusions levelled at him. Certain it is, that amidst all the party disputes, and the rancour and malevolence of political factions, the name of the Duke of Queensberry never appeared—if we except the contest between Wilkes and the King.

After he quitted the turf, his life was characterized by little else than devotion to personal enjoyments; in which he continued to indulge while the faculties of receiving gratification remained. His constant residence and the scene of his pleasures was London. Almost every fine morning, in his later years, his Grace might be

seen in front of his house in Piccadilly, sitting either in a cane chair in the balcony, or at the parlour window, enjoying the sight of the passengers, and more particularly admiring the fair ladies who chanced to pass. Towards the afternoon, he frequently drove to the beautiful villa he had built at Richmond, on the banks of the Thames, and there he spent his evenings, in festivity, with music, for which he had considerable taste, and in the midst of a gay circle of female beauty.

His sojourn at Richmond he at last abandoned from a feeling of affront. The inhabitants deeming they had a right to a few yards of ground which the Duke, unconscious of any invasion of parochial claims, had taken into his enclosure, brought an action at law to regain possession, and obtained a verdict. The parochial triumph was, however, fatal to their interests, Queensberry at once determined to quit for ever a locality where he considered himself to have been wantonly insulted, and where for years, and in various ways, he had been a munificent benefactor to the poor.

We will not stop to narrate the numerous anecdotes of gallantry disseminated about his Grace; many were false, all perhaps exaggerated; but no man ever contrived to make so much of life as he appears to have done. When his eye, for he had

but one, was grown dim, and his hearing almost gone, he did not lose his spirits or fail in making efforts to enjoy what little was left him. The predominant feature of the Duke's character was, to use a common phrase, to do what he liked, without caring who was pleased or displeased at it. His wealth was enormous, and tended to enrich several distinguished houses. The balance he kept at his bankers, Messrs. Coutts, far exceeded that of any other nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom. His will had no less than twenty-five codicils; the following were its principal bequests: £100,000 to Lord Douglas; £150,000, with his two houses in Piccadilly, and the Villa at Richmond, to the Earl and Countess of Yarmouth; * £10,000 to the Duchess of Somerset; £10,000 to Lady Anne Hamilton; £600 per annum to the Cashier at Coutts's Bank, who managed his Grace's accounts, £5,000 to Lord Sidmouth; and £10,000 each to Lady William Gordon and Sir James Montgomerie. Lord Yarmouth being left residuary legatee, derived a further interest to the amount of some hundred thousand pounds more. The legacy duty is said to have amounted to £120,000. All his Grace's male domestics were amply provided for, but none of the female, not

* This Countess of Yarmouth (Maria Fagniani), is the present Marchioness Dowager of Hertford.

even his housekeeper. Another remarkable feature in the will was the omission of the name of Mr. Fuller, the attendant apothecary, who had slept by his Grace's bedside every night for the six years preceding the Duke's decease.

The Duke never married; in the early part of his career, he fell in love with Miss Pelham, the niece of the Duke of Newcastle, and made an offer of his hand, but, whether his fortune was not at that time thought sufficient, or his general habits of dissipation raised a barrier, his suit met with no success. The circumstances attending the affair formed at the time a very general topic of fashionable conversation. The lady never married, and preceded her old lover but a few years to the grave.

The peerage honours and landed estates of his Grace became divided at his death. The Castle of Drumlanrig with the dukedom of Queensberry, passed to the Duke of Buccleuch; the marquesate with a considerable estate was inherited by Sir Charles Douglas, Bart., of Kelhead; the Amesbury property went to Lord Douglas, and the Earldom of March devolved on the Earl of Wemyss.

LORD LOVEL.

THE Lord Lovel, who forms the subject of this tradition, was a lineal descendant of the Lord of Breherval and Ivery in Normandy, one of the fierce barons that came over with William to assist in achieving the conquest of England. He may therefore be regarded as the founder of the English race of that name, for like most of his Norman brethren, the stout baron quickly took root in the soil to which he had been transplanted. From the violence of his passions, he obtained the appellation of *Lupus*, or the Wolf, and violent indeed must he have been if he could justly lay any peculiar claims to such an epithet, when all around him seem to have been as little approachable as so many untamed tigers in their cages. The name, however, of *Lupus* dwindled down in his successors into *Lupellus*, or the Little Wolf, for like Dryden's Zimri,—

“None but himself could be his parallel;”

and the race growing, no doubt, more tameable as they became more remote from their founder, this was softened into *Luvel*, and finally turned to Lovel. Hence the name of Francis, Lord Lovel, the hero of our present story, and one of the staunchest adherents of the House of York. All must recollect the popular saying, expressive of the familiar regard in which he was held by Richard the Third—

“The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog.”

The battle of Bosworth field had been bravely won, and, if that were possible, yet more bravely lost; Richard himself was slain, and such of his most faithful retainers as escaped from that scene of carnage owed their safety to immediate flight, when they sought a refuge upon the continent or in the church's sanctuary. Amongst the latter was Lord Lovel. The moment he learnt the defection of Stanley and witnessed the fall of Richard, he saw clearly that the day was irretrievably lost, and fled from the field as fast as his horse could carry him. But the poor animal was well nigh exhausted by his previous exertions in bearing the burden of a man heavily armed for so many hours through all the tumult and struggles of a heavy fight, his pace grew slower and slower, and Lovel had not gone far when he heard a galloping,

as of men in pursuit, at no great distance behind him. They gained upon him every moment, till he knew by the sound they must be within a few yards only.

"It is of no use," he said to himself, "my attempting to fly any farther. Better face them and die sword in hand than be made a prisoner, with the certainty of perishing upon the scaffold."

With this resolution he turned hastily round, and blindly struck at the nearest of his pursuers. The blow was parried, but instead of being returned a friendly voice exclaimed in surprise, "Lord Lovel!"

"Stafford!" replied Lovel, even now scarcely certain that he saw right, so blinded was he by the heat and dust of the battle, and the excitement of the moment.

"The same; but on, my Lord—on, for Heaven's sake. Never look this way; 'tis only my brother Humphrey, and if we make not the better speed we shall yet lay our heads upon a bloody pillow."

For a whole week they fled across the country, perpetually driven from place to place by scattered parties of Lancastrians, who scoured the land in all directions to glean up what had escaped the mower Death on the great harvest-day of battle. Upon the eighth morning, after many hair-breadth perils, they reached the sanctuary at Colchester, which

the King did not as yet feel himself in a condition to violate. When he became more firmly seated upon the throne he did not always pay quite so much regard to the privileges of the church, his judges declaring that the right of sanctuary extended not to traitors, except in some few places that could plead especial charters of exemption.

Thus left undisturbed by any actual attempts upon their life or liberty the refugees had ample leisure to consider what they should do next. Their safest plan would in all likelihood have been an attempt to soften the king by submission; but nothing could have been farther from their thoughts; they were determined to uphold the fallen cause of the Yorkists to the last gasp, and privately quitting the sanctuary, they collected in a short time a very considerable body of men, with four thousand of whom Lovel advanced to York, while the two Staffords invested Worcester. On his part Henry was no less active. He despatched the royal forces, under the Duke of Bedford, against the Yorkists, with strict injunctions to avoid a pitched battle, which might have been ruinous from the disaffection, as well as the rawness of his levies, and rather endeavour to overcome the enemy by corrupting, or dividing them. In compliance with these orders the Duke issued a proclamation in

the King's name, offering an unconditional pardon to all who should at once throw down their arms and submit, upon which a rope of sand could not have fallen more suddenly to pieces than did the army of the Yorkists. Neither fear nor shame was able to keep the men to their colours; they deserted by hundreds, and Lovel quickly found himself in some danger of being altogether abandoned by his troops, or left only with a score or two of the stoutest, to maintain the battle against the whole body of the royalists. Before this should actually take place, and his safety be too far compromised in the vain attempt to persuade those to fight who had no stomach for the occupation, he thought it best to withdraw. In this he had the good fortune to succeed, escaping to Bekansgill, *the vale of the deadly nightshade*, about a mile to the south of Dalton, where at that time the Abbey of Furness stood in all its splendour under the rule of Abbot Lawrence. The pale red stone of the walls which occupied nearly the whole width of the dale had not then been tinted by time and weather into the dusky brown which now discolours their ruins, where they can be seen through the heaps of night-shade that cluster round them, the winding sheet as it were of their past glory. A better spot for concealment could hardly have been selected, for here,

as indeed through the whole of this peninsula, the ground was covered with deep forests, chiefly of oak, beech, and plane-trees, while on one side to a considerable extent, the little neck of land was beaten by the Irish Sea, seldom or ever in a state of rest.

It happened to be tunning-day, and the good Cistercians were dispensing their usual princely bounty in the name of St. Mary, to whom their house was dedicated. A multitude of their tenants and others flocked there and carried away with them not only abundance of bread, but casks of beer and ale, while at the same time a whole bevy of children poured out from the grammar and song-school, where they had been receiving gratuitous instructions from the monks, the best and kindest landlords of that stormy period; till a sudden bend of the road brought him in view of the north gate of the Abbey. At the sight of such an assemblage he hastily drew back again into the wood on the right, doubtful how far it would be advisable to venture amongst them; they might, or might not be favourable to his party, and if the latter turned out to be the case, it was very possible that the disguise, he had assumed only a short time previously, would not prevent him from being recognised.

“I will wait,” he said, “till these people are

gone, before I crave the hospitality of the good fathers."

He retreated yet deeper into the wood, which after thickening for a while till it seemed to threaten an end to all farther progress, on a sudden opened upon a clear spot of no great extent, through the middle of which ran a small brook on its way to the abbey. By the side of the water, sat a venerable monk, attentively poring over one of those ponderous volumes, which formed the delight of the early ages before reading had degenerated from a study to a mere amusement. So wrapt was he in the perusal, that he was not aware of Lovel's approach till the latter saluted him.

"Benedicite, my son," was his courteous reply, "I am glad to——but gracious Heavens! do I see my Lord Lovel here in a place so little wholesome to his safety? St. Mary shield us! I trust that none of the brotherhood have seen you——least of all, Abbot Lawrence."

"How so, kind father?—and how is it that you recognise me? I do not remember having seen you before."

"But I remember having seen you a hundred times," replied the monk; "and from the love I bear to all true friends of the House of York, right grieved am I to see you now. The greater

part of my brethren incline, either from fear or favour, to the Lancastrians; on no account therefore shew yourself in these parts, for the doors of the monastery would be closed against you, and the tenants, at the slightest hint from the abbot, which they would be sure not to want long, would seize and deliver you up to the new king's officers.

"After such a warning," said Lord Lovel, "I will abide here not a minute longer, but seek refuge in——"

"Nay," hastily interrupted the good monk, "tell not me nor any man of your place of refuge; not that I would sell your blood—St. Mary forbid!—but some unhappy chance might betray you, and I would not, if I may help it, that such chance should be mine. Speed then on your way, and take with you an old man's blessing, and his fervent prayer that it may please Heaven in its own good time to rear up again the down-fallen house of York."

With this they parted in haste, and Lord Lovel determined to seek a temporary refuge with Sir Thomas Broughton, of Broughton. The mansion was in the peninsula of Furness, but about thirty miles farther on, at a short distance from the Dudden, so that, weary as Lovel was by his previous exertions, there could be little chance of his reaching the place that night. It must be tried,

however, and onward he went, continuing his route long after the sun had set, and the moon had risen, till within nine or ten miles of his destination he found himself unable to proceed any farther. At this time he had again reached an open glade in one of the woods, which used so abundantly to cover the peninsula before they had been swept away by the encroachments of cultivation. Here he wearily flung himself down upon a green knoll with no better canopy than the sky above, though as it chanced to be a fine autumnal night this was no great hardship to one who, though young in years, was still an old soldier.

So sound was Lovel's sleep that he was yet dreaming, though the sun had been up an hour or more, and fancied himself pursued by the help of a blood-hound. The scene of his vision was the copse by Furness Abbey, and, as is usual in dreams, he was unable to move hand or foot though the baying of the hound approached more closely every minute. And now the animal burst from the wood, and bounded upon his chest, scorching him with its hot breath, glancing at him with eyes like living coals, and lolling out a huge red tongue that seemed continually increasing to a portentous longitude. It is probable he had never felt in his waking moments one half the agony that he now experienced in his slumber,

The struggles he made to escape from it awoke him, but it was only to see the shadows of his dream realized, for an immense dog of the mastiff-breed was standing upon him, its forepaws on his chest, whining however with joy, and caressing him instead of shewing any signs of hostility. His first impulse, while he yet wavered between sleeping and waking, was to throw the creature from him, and start up; the next moment he recognised in it a favourite mastiff that had twice saved his life and always evinced towards him the highest degree of canine attachment.

“What !—Hector !” he exclaimed.

At the sound of his voice the dog seemed half frantic with joy, bounding upon him and about him, and barking incessantly.

“Down, old fellow, down !” cried Lovel. “And how in the name of fortune did you find your way hither ?”

The mastiff, who had couched himself at full length before his master, wagged his tail in answer, and looked at him with eyes of such singular intelligence as to seem almost human, though their glance did not convey the desired information. Just then an interpreter between them issued from the wood, in the person of Lovel’s faithful steward Ralph, who trusting to the dog’s sure instinct had tracked him out by what seemed little short of a

miracle, yet one that is by no means without a precedent.

The cause of this meeting, and the conversation which now grew out of it, may be passed over as unnecessary to our present purpose. The only material point is that they did not again separate, but went on together to Broughton hall, where the exhausted refugee was received with the hospitality he so much needed. Sir Thomas being to the full as decided a Yorkist as himself, many days were spent by them in considering how they might best drive Henry from the throne, which, according to their view of the matter he had usurped. The result of these deliberations was that their party in England had suffered too severely of late, and was too much cowed in consequence to be brought into the field with any reasonable hope of success against a victorious enemy, if indeed the people could be persuaded to rise at all. Help, if any where, must come from abroad, and to what quarter could they so well turn as to the Duchess of Burgundy, who as the widow of Charles the Bold had wealth and power, and as the sister of Edward the Fourth had always shewn herself a bitter enemy to the Lancastrians? To Flanders then it was agreed Lord Lovel should go without delay, a plan having been arranged between him and his host by which they might maintain a secret correspondence.

While he was thus employed, a priest of Oxford, by name Richard Simon, had framed a plot against Henry, which succeeded for awhile by its very boldness, the extravagance of the project making it believed by the multitude; always much more prone to gape and wonder than to reason. Amongst his pupils was one Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker, or, as some have said, of a joiner. He was about fifteen years old, and having a noble appearance, it struck his master that he might be able to personate Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, who just then was rumoured to have made his escape from the Tower. When Simon had thoroughly instructed the lad in his intended part, he carried him over to Ireland, where the imposition was less liable to be detected, and where the name of his presumed father, Clarence, was held in great regard and veneration.

The Earl of Kildare, who had been allowed to remain in the government of Ireland, although he was known for a decided Yorkist, received the impostor as that which he pretended to be, believing, or what is more probable, affecting to believe, the claims thus strangely set up. Nothing could have happened more opportunely for the purposes of Lovel in Flanders. The duchess, who never seems to have had any scruples as to measures when the object was to injure Henry, lent a willing ear

to his suggestions, received Simnel at her court with all the honours due to a king of England, and furnished him with two thousand German veterans under the command of Martin Swart, or Schwartz, an officer of high reputation. With these supplies he returned to Ireland accompanied by Lord Lovel, was crowned there under the title of Edward the Sixth, and being joined by a large body of Irish he then sailed for the Pile of Fouldrey, a small island, or rock rather, in Morecambe Bay, Lancashire. This place was well adapted to his objects, for the harbour is large, and so deep that even at low water ships of war might float there, while from its remoteness it afforded an opportunity of landing without much fear of interruption. The passage hence to the peninsula of Furness is short and easy, and having passed over, he advanced to a wild moor, which from this circumstance received, and has ever since retained, the name of *Swart Moor*, being so called after the redoubted leader of the Germans. Here they were joined by Sir Thomas Broughton, and a multitude of adherents, who were either attracted by the love of adventure, or by attachment to the house of York. Continuing their march they at length reached Stokefield, a small village near Newark, where the king, as prompt as he was vigilant, arrested their farther progress. It was now to be

seen who should henceforth wear the crown of England. A battle ensued, which after three hours' fighting terminated in favour of the king, but short as the time was the carnage had been frightful on either side, while on the part of the insurgents, in addition to the destruction amongst the common file, nearly all their leaders were left dead upon the field, including the Earls of Lincoln and Kildare, Martin Swart, and Sir Thomas Broughton.

“Stout Broughton, that had stood
With York e'en from the first, there lastly gave his blood
To that well foughten field.”

Simmel was taken prisoner, but Henry reading his character with that wonderful sagacity which at all times distinguished him, saw at once there was no danger to be apprehended from such a man if removed from the influence of his former councillors; he, therefore, spared the mock king's life, and made him a scullion in the royal kitchen, whence in due time he was promoted for his good conduct to be a royal falconer. Lovel had once more the fortune to escape, though his friends spread abroad a report that he had been drowned in the Trent, for the wrath of Henry was now fully kindled against him. The last, they said, that had been seen of him was when he plunged

on horseback into that river, but the current running strong from the recent floods, and the overwearied animal being unable to stem it under the weight of a man in armour, they both sunk, never to rise again. This tale for awhile obtained credence, yet the truth could not be so wholly concealed but that whispers soon got abroad of his having escaped the perils of field and flood, and being secretly admitted at night into Minster Lovel. Thither we must now follow him.

In Minster Lovel was a private hiding-place, the existence of which was unknown to all except the owner of the mansion, no uncommon thing in those days, when from the constant recurrence of party feuds and civil wars, none could hold their lives secure for a single moment, however great might be their power and influence in the state. The secret of this place was now communicated to Ralph, and to Ralph alone, and here Lovel took up his abode, in as much safety as the circumstances of the case allowed, till such time as his friends could obtain for him the royal pardon. Henry, it was well known, was avaricious in the extreme, and when his first anger was blown over, there could be little doubt he would be willing to sell his mercy for a handsome consideration. Hector, faithful in storm as in sunshine, insisted upon being his master's companion,

and when Lovel looked round upon his dreary prison, for it could scarcely be accounted any thing better, he could not help being pleased at the obstinacy with which the dog resisted every attempt to coax him from the place. In truth the gallant soldier who had braved so many battle fields, and always been amongst the foremost combatants, felt his heart grow faint, and his eye become dim, now that all excitement was over, and he found himself in his place of refuge, cut off from the world as complete as if he had been in his tomb, and with no great prospect of ever leaving it. He seated himself at the table which Ralph had spread with wine and food, but it was neither to eat nor drink, and when the latter was about to quit the vault, he exclaimed in a mournful tone,—“Do not as yet leave me, Ralph.”

“My dear Lord,” replied the steward, “suppose I should be missed ; it might excite suspicions that would be fatal to your safety. Permit me to retire now, and I will take the first opportunity of coming again to-morrow with a fresh supply of things needful ; in the meanwhile I may perhaps be able to pick up some more agreeable tidings.”

As Lovel made no answer, but continued with his eyes fixed upon the ground, Ralph thought it best to take his silence for consent. He left the

vaulted chamber, and drew the bolt, which was not to be undone again for centuries.

Day after day passed, and still no Ralph came. How they were passed we may easily imagine for ourselves, although as none witnessed the scene in that vault, there were none that could tell of it—none that could relate to the breathless hearer how the victim hungered and thirsted, till, like Ugolino, in the fierceness of famine he gnawed his own flesh and drank his own blood—how he raved and gibbered wildly, as the maniac in his moonlit cell, till a sick sleep came upon him—how, when he again woke, it was to behold a waking vision of green fields, and to hear the murmurings of pleasant waters—and then, to die.

And Ralph? Was he a traitor to his confiding master, or had he perished by some sudden accident before he could communicate the secret to any one?

Upon that, also, tradition is silent.

In confirmation of our tale, it has been said by the antiquary, Gough, in his additions to Camden, that “the house of Minster Lovel, in Oxfordshire, being not many years ago pulled down, in a vault was found the body of a man in very rich clothing, seated in a chair, with a table and mass-book before him. The body was entire when the

workmen entered, but upon admission of the air soon fell to dust."

Gough's account has been pronounced a fiction, but the story which it is meant to confirm may be true notwithstanding. And this we really believe to have been the case, for he omits any mention of the dog, which, however, is never forgotten in the popular version of the legend.

THE M'ALISTER TRADITION.

THERE is an extraordinary superstition connected with a branch of the M'Alister family. Ages ago—for we have never yet got an exact date from a Highlander as to the transactions of long past times—but many generations back, in the days of a chief of great renown called M'Alister More, either from his deeds or his stature, there was a skirmish with a neighbouring clan that ended fatally for the M'Alisters, though at the time they were victorious.

A party of their young men set out upon a foray. They marched over the hills for several hours, and at last descended into a little glen,

which was rented as a black cattle farm by a widow woman and her two sons. The sons were absent from home on some excursion, and had carried most of their servants with them, so that the M'Alisters met with no resistance in their attempts to raise the cattle. They hunted every corner of the glen, secured every beast, and, in spite of the tears of the widow, they drove her herd away. When the sons returned, and heard the story of the raid, they collected a strong party of their friends, and crossing the hill secretly by night, surprised the few M'Alisters who were left in charge of the spoil, vanquished them easily, and recovered their cattle. Such a slight to the power of M'Alister More could not go unpunished. The chief himself headed the band which set out to vindicate the honour of the clan. He marched steadily over the rugged mountains, and arrived towards sunset in the little glen. To oppose the force he brought with him would have been fruitless; the sons and their few adherents were speedily overpowered, and led bound before him; they were small in number, but they were gallant and brave, and yielded only to superior strength. M'Alister More was always attended by four and twenty bowmen, who acted as his body-guard, his jury, his judges, and his executioners. They erected on the instant a gibbet be-

fore the door of the wretched mother, and there her sons were hung.

Her cottage was built at the foot of a craggy, naked rock, on a strip of green pasture land, and beside a mountain torrent; the gibbet was a few paces from it, on the edge of the shelf; and the setting rays of a bright summer sun fell on the bodies of the widow's sons. They were still warm, when she came and stood beside them. She raised her eyes on the stern chief, and his many followers, and slowly and steadily she pronounced her curse:—

“Shame, shame on you, M'Alister! You have slain them that took but their own; you have slain them you had injured! You have murdered the fatherless, and spoiled the widow? But He that is righteous shall judge between us, and the curse of God shall cling to you for this for ever. The sun rose on me the proud mother of two handsome boys; he sets on their stiffening bodies!’ and she raised her arm as she spoke towards the gibbet. Her eye kindled, and her form dilated, as she turned again to her vindictive foe. “I suffer now,” said she, “but you shall suffer always. You have made me childless, but you and yours shall be heirless for ever. Long may their name last, and wide may their lands be; but never, while the name and the lands continue, shall there be a son to the house of M'Alister!”

The curse of the bereaved widow clung steadily to the race of her oppressor. The lands passed from heir to heir, but no laird had ever been succeeded by a son. Often had the hopes of the clan been raised; often had they thought for years that the punishment of their ancestor's cruelty was to be continued to them no longer—that the spirits of the widow's sons were at length appeased; but M'Alister More was to suffer for ever; the hopes of his house might blossom, but they always faded. It was in the reign of the good Queen Anne that they flourished for the last time; they were blighted then, and for ever.

The laird and the lady had had several daughters born to them in succession, and at last a son: he grew up to manhood in safety—the pride of his people, and the darling of his parents; giving promise of every virtue that could adorn his rank. He had been early contracted in marriage to the daughter of another powerful chieftain in the North, and the alliance, which had been equally courted by both families, was concluded immediately on the return of the young laird from his travels. There was a great intercourse in those days with France—most of the young highland chiefs spent a year or two in that country, many of them wree entirely educated there, but that

was not the case with the young heir of M'Alister; he had only gone abroad to finish his breeding after coming to man's estate. It was shortly before the first rebellion of the '15,—and being young, and of an ardent nature, he was soon attracted to the court of the old Pretender, whose policy it was to gain every Scotch noble, by every means to his views. The measures he took succeeded with the only son of M'Alister. He returned to his native country, eager for the approaching contest, pledged heart and hand to his exiled sovereign. In the troubles which broke out almost immediately on the death of the queen, he and his father took different sides; the old laird fortified his high tower, and prepared to defend it to the last, against the enemies of the House of Hanover. The young laird bade adieu to his beautiful wife, and attended by a band of his young clansmen, easily gained to aid a cause so romantic, he secretly left his duchess, and joined the army of the Pretender at Perth.

The young wife had lived with her husband at a small farm on the property, a little way up the glen, a mile or two from the castle. But when her husband deserted her, she was removed by her father-in-law to his own house for greater security. Months rolled away, and the various fortunes of

the rebels were reported, from time to time, in the remote glen where the chief strength of the M'Alisters lay. News did not travel swiftly then, and often they heard what was little to be relied on, so much did hope or fear magnify any slight success, or any ill fortune. At last, there came a sough of a great battle having been fought somewhere in the west country, which had decided the fate of the opposing parties. The young laird and his valiant band had turned the fortune of the day. Argyle was defeated and slain, and the Earl of Mar victorious;—King James had arrived, and was to be crowned at Scone, and all Scotland was his own.

It was on a cold, bleak, stormy November evening, when this news was brought, by a Brae-Marr-man, to the laird's tower. He was wise and prudent, and he would give no ear to a tale so lightly told: but his beautiful daughter-in-law, sanguine for her husband's sake, cherished reports that brightened all her prospects. She retired to her chamber, almost hoping that another day might see it enlivened by his presence, without whom life to her was a dreary blank. She was lodged in a small apartment on the third story of the tower, opening straight from a narrow passage at the head of the winding stairs. It had two small windows, which looked on the paved court-

yard of the castle ; and beyond, to what was then a bare meadow, and the river. The moon gave little light, and she turned from the gloomy prospect to the ample hearth, on which the bright logs were blazing. Her heart was full, and her mind so restless, that after her maidens left her, she continued to pace up and down her little chamber, unwilling to retire to rest. At length she threw herself upon her bed, exhausted by the eagerness of her feelings, and in the agitation of her ideas she forgot to say her prayers. Yet she slept, and calmly, but her sleep was short. She awoke suddenly, and starting half up, listened anxiously for some minutes. The wind blew strongly round the old tower, and a thick shower of sleet was driving fast against the casements ; but, in the pauses of the storm, she thought she heard distinctly, though at a distance, the tramp of a horse at his speed. She bent forward and watched the sound. It came nearer—it grew louder—it galloped over the hard ground, and approached with the swiftness of lightning. She gasped and trembled—it was he, it must be he,—she knew the long firm bound of her husband's charger. Its rapid feet struck loud on the pavement of the court-yard below, and in an instant dropt dead below the great door of the castle. She had neither power to breathe nor to

move, but she listened for the call of the porter's name, and the jar of the chains and bolts which secured the door. She heard nothing—she grew bewildered, and tried to rise to call for succour—but a spell was on her to keep her down. At length, from the very bottom of the winding stair, came the sound of a firm foot, ascending regularly step by step, without a pause in its motion, the several stories. It rung on the stone passage adjoining her apartment, and stopt with a loud tread at her door. No lock was turned, no hinge was opened, but a rushing wind swept through the room. Her fire had burned away, and she had neither lamp nor taper by her, but as she started up in an agony of terror, the heavy logs in her wide chimney fell of themselves, and lighting by the fall, sent a blaze into the chamber. Almost frantic with fear, she seized with one hand the curtains of her bed, and darting a look of horror, she saw, seated by the hearth, a figure in martial array, without a head; it held its arms out towards her, and slowly rose. The scream she tried to utter was suffocated in her throat—she fell motionless; the last sight she saw was an eagle's plume steeped in blood, cast at her feet by the advancing spectre—the last sound she heard was the loud crash of every door in the castle. When her maidens came to her in the morning, she was ex-

tended in a swoon upon the floor. She lay for hours cold and insensible, and they thought that she was gone for ever. After many trials she came at last to herself, but she recovered only to hear the true tale of the battle of Sheriff-muir.

The Chevalier de St. George and the Earl of Marr had fled the country; and many of their noble adherents had been fortunate enough to secure a retreat with them to France; some had been pardoned; a few had been taken in arms, and these few were executed; amongst them was the young heir of M'Alister.

ANTHONY WIDVILLE, EARL RIVERS.

AT an early period of history, the martial epoch of Edward III., flourished the renowned Sir John Hawkwood, who by his military prowess and daring achievements, rendered his name the terror of Italy, to which country his services were almost exclusively confined in the latter part of his life. This illustrious soldier was of respectable origin, although in his youth apprenticed to the trade of

a tailor. But, despite this lowly occupation, few knights of the olden time ever established a brighter reputation for courage and martial enterprise. We are now about to trace a brilliant episode in the career of one, born in a totally different sphere, a man of ancient and honourable lineage, noble by birth, illustrious by connection, with qualities both mental and physical, combining all these attributes in an eminent degree, Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers and Lord Scales, brother of Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., and uncle of Elizabeth of York, consort of Henry VII. His father Sir Richard Widville, Earl of Rivers, according to the historians of that day, was defeated in a battle near Banbury, and having been seized upon by the rebels was carried to Northampton, and inhumanly executed. Anthony succeeded to the title and became second Earl Rivers. We will not here rest on the brilliant achievements of this gallant nobleman, the *beau ideal* of chivalry in his own land, but follow him to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and to the camp of the Christians assembled against the Moors of Grenada. From the chronicles of Padre Fray Antonio Agapida, which are confirmed by those of Andres Bernaldes, the *Cura de los Palacios*, or chaplain to their Majesties' Household (as quoted by Washington Irving), we have very ample details of the wonder-

ful knightly prowess of his Lordship. We could wish indeed that our own chroniclers had been as explicit in their accounts of the actions of our ancestors, for they would have thrown great light upon history. Agapida thus describes the stranger knight and his train upon their arrival at the Christian camp at Cordova.

“ This cavalier was from the island of England and brought with him a train of his vassals ; men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had raged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors, not having the sun-burnt martial hue of our old Castillian soldiery. They were huge feeders also, and deep carousers, and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their own country. They were often noisy and unruly also, in their wassail ; and their quarter of the camp was prone to be a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride : yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride ; they stood not much upon the *pondonor* and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes ; but their pride was silent and contumelious. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth ; and magnified their

chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our Grandees. With all this, it must be said of them, that they were marvellous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle axe.

“In their great pride and self-will they always sought to press in the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset, like the Moorish or Spanish troops; but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked by our soldiery, who considered them staunch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp.

“Their commander, the Lord Scales, was an accomplished cavalier, of gracious and noble presence and fair speech. It was a marvel to see so much courtesy in a knight brought up so far from our Castilian court. He was much honoured by the king and queen, and found great favour with the fair dames about the court; who, indeed, are rather prone to be pleased with foreign cavaliers. He went always in costly state, attended by pages and esquires, and accompanied by noble young cavaliers of his country, who had enrolled them-

selves under his banner, to learn the gentle exercise of arms. In all pageants and festivals, the eyes of the populace were attracted by the singular bearing and rich array of the English earl and his train, who prided themselves upon always appearing in the garb and manner of their country; and were indeed something very magnificent, delectable, and strange to behold."

At the battle of Loxa, where the Moors fought with incredible obstinacy, King Ferdinand was on an eminence which commanded a full view of the action. Agapida says, "By his side was the noble English cavalier the Earl of Rivers. This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance-medley fight before him, the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight, and his very soul was stirred within him by the confused war cries, and the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reinforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. He was merely armed *en blanco*; that

is to say, with morion, back piece, and breast-plate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battle-axe. He was followed by a body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew-tree. The Earl turned to his troops, and addressed them briefly, and bluntly, according to the manner of his country.

“ ‘Remember, my merry men all,’ said he, ‘the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God, and the honour of merry old England!’ ”

“ A loud shout was the reply. The Earl waved his battle-axe over his head. ‘St. George for England!’ cried he: and to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle with manly and courageous hearts. They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy; but, when engaged in the hottest of the fight, they made no shouts or out-cries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to right and left, bearing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battle-axes, like woodmen in a forest; while the archers, pressing into the opening they made, plied their bows vigorously, and spread death on every side. When the Castilian mountaineers beheld the valour of the English Yeomanry, they would not

be out-done in hardihood. They could not vie with them in weight and bulk, but for vigour and activity they were surpassed by none. They kept pace with them, therefore, with equal heart and rival prowess, and gave a brave support to the stout islanders. The Moors were confounded by the fury of these assaults, and disheartened by the loss of Hamet el Zegri, who was carried wounded from the field. They gradually fell back upon the bridge, the Christians followed up the advantage, and drove them over it tumultuously. The Moors retreated into the suburb, and Lord Rivers and his troops entered with them pell mell, fighting in the streets and in the houses. King Ferdinand came up to the scene of action with his royal guard, and the infidels were all driven within the City walls. Thus were the suburbs gained by the hardihood of the English Lord without such an event having been premeditated.

“The Earl of Rivers, notwithstanding he had received a wound, still urged forward in the attack. He penetrated almost to the city gate, in defiance of a shower of missiles, that slew many of his followers. A stone hurled from the battlements, checked his impetuous career. It struck him in the face, dashed out two of his front teeth, and laid him senseless on the earth. He was removed to a short distance by his men : but

recovering his senses, refused to permit himself to be taken from the suburb." When the contest was over, Padre Agapida observes that "the Spaniards pitched their tents again upon the height of Santo Albohacin, but the English Earl planted his standard sturdily within the suburbs he had taken." The Moors having subsequently capitulated, Loxa was ceded to Ferdinand who passed great encomiums upon the commanders who had distinguished themselves, but above all upon Lord Rivers, to whom he paid a personal visit in his tent. "His Majesty consoled him for the loss of his teeth, by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay : whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged." The Earl replied "that he gave thanks to God, and to the Holy Virgin, for being thus honoured by a visit from the most potent King in Christendom ; that he accepted with all gratitude, his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained ; though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God, who had given him all." "A speech," says Agapida, "full of most courtly wit and Christian piety ; and one only marvels that it should be made by a native of an island so far distant from Castile."

Such is the account given by Fra Agapida, and it is not only interesting as being a well-told page of history, but as it differs in one important point from Hume and most of our English chroniclers. According to them Earl Rivers was put to death in Pontefract Castle by order of Richard III., upon whose unfortunate shoulders it was their fashion—a fashion which has continued to the present day—to lay all manner of moral as well as physical deformities. Now here we see that Earl Rivers fell at the battle of St. Aubin,—not St. Albans as Irving calls it—in Brittany, A. D. 1488, while the supposed murder at Pontefract Castle is stated to have occurred in 1483, when Richard was as yet only Duke of Gloucester. If the account of Fra Agapida stood alone we certainly should not feel disposed to believe it in opposition to so many English annalists, perverted though we know they were by writing at a time when the Lancastrian faction was predominant. But this is not the case. In the “*Grandes Chroniques de Bretagne*, 1562,” we are told that among the slain at St. Aubin were the Duke of Orleans, le seigneur d’Albret, and the “Comte de Scales, angloys.”

A more recent historian, Gifford, follows in the same track, and relates that Lord Woodville fought at the siege of Loxa in Spain, in 1486, and was afterwards killed at the battle of St. Aubin. Of

course it is hardly necessary to remind any one that the same person is intended under the three titles of Lord Rivers, Baron Scalles or Scales, and Lord Woodville. The last mentioned was the original family name ; he became Baron Scales in right of his wife, and was the only Earl Rivers who bore the designation, as upon his demise it naturally passed to the lady's heirs ; and finally he inherited the title of Earl Rivers upon the death of his father.

This is not the place, though a time may come, for discussing so singular a point of difference amongst our early annalists. For the present we would only observe that no character has been more falsely written in the historic page than that of King Richard III. ; the mistakes, wilful or accidental, of the chroniclers, having been sealed and confirmed by the witchery of Shakspeare, who evidently wrote what he knew would be most pleasing to Elizabeth.

A TRIO OF REMARKABLE LEICESTERSHIRE
SISTERS.

MORE than three hundred years ago, there lived in one of the pleasant valleys of Leicestershire three little girls—the children of the same parents. They were not more interesting than children generally are. They prattled, pouted, and played like other children; like other children, they had “no cares beyond to-day,” yet were there cares in store for them, and for their parents, too, such as fall to the lot of few. In plain and humble English, their names were Jenny, Kitty, and Polly, but as that was a language never used by their parents, we will call them Jane, Katherine, and Mary; and when we add, that one became queen of the most powerful kingdom in the world—that the second had a fate more romantic than all romance—and that the

third was the wife of a simple yeoman, the reader will easily guess that we are alluding to Jane, Katherine, and Mary Grey.

Probably there is no female character in the whole range of English history so familiar to Leicestershire people as that of the leading lady of our trio. Her strange and touching story is one of the earliest of our *true* nursery tales, and most of us can remember how willing we were to hope that a tale so sad and strange should *indeed be a tale*. We could not reconcile with a life so innocent and pure, an end so violent and so cruel! When we learnt that history is generally truth, —her birth-place became almost holy ground. Few indeed are there among the better classes of Leicestershire, who have not at some time visited Bradgate, and felt how an artless girl could invest with ideal beauty and thrilling interest, a spot which, apart from association with her, would be little more than a moorland waste.

With all this *general* acquaintance with the Lady Jane, we have often found, even among educated persons, a singular vagueness in their conceptions, both of her real character and of the precise grounds on which her claim to the crown rested—some regarding her merely as a passive instrument in the hands of the ambitious Dudleys, others looking on her as a victim to the new-born

anxiety for the maintainance of young Protestantism—and both, perhaps, forgetting that but for the operation of these two causes (*viz.*, the schemes of an unpopular nobleman, and the prejudices of the rival churches) Lady Jane's claim would have stood a far better chance on its own intrinsic merits. But to this point we shall address ourselves in its proper place—for it seems right, in the first instance, to give a brief sketch of her antecedent history.

Henry VII. left by his queen, Elizabeth (the daughter of Elizabeth Woodville), two sons, Arthur and Henry; and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. Arthur married Catherine of Arragon, and died without issue; his brother Henry then espoused the widow, and had by her the Princess Mary. Margaret married James IV. of Scotland, and had children. Mary married firstly, Lewis XII. of France, by whom she had no issue; and secondly, Charles Brandon, the handsome Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had two daughters—Frances, wife of Henry Grey; and Eleanor who married the Earl of Cumberland.

Long before her betrothal to the French king, “the handsome duke” had made an impression on her heart. She had even “told her love;” and it is probable that but for motives of state policy (a reconciliation and an alliance with France being

then a great desideratum) her brother Henry VIII. would not have been averse to the union. We need scarcely stop to remark that the severance of such ties as love had woven between Charles Brandon and the Princess Mary, caused painful struggles. The discarded duke, however, confident that he still had a deep interest in the lady's heart, followed her to France, and greatly distinguished himself in several masques and tournaments held in honour of the royal marriage.

At a tournament at Tourvelles, after vanquishing two or three French knights, he brought the spoils to the front of the royal gallery, and laying them at the queen's feet, boldly declared that it was love for her which had nerved his arm. He also ventured to address the queen in the character of a troubadour, and presented her with verses expressive of undiminished passion and future hope. Lewis did not survive his marriage many weeks, and his widow was not so long in assuring her first love, that having made the greatest of all sacrifices to comply with her brother's wishes, she was now determined to consult her own.

On the paternal side, too, Lady Jane's descent was a distinguished one,—her father, the Marquis of Dorset, having been great grandson of Sir John Grey, Lord Ferrars of Groby, who was slain at St. Albans in 1460, and of Elizabeth Woodville,

afterwards wife of Edward IV. It should be remarked, also, that Lord Dorset and Frances Brandon were nearly related before their marriage, for Elizabeth Woodville was *her* great grandmother too. But the parents of Lady Jane were as much distinguished for their mental endowments as for their high birth. In all the chivalry of the times Lord Dorset bore a high part, and it will be seen in the sequel, that his lady was a person of no ordinary character.

The education of their daughters appears to have occupied a considerable share of their attention, and the selection of Aylmer, (the chief pillar of early Protestantism in Leicestershire) was, in every way, a judicious and happy one. It would be interesting to discover whether the lady Jane's remarkable superiority in literature and languages, in comparison with her sisters, was solely the result of a higher intellect, or whether it arose from an extra share of attention being paid to her in consequence of the chance there was of her sharing the crown by a union with Edward VI., or its devolving to her by his decease. The modes of feminine education, the subjects and objects of it, were so different in the sixteenth century from those adopted in the present time, that it may not be amiss if we briefly refer to them. A training that had for its results the formation of such a

character as Lady Jane, cannot be unworthy of attention or devoid of interest, however we may disapprove of it.

“From the time of Erasmus and for a century later, (says Aubrey,) learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times was as starcht as their hands, square beards and gravity being then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days, were but old boys, whose quibbles passed for wit; even in their sermons. The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmaster, and their schoolmaster as gaolers—the child *perfectly loathed the sight of his parents* as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools bareheaded before their parents: and the daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard-side the whole time of their proud mother’s visit, unless (as the fashion then was) leave was desired, forsooth, that a cushion should be brought them to kneel upon by the serving-man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The boys (I mean the young fellows) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with saliva: they were to stand mannerly, forsooth, the fore-top ordered as before, with one hand at the band-string and the other behind. The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, and on it a handle at least half a yard long, with which the fathers or mothers, in the time of this *besom discipline*, publicly chastised and slasht their daughters when they were perfect women.”

Such is Aubrey’s account.

We shall presently see that this severe and

slashing style of training was applied to our trio, and, though there is so much to be disliked in the system, yet if we should compare its fruits with those of our own modes, we are not quite sure the result would not shew that we somewhat err on the other extreme. Possibly we may now do by love what was then done by fear, but that the parental or we would say paternal, government (the keystone of a nation's and a family's peace), is not so well enforced in our times as in those to which we are referring, will scarcely, we believe, be questioned.

The records of the early life of our "Three Sisters," are extremely meagre. In no public or private library in the town or country that we consulted, could we obtain any work throwing light on Lady Jane's childhood, but one that gave any account of her life, and none (save general histories,) that recorded her death. In the absence, then, of any particulars of her infantine years, we can only suppose that she and her sisters

"Grew in beauty side by side,"

and gathered strength for the great battle of life, by communings with nature on the wild hills and valleys that surrounded their forest home.

At all events, Lady Jane was still in the seclusion of Bradgate, so favourable to the uninterrupted pursuit of her favourite studies, and her con-

templative turn of mind, when Ascham, the learned tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, visited her. He thus describes the interview :—

“Before I went to Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the Parke. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delite as some would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and dutie done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the parke? Smiling, shee answered me—‘I wisse all their sport in the parke is but a shadow to that pleasure I finde in Plato: alas! good folke, they never felt what true pleasure meante.’ ‘And how came you, Madame,’ quoth I, ‘to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing not many women, and but very few men, have attayned thereunto?’

“‘I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘and tell you a truth, which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speake, keepe silence, sit, stand, or goe, cat, drinke, be merry, or sad, be sowing, playing, dauncing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were, in much weight, measure, and number, even as perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes well *pinched*, *nipped*, and *other waeis*, which I will not name for the honour I bare them, so without measure misordered, I think myself in Hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such faire allurements to

learning, that I think all the tyme that I am with him as nothing. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning, is full of greefe, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto mee; and thus my booke hath beene so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to mee more pleasure, more that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deede be but trifles and troubles to me.'

"I remember all this talke gladly, both because it is so worthy of memorie and because also it was the last talke that I ever had, and the last time I ever saw that noble and worthy ladye."

The previous acquaintance to which Ascham here refers, was formed during Lady Jane's visit to her cousins the Princess Elizabeth and Edward the Sixth, which laid the foundation of that boyish attachment which, there is no doubt, the young king entertained for the gifted but gentle girl.

We know that Lady Jane was fifteen at the time of this her last interview with Ascham, because in one of his Latin letters to Sturmius, after speaking of the accomplished Princess Elizabeth and the daughters of the Duke of Somerset, he adds,—

"Duas tamen Angliæ fœminas preterire non possum . . . Altera est Jana Graia filia nobilis Marchionis Dorsetensis. Quæ cum avum habuit Mariam Franciæ Reginam arctâ propinquitate attingit Regem Nostrum Edvardum, Annum nata est *Decimum quintum*."

And then he goes on to describe how he found

her reading Plato *in* Greek, his wonder at her attainments, and her promise to write to him in Greek. And again in a letter to the Lady Jane herself, he says, after describing the wonders he had seen on the continent—

“Nihil tamen in tantâ rerum varietate tam justam mihi admirationem affert, quam quod hac proximâ superiori ætate offenderim te, tam nobilem Virginem absente optimo præceptore, in aulâ nobilissimi Patris, quo tempore reliqui et reliquæ venationi et jucunditatibus sese dent offenderim inquam, ὦ Ζεὺ καὶ θεοὶ divinam virginem divinum divini Platonis Phædonem Græcè sedulo perlegentem, hac parte felicior es judicanda quàm quod πατροθεν μητροθεν ex regibus reginisque genes tuum deducis ! Perge, porrò, Ornatissima Virgo, parentibus felicitatem, tibi gloriam, præceptorum laudem, notis tuis congratulationem, omnibus ex terris summam admirationem afferre !”

In another place talking of Lady Jane, he says—

“Cujus est cultior animus,”

But we had better give the English.

“Whose mind is more highly polished by the wisdom of Plato and the eloquence of Demosthenes, than her person is illustrious by royal descent, or by the contingency of a crown.”

Sir Thomas Chaloner’s testimony—and he too was Lady Jane’s contemporary—is still more valuable, for it speaks of something far better than

mere erudition. He says,—“she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic, and excelled also in the various branches of ordinary feminine education—played well on instrumental music—sang exquisitely, wrote an elegant hand, and excelled in curious needlework ; and with all these endowments she was (hear this, ye gentle mothers and daughters of her county !) of a *mild*, humble, and *modest*, spirit.” Yes! in spite of the frequently asserted argument, that the highest mental attainments in woman are incompatible with the domestic virtues, Lady Jane, with accomplishments that rendered her a feminine Crichton, had still that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of Heaven of so great a price. But the highest testimonial to Lady Jane’s acquirements and virtues is yet to come. It is Fuller, who says of her, “she had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of *middle*, the gravity of old age—and all at eighteen—the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor for her parents’ offences.”

We dwell perhaps too much upon these encomiums, but it is because an attempt has been made in our times to detract from her wonderful attainments, and still more wonderful virtues. An anonymous writer in the “*Beauties of England*,” says, “the accounts exceed the ground of

credibility, and are nearly allied to those Monkish romances of saints and martyrs intended to impose on credulity." He calls Ascham's praises "indiscriminate and garrulous," and strongly questions his veracity. We pay him back the compliment of strongly questioning his judgment, for we have no hesitation in asserting, that we have as decisive evidence of the vast powers of Lady Jane's mind, her accomplishments and virtues, as we have of any historical fact upon record,—they were proved both by her life and her death.

It is time we should come to that most important epoch in a young lady's life—her marriage. In those days, we need scarcely observe, that hands were joined, not as the parties most interested might have wished, but according to the interests or caprices of the parents. Free choice was rarely looked for, and more rarely permitted. In Lady Jane's case, however, choice and duty appear to have gone hand in hand. The ambitious Northumberland saw, in the young beauty of Bradgate, a sure way for his son's and his family's aggrandizement, and her father, the amiable Duke of Suffolk, but too readily caught at the bright bait that was held out to him. Lord Guildford Dudley seems to have been no unworthy object of a woman's love—he was, at least, the most worthy of Northumberland's sons, and Lady Jane appears

readily and really to have loved him whom the parental mandate had ordered her to love.

There is a dark tradition of the Dudleys having poisoned the young King Edward, and it is popularly believed that on the night of his death the banners in the hall waved sadly, though in a place where the wind could not reach them. To us, however, the one half of the legend seems as improbable as the other. We admit that the Dudleys were ambitious, but we confess, we think the evidence of their poisoning the young king rests on slight grounds. It was probably one of those idle tales which the vulgar first raise, and then believe, against those somewhat rapidly elevated above them. All the symptoms, as detailed to us, seem nothing more than the usual symptoms of early consumption. But any story found easy credence that had for its object the ruin of those whose "vaulting ambition" had already rendered them unpopular.

A doubtful or disputed succession is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation. In the times of which we are speaking, much more than now, the duty of upholding that form of religion which each party respectively thought the right one, presented itself as the greatest of obligations. In pronouncing judgment therefore upon

the conduct of Northumberland and Suffolk, then, let us for one moment fancy ourselves living in their times—and zealous for the maintainance of young Protestantism.

Henry VIII. had procured his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, to be declared illegitimate, by Act of Parliament—in Mary's case the act had never been repealed. Even when settling the crown by will and appointing his daughters to succeed his son, he specially intimates the illegitimacy of the princess Mary, and prefers the issue of his youngest sister, Mary, before that of his eldest sister Margaret.

What could be more natural than that young Edward with his precocity of judgment—with his anxiety for a Protestant succession—with his conviction that all would be undone if Mary succeeded him—with his inability to pass over the Catholic Mary without also excluding the Protestant Elizabeth—and above all with the belief that it was competent for him to do what his father had done—what, we ask, could be more natural than he (even if not prompted by Northumberland should think himself as privileged to alter the succession as his father, and should fix on the one dear in blood and dearest in affection—to guard the interests that were nearest and dearest to his heart?

The *reluctant* consent of the judges—the *willing* consent of the prelates ratified this choice.* Who of us can tell how, as subjects, we should have felt or acted under such a perplexity, or rather complicity of claims? especially if we had regarded the crown, as sovereigns then did, as a fief that could be left at will like any other property? Lady Jane's reluctance to have greatness *forced* upon her is only a proof of her moderation and her love of higher joys than royalty could confer, and not any proof of her conviction that her taking the crown was an act of usurpation.

The scene of Sion House was, however, the first act in the tragedy. Her royal progress to the Tower, attended by all the lords, and her mother the duchess as her trainbearer—the solemn proclamation by the heralds, and the bold sermons by Rogers and Ridley (those two eminent martyrs), all gave solemn reality to the feeling that she was indeed Queen, and not the puppet of an unmeaning pageant.

On 18th July (1553), appears her first royal warrant. It is signed "JANE, THE QUEENE." Queen Jane!—how oddly and unfamiliarly it sounds to our ears! In fact—and this is one point in which we think great injustice has been done to her

* The Duchess of Suffolk waved her claim in favour of her daughter.

memory—she figures in our annals just as the *Simnels*, and *Perkins*, and *Monmouths*, as a downright pretender and usurper. Her reign, for reign it was, is either entirely suppressed, or eclipsed with the term “interregnum”—yet Queen, *de facto*, she certainly was, and her claim to be called Queen *de jure*, was one of those knotty points on which “doctors” may well “disagree,” and which casuists cannot yet decide. Had Elizabeth, instead of Mary, succeeded her, it is more than probable that Queen Jane’s lovely face would have graced our histories. We are anticipating. Let us pass over the ten days’ reign, and follow her, a prisoner, to that Tower, in which she had so lately been received as a sovereign.

The annals of Greece and Rome shewed nothing equal to the grandeur of soul manifested in her prison life and death, by this Christian girl!

She, great and guileless victim, was no party to Wyatt’s chivalric rebellion in her behalf, which hastened, if it did not decide her doom.

Hear that remarkable letter which she penned to the Duke of Suffolk on the occasion :—

“ Father, although it hath pleased God to hasten my
“ death by you, by whom my life should rather have been
“ lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it as I yield God
“ more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days tha
“ if all the world had been given unto my possessions with
“ life lengthened at my own will. And albeit I am well

“assured of your impatient dolors, redoubled manifold
 “ways, both in bewailing your own woe; and especially
 “(as I hear) my unfortunate state: yet my dear Father (if
 “I may without offence rejoice in my own mishaps), me
 “seems in this I may account myself blessed, that, washing
 “my guiltless hands with the innocency of my fact, my
 “guiltless blood may cry before the lord, ‘*Mercy to the*
 “*innocent.*’ And yet, tho’ I must needs acknowledge that,
 “being constrained, and as you wot well enough con-
 “tinually assayed, in taking upon me I seemed to consent,
 “and therein grievously *offended the Queen and her Laws,*
 “yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God
 “is so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I
 “was, mine enforced honour blended never with myne
 “innocent head. And thus, good Father, I have opened
 “unto you the state wherein I at present stand: whose
 “death at hand, altho’ to you perhaps it may seem right
 “woeful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more
 “welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that
 “heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ our
 “Saviour; in whose steadfast faith (if it be lawful for the
 “daughter so to write to the father) the Lord that hath
 “hitherto so strengthened you, so continue you that at last
 “we may meet in Heaven with the Father, Son, and Holy
 “Ghost.

“Your Gracy’s affectionate daughter,

“JANE DUDLEY.”

The “Exhortation” which she addressed to her
 sister Katherine, the night before she suffered, and
 which we believe is still on the page of a Greek
 Testament in Lord Stamford’s library, is yet more
 touching, though too long to quote here,—but we

must give Hollinshed's account of the last scene in the tragedy.—

“ The twelfe of Februarie, being Mondaie, about ten of the clocke, there went out of the Tower, to the scaffold on Tower Hill, the Lord Gilford Dudlie, sonne to the Duke of Northumberland, husband to the Ladie Jane Greie, * * * and without the bulwarke gate, Master Thomas Offie, one of the Sheriffes of London, received him, and brought him to the scaffold; where, after a small declaration, he kneeled doune and said his praiers. Then holding up his eyes and hands to Heaven, with tears, at the last he desired the people to praie for him, and after he was be-headed. His bodie being laide in a carte, and his head into a cloth, was brought into the chapell within the Tower where the Ladie Jane, whose lodging was in Maister Partridge's house, did see his dead carcasse taken out of the carte, as well as she did see him before while living, and going to his death, a sight, as may be supposed, to her worse than death.

“ By this time there was a scaffold made upon the Greene, over against the white tower, for the Ladie Jane to die upon [her execution *within* the verge, was to prevent the effect of her youth, beauty, and innocence upon the wavering spectators]; and being nothing at all abashed, neither with the feare of her own death, which then approached, neither with sight of the dead carcasse of her husband, when he was brought into the chapel, came forth, the lieutenant leading her, with countenance nothing abashed [the historian may well reiterate that remarkable circumstance], neither her eies anything moistened with teares, with a booke in hir hand, wherein she praied untill she came to the scaffold. Whereon, when she was mounted, this noble young ladie, as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge, so was she patient

and mild as anie lamb, at her execution, and a little before hir death uttered these words:—

“‘Good people, I com hether to die, and by a lawe I am condemned to the same.’”

Hollinshed here adds these remarkable words:

“‘My offense against the Queene’s Highnes was onlie in consent to the advice of other which is *now deemed treason*, but it was never of my seeking but by counsell of those who should seeme to have further understanding of things than I, which knewe little of the law, and much less of the titles to the crowne.’ She then goes on. ‘Touching the procurement and desyre thereof by me, or on my halfe, I doo wash my hands thereof, in innocency before God and before you good Christian people, this day.’ And thirwith she wrong hir handes in which she had hir booke. Then she sayd:— ‘I pray you all, good Christian people, to bere me witnes that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other mene but onlie by the mercy of God, in the merites of the bloud of his onlye sonne Jesus Christe; and I confesse that, when I knewe the worde of God, I neglected the same, and loved myselfe and the world, and therefore this plague and punyshment is happely and worthely happened unto me for my sinnes. And yet I thanke God that he has thus geven me a tyme and respet t repent. And now good people *while I am alyve*, I pray you assist me with your praiers.’

“And then kneeling down, she turned to Fecknam saying, ‘Shall I say this Psalm?’ and he said ‘Yea;’ then she said *miserere mei Deus*, in English, most devoutly to the ende. Then she stode up, and gave her mayde, Mistress Tylney, her gloves and her handkercher, and her booke to Maister Thomas Brydges, the lyvetenant’s brother. Forthwith she untied hyr gowne, The hangman went to

hir to have helped hir off therewith, but she desyred him t let her alone, turning towards her two gentlewomen who helped hir off therewith, and also her *Frose paste*, and neckercher, giving to her a fayre handkercher to knyt about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled doune and asked her forgiveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the strawe, which doing *she saw the blocke*. Then she sayd, 'I pray you despatche me quickly.' Then she kneeled doune, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me doune?' And the hangman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tyed the kercher about hir eyes. Then, *feeling for the blocke*, saide, "What shall I do? Where is it?" One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto, she layde her head upon the blocke, and stretched forth her body and sayd, 'Lorde, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'—and so she ended."*

Well might Fox, on concluding his own narrative of this cruel execution, exclaim:—

"Though with dry eyes this story may be read,
A flood of tears the pitying writer shed."

Her signature, simply "JANE," may be seen on the sides of the room in which she was confined in the Tower.

Mr. Brand was of opinion that there was "a latent meaning in the repetition of the signature, JANE, by which she at one styled herself a queen, and intimated that not even the horrors of a prison

* It has been asserted, on good authority, that the Lady Jane was *enciente* at the time of her death, and that what would now be considered a bar against the execution of the meanest criminal, was not even thought of in her case.

could force her to relinquish that title." We confess we read something in the phraseology of her parting words, that leads us to arrive at a similar conclusion.

With the chief heroine of our "Trio," we have now done; and turn to her sister, KATHERINE GREY, the second daughter. Fuller says:—

"'Tis a pity to part the sisters, that their memories may mutually condole and comfort one another. She was born at the same place, and (when her father was in height) married to Henry Lord Herbert, son and heir to the Earl of Pembroke; but the wary old Earl, perceiving the case altered, and what was the highway to honour turned into the ready road to ruin, got a pardon from Queen Mary, and brake the marriage quite off. This Heraclita, or Lady of Lamentation, thus repudiated, was seldom seen with dry eyes for some years together, sighing out her sorrowful condition—so that though the roses in her cheeks looked very pale and wan, it was not for the want of watering. Afterward Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, married her privately, without the queen's license, and concealed it, till the prospect of her being a mother discovered it. * * * Queen Elizabeth beheld her with a jealous eye, unwilling she should match either foreign prince or English peer, but follow the pattern *she set her*—so for their presumption, this Earl was fined £15,000, imprisoned with his lady in the Tower, and severely forbidden her company—but he bribed the keeper to procure him frequent interviews, and had by her a surviving son, Edward, ancestor of the Dukes of Somerset. Lady Katherine died in 1557, after a nine years imprisonment in the Tower."

LADY MARY GREY, the youngest of the sisters

is stated to have been somewhat deformed. Of her, Fuller says, that, "frighted with the infelicity of her two elder sisters, Jane and Katherine, she forgot her honour to remember her safety, and married one whom she could love, and *none* need fear—Martin Keys [a yeoman], of Kent, who was serjeant porter to Queen Elizabeth." She left no issue.

The father of this remarkable trio, the Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded twelve days after the Lady Jane.

And what became of the Duchess ?

There have been wives and mothers who, when informed of such woe as hers,

"have lived but to be told !"

She appears to have been of a stronger temperament. She found some consolation for all these accumulated woes—in what? you will ask. In marrying her horse-keeper, Adrian Stoeks.

Miss Strickland relates a good anecdote on this match :—"Elizabeth's undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley excited the jealousy of the other members of her council; and even the cautious Cecil could not forbear hazarding a biting jest to Elizabeth on the subject, when he told her of this misalliance of her cousin Frances with her equerry. 'What!' exclaimed her Majesty, 'has

she married her *horse-keeper* ? ' Yea, madame,' replied the Premier, ' and she says, *you would like to do the same with yours !* ' "

Yes, this daughter of a Queen of France, and mother of a Queen of England, found there was wisdom as well as safety in her lowly choice. It placed her *à l'abri* from the jealous suspicions of the maiden Queen, and she pronounced that the sunshine was less pleasant than the shade. She passed the few remaining years of her life in great domestic comfort with her humble husband, chiefly in the sylvan retirement of Beaumanor. She had one daughter by Mr. Stoecks, who did not, however, live to womanhood. Adrian afterwards married the widow of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and dying, left his brother, William, in possession of Beaumanor, which shortly after—namely, in 1595—was purchased by the celebrated Sir William Heyrick.

SIR JAMES LINDSAY OF CRAWFORD.

“My arm is strong, my heart is true,
An’ the Percie’s o’er the border.”

“OF all the battles,” says Froissart, “that have been described in history, great and small, that of Otterburn was the best fought and the most severe, for there was not a man, knight, or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly, hand to hand with his enemy. I had my information from both parties, who agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought.”

The defeat of the English was complete, and the Scots chased them for five miles. When the Scots had returned from the pursuit, Sir David and Sir John Lindsay asked after their chief—Sir James Lindsay of Crawford,—but none could give them any news of him, whereat, says Froissart, they marvelled and grieved much, doubting not but that either he had been slain or taken prisoner.

"Now," says the chronicler, "I will tell you what befel the said knight of Scotland."

Sir Matthew Redman, Governor of Berwick, and commander, in conjunction with Sir Robert Ogle, of one of the two great "battles," or divisions, in which Percy had marshalled his army, had mounted his horse to fly—very reluctantly, but still, all things considered, he alone could not recover the day. Sir James Lindsay, noticing his departure, and being mounted on a fleet charger, immediately galloped after him, lance in hand, and after a chase of more than three English leagues,* got so close to him that he might, had he chosen it, have stricken him with his lance. But, instead of doing so, he shouted to him repeatedly, "Ha! Sir Knight;" (for he saw well that he was one, though he knew not his name), "turn ye!—'tis foul shame thus to fly!—you have only me to cope with—and if you can discomfit me—I am Sir James de Lindsay!"

When Sir Matthew heard that, he pulled in his horse, and wheeling round, drew his sword, and betook himself cheerily to his defence. Sir James aimed at him with his lance, but Sir Matthew, by writhing his body, escaped the blow, and the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and there

* "Troies lieus Angloises."—*Froissart*.

remained fixed. Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James then threw the truncheon on the ground and seized his battle-axe, which hung from his neck, (and well he knew how to use it!) and assailed Sir Matthew, who defended himself bravely. Thus they pursued each other for a long time by the light of the moon, the one with the axe, the other with the sword, for there was no one to interrupt them.

During a pause in this tourney, Sir James Lindsay asked Sir Matthew, "Knight, who art thou?" to which the other replied, "I am Sir Matthew Redman."

"Well," rejoined Sir James, "since we have thus met, I must conquer thee, or thou me!"

And then began the battle again, and they had no other weapons save the one his sword and the other his battle-axe, which he used with one hand very dexterously, the Scots being accustomed thus to hand it.

At last, Sir Matthew's sword flew out of his hand in a return-stroke, and he stood defenceless. "Lindsay," said he, "I yield me."

"Rescue, or no rescue?" asked Sir James.

"I consent. You will bear me good company?"

"By St. George, I will!" rejoined the knight, "and for a beginning, since you are my prisoner, what shall I do for you?"

"I wish," said Sir Matthew, "that you would allow me to return to Newcastle, and by Saint Michael's day I will render me at Dunbar, or Edinburgh, or at any port you choose in Scotland."

"I am willing," said Sir James, "let it be at Edinburgh on the day you name."*

With these words they took leave of each other, Sir Matthew returning to Newcastle, walking his horse gently, as it was much fatigued.

"Now," saith Froissart the chronicler, "I will tell you a marvellous adventure which befel the knight of Scotland—an adventure not to be forgotten in connection with this night of peril—a freak of fortune such as often bechanceth in love and war. Sir James might well say, 'This morning I thought to have gained much, but in sooth

* "Such," says Holinshed, "was in those days the humanity among the borderers and both nations towards their prisoners which to this day doth continue between the inhabitants of those places. But if any do not return at the day appointed, this punishment is set upon him for perpetual disgrace, that in the assemblies of true days (to demand restitutions of things and injuries done by one nation to the other) they use that he which complaineth himself to be deceived by his prisoner (on his promise) doth carry about a hand or glove painted on a cloth, with a long staff or spear, to be seen of all men; the which is accounted a singular infamy to the deserver thereof. For they which have so broken their faith be ever after hated of their friends and acquaintance; for which dishonesty they will not afford them good report or entertainment."

I have lost more than enough in chasing the English.' I will tell you why."

Sir James had no sooner parted with Sir Matthew, than he and his squire (who, it appears, had followed him closely through all the vicissitudes of this eventful night) entangled themselves in the mazes of a broad heath, covered with furze and thickets of low wood, and entirely lost their road—which Sir James soon found out, but it was then too late to remedy the evil. No stars were visible, the moon had gone down, and the night was dark and gloomy. Coming at last to a path which ran, as he thought, in the right direction, he pursued it—alas! it was the direct road to Newcastle; and he would have arrived at the gates, of his own accord, before day-break, but for a previous rencontre with the Bishop of Durham, who had been too late for the battle, and was at that very moment returning to Newcastle by a path running, it seems, nearly parallel with the one Sir James had taken.

Sir James's horse, scenting the English horses, began to neigh, and caracole, and paw the ground, and press in that direction, and the knight, thinking that they were his friends, and that he was close to Otterburn, gave him the rein, and, in unsuspecting confidence, rode into the midst of the Bishop's company. The Bishop, seeing the dark

shadow of a horse and rider, rode forward and asked, "Who goes there? friend or foe, herald or minstrel?" to which Sir James, still unaware of his situation, replied, "I am James de Lindsay."

"Ha! Sir Knight," cried the Bishop, "you are very welcome! render yourself my prisoner!"

"And who are you?" asked the astonished intruder.

"I am Robert de Neville, priest, and Bishop of Durham."

Sir James saw well that resistance would be useless, surrounded as he was, by five hundred men, and said only, "Sith it must be so, God's will be done!" Thus they rode on together to Newcastle, Sir James entertaining the Bishop with the account of his chase and capture of Sir Matthew.

"And where is he?" asked the Bishop.

"By my faith," replied Lindsay, "I have seen nothing of him since I fiancé'd him; he started for Newcastle, and I was on my road to Otterburn."

"In my opinion," interrupted the Bishop, "you chose your road ill enough, Sir James! for lo! this is Newcastle which we are now entering."

"I cannot help it," answered Sir James, "I have taken, and I am taken—such is the fate of arms! I had fixed Sir Matthew's day for appearing at Edinburgh, but I think he need not trouble

himself to take so long a journey to make his fynance."

"So it seems," rejoined the Bishop.*

With these words they entered Newcastle, and all went to their several lodgings; Sir James continuing with the Bishop as his guest and prisoner. Guards were set, for fear of the Scots, at all the gates, towers, and walls, and the Bishop himself watched at the principal barrier till sun-rise.

Meanwhile, Sir Matthew Redman had also reached Newcastle, a little before the Bishop's arrival, and after disarming himself (as a captive knight), and putting on other clothes, he went to wait on the Bishop at his lodging, where he met

* Stewart, who, in his metrical paraphrase of Boece, has inserted and disfigured the episode so charmingly told by Froissart, amplifies the Bishop's self-gratulation as follows:—

"This ilk bishop that ilk time said and leuch, (a)

'Now see I weill I am happiè aneuch,

That nother gave, no yet has taen ane straik,

Ane waillit weirman, (b) wight as ony aik, (c)

Of noble bluid, now at my pleasure here,

Lo! I have gotten to be prisoneir!

Had all the laif (d) been as happiè as I,

The Scottis had nocht win sic victory!"

"This Matthew Redman that same time was there,
And saw the Lindsay when his face was bare," (e) &c.

(a) Laughed.

(b) A chosen warrior.

(c) Oak

(d) Remainder.

(e) With his visor lifted, or without his helmet,

Richard Hebedon, Sir James's squire, who told him the whole story of his master's misadventure.

Greatly did Sir Matthew marvel at this news, and then bade the squire lead him to his master's apartment. He found Sir James leaning against the window, looking out, and very melancholy—doubtless for the loss of his friend Douglas. The two knights recognised each other immediately by day-light, having often met before on the borders and at the march-meetings. "What has brought you here, Sir James?" was Sir Matthew's salutation.

"By my faith, Redman!" replied the former, interrupting his sad thoughts, and turning to meet him—"ill-luck!"—and then repeated the tale already told. "I believe," he added, "there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for we can finish the matter here, if my master consent to it."

"We shall soon agree as to that," rejoined Sir Matthew, "but you must come and dine with me, for the Bishop and his men are going to attack your countrymen; I know not what success they will have, nor shall we be informed till their return."

"I accept your invitation," answered Lindsay.

Then, concludes Froissart, did these two knights rally each other, and bandy many blythe words

of merriment, and thus said the English knight, "By my faith, little did I think to find my master, Sir James Lindsay, here !"

"Such," replied the Scot, is the chance of arms. As little thought I last night to have gained so little by chasing the English!" *

The proposed exchange does not however seem to have been effected,—at least no sooner did the news of Sir James's capture reach King Richard at Cambridge, than he despatched a mandate, with advice of his Great Council, to Earl Henry of Northumberland, "that he should on no account dismiss Sir James Lindsay, of Scotland, knight, now newly captured in battle on our side," either for pledge or ransom, till further orders.† We cannot say therefore how the affair terminated between Sir James and Sir Matthew ;—but it was an interference of this sort many years afterwards which mainly contributed to the rebellion of the North under Hotspur.

Sir James Lindsay and his "six freres tous chevaliers" are not forgotten in the Border

* Froissart, *Chron.*, tom. xi. chap. 118, 119, 120, ed. Buchon, tom. iii. chap. 115, 116, ed. Regnault, 1513,—*Knyghton*, who says "de Scotis multi capti sunt, inter quos Jacobus de Lindsay, frater reginæ Scotiæ, vir potentissimus," *Chron.* ap. Twysden, col. 2728, —*Bath.*, p. 332,—Mills' *Hist. of Chivalry*, tom. ii. p. 82.

† Rym. *Fæd.*, tom. vii. p. 607.

Minstrelsy, that ever loves to dwell on the romance and chivalry of the days of Otterburn. A beautiful Ballad referential to the gallant brethren and their one fair sister, "The Rose-a-Lindsay," will well conclude this episode in the marvellous and romantic history of the Lindsays:

"THE ROSE-A-LYND SAYE."

"There are seven fair flowers in yon green wood,
 On a bush in the woods o' Lyndsaye;
 There are seven braw flowers an' ae bonny bnd—
 Oh! the bonniest flower in Lyndsaye.
 An' weel luv I the bonny, bonny rose—
 The bonny, bonny Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
 An' I'll big my bower o' the forest boughs,
 An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

There are jewels upon her snawy breast,
 An' her hair is wreathed wi' garlan's,
 An' a cord o' gowd hangs roun' her waist,
 An' her shoon are sewed wi' pearlyns.
 An' O, but she is the bonny, bonny rose,
 She's the gentle Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
 An' I'll big my bower where my blossom grows,
 An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

Her face is like the evenin' lake,
 That the birk or the willow fringes,
 Whase peace the wild wind canna break,
 Or but its beauty changes.
 An' she is aye my bonny, bonny rose,
 She's the bonny young Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
 An' ae blink o' her e'e wad be dearer to me
 Than the wale o' the lands o' Lyndsaye.

Her voice is like the gentle lute,
 When minstrels tales are tellin';
 An' ever softly steps her fute,
 Like Autumn leaves a fallin'.
 An' oh, she's the rose, the bonny, bonny rose,
 An' oh, she's Rose-a-Lyndsaye!
 An' I'll kiss her steps at evenin' close,
 Thro' the flowerie woods o' Lyndsaye.

Oh, seven brave sons has the gude Lord James—
 Their worth I downa gainsay,
 For Scotsmen ken they are gallant men,
 The children o' the Lyndsaye:
 An' proud are they o' their bonny, bonny rose,
 O' the bonny young Rose-a-Lyndsaye;
 Bnt pride for luve makes friends like foes,
 An' woe i' the woods o' Lyndsaye.

But will I weep where I mauna woo,
 An' the lan' in sic disorder?
 My arm is strong, my heart is true,
 An' the Percie's o'er the border.
 Then fare-ye-weel my bonny, bonny rose,
 An' blest be the bonny woods o' Lyndsaye;
 I will gild my spurs in the bluid o' her foes,
 An' come back to the Rose-a-Lyndsaye."

THE GENTLE JOHNSTONS.

THE popular epithet of "*gentle*" would seem to be not a little at variance with the facts we are about to relate, yet both belong to history; the phrase, however, must not be taken in its usual acceptation, as in this case it has no reference to any particular mildness of disposition but to a pure and honourable lineage.

The subject of this slight sketch, Sir John Johnston, was the third baronet bearing that title, his grandfather who was a staunch cavalier, having been created a Nova Scotia baronet by Charles I. At an early period of life he entered the army, and is said to have distinguished himself greatly in King William's wars in Flanders; subsequently he fought under that monarch, with the rank of captain, at the battle of the Boyne, but he does not appear to have obtained any farther promotion for his services.

Amongst the military friends of Sir John, one of

the most intimate was the Honourable Captain James Campbell, brother to the Earl of Argyle, who had fallen in love with the person or the fortune of Miss Mary Wharton, an heiress possessing an estate of £1,500 a year. She was the daughter of Sir George Wharton, then deceased, and at the time of the event in question was only thirteen years old, a circumstance which by no means tends to give a favourable colouring to the affair. It is not at all clear from the subsequent trial—and we have no other means of getting at the truth—whether the young lady was forcibly abducted, or went with her own consent; but carried off she was from her mother's house in Great Queen Street to a private lodging occupied by Captain Campbell, his friend Sir John assisting, and there regularly married to him by a clergyman of the established church. In this place the parties remained two days, when Miss Wharton, now Mrs. Campbell, wrote to her aunt, informing her of the marriage, and distinctly stating that no violence had been used, but that everything had taken place with her own free will and consent. But such a letter, under all the circumstances, it is plain cannot be received as conclusive evidence of the fact; it might have been written under fear or compulsion, or the lady might have thought that to own a willingly contracted marriage with a

man of good birth and high connections was much better than placing herself in the doubtful position of one who had been forcibly abducted, and whose maiden fame would thus be brought in question, although without any fault of her own.

Most of the lady's friends were inclined to put a good face upon what at best was an awkward affair, and acquiesce in the marriage however it might have been brought about; but not so her near relative, Lord Wharton, who being an especial favourite with King William easily obtained from the government a proclamation offering a high reward for the apprehension both of the principal and his accessories. Campbell had the good luck to make his escape into Scotland, where he lay hidden amongst his countrymen of the highlands until all danger was past. His less fortunate associate, being betrayed by his landlord,—sold for the price of fifty pounds, the reward offered for their apprehension—was tried at the Old Bailey, and condemned to death, though the people of the house in which the parties had lodged at the time of committing the deed, as well as the officiating clergyman, all gave evidence to the fact of the marriage having been celebrated with the bride's consent. This, all things considered, seems but a hard measure of justice, or perhaps we should rather say, no

justice at all, but the satisfaction of an angry and vindictive feeling, which being once roused must have food, and is not very nice as to who or what is the victim. It should moreover be considered that although the crime of abduction is held amongst ourselves, and very justly, as one of the deepest dye, yet such was not the case at the time and in the country where the offence was perpetrated.

Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of Lord Lovat, and endeavouring to shew how it happened that after the commission of a similar crime he not only escaped the worst penalties of the law, but was even admitted into the society of men of honour, observes—"Even in ordinary cases the bride was expected to affect some reluctance; and the greater or less degree of violence did not in these wild times appear a matter of much consequence. The Scottish law-books are crowded with instances of this sort of *raptus*, or, as it is called in their law, *forcible abduction of women*. The inference seems to be that in some circumstances no absolute infamy was attached even to those acts of violence, from which it seems impossible to divide it: and we remember a woman on the banks of Loch Lomond, herself the daughter of such a marriage, who repelled with great contempt the idea of its being a real

grievance on the bride, and said that in her time the happiest matches were always so made."

No considerations of this, however, or of any other kind were allowed to avail the *gentle Johnston*; he was hanged according to his sentence at Tyburn on the 23rd of December, after having made a long dying speech to convince the spectators of his innocence. What makes his fate seem yet harder is that, while he who had been no more than an accessory, was thus suffering extremest penalty of the law, the principal and real offender not only escaped all punishment, but lived in happiness and advanced in honour; the latter successively became a captain of dragoons, a colonel, a member of parliament for Campbeltown in 1708, and the husband of the Hon. Margaret Lesley, third daughter of David, first Lord Newark. To complete this picture of moral justice totally reversed, he died quietly in his bed, and left behind him a numerous issue.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE was one of those singular beings, who occur now and then in life for the express purpose, as it would seem, of vindicating dame Nature from all suspicion of too much sameness in her human productions. She believed with the Turks in predestination, and would repeat in good Mahommedan fashion, "remember, all is written," or as she often phrased it, "all depends on the star of a person;" she chose, when in the east, to dwell at a distance from any city that it might be the more difficult for her slaves and servants to escape from her despotic rule, to which it appears they were at all times only too well disposed; and no wonder, when none were allowed to act, or even to think, but as she was pleased to order, and she made it moreover her especial boast "that there was nobody who could give such a slap in the face when required as she could;" she would talk for twelve hours together, and we are told that her doctor absolutely fainted away from

the fatigue of listening to her; she chose her servants from the trim of their eye-brows, or the shape of their noses, the chief articles of her creed on this subject being,—“wrinkles at the eyes are abominable, or about the mouth; eyebrows making one circle, if meeting, or close and straight, are equally bad; those are good meeting the line of the nose, as if a double bridge; eyes long, and between the eye-brows, and no wrinkles in the forehead when they laugh, or about the mouth, are signs of bad luck and duplicity; eyes all zig-zag are full of lies; a low flat forehead is bad; so are uneven eyes, one larger than the other, or in constant motion; if the eyebrows of a man are straight and come nearly together, that is nothing, but if they form an arch it is always a sign of natural *hum* (melancholy or gloominess); never can such a one be contented or happy.”

Such are the faint outlines of this extraordinary woman, whose character will yet farther develop itself as we go on.

Hester Stanhope was the daughter of Charles Earl of Stanhope, by Hester, his first wife, the favorite sister of William Pitt. We have no portrait of her, for she had always an unaccountable disinclination to having her likeness taken, but she has left a description of herself which is probably not less faithful than any painted likeness would

have been—" At twenty my complexion was like alabaster ; and at five paces distance the sharpest eye would not discover my pearl necklace from my skin ; my lips were of such a beautiful carnation that without vanity I can assure you very few women had the like. A dark blue shade under the eyes, and the blue veins that were observable through the transparent skin heightened the brilliancy of my features. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks ; and to all this was added a permanency in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair."

This however is the description she gave of herself to her doctor ; when speaking upon the same subject to her uncle, the great William Pitt, she observes, " I know I am not handsome : if you were to take every feature in my face, and put them one by one on the table, there is not a single one would bear examination. The only thing is that put together and lighted up they look well enough. It is homogenous ugliness, and nothing more." When the reader has made the best of these two somewhat dissimilar accounts he has then to compare them with what her doctor says of her—" Her head seen in front presented a perfect oval, of which the eyes would cover a line drawn through the centre. Her eyebrows were arched and fine, I mean slender ; her

eyes blue, approaching to grey; her nose somewhat large, and the distance from her mouth to the chin rather too long. Her cheeks had a remarkable fine contour, as they rounded off towards the neck, so that Mr. Brummell, as has been related, once said to her in a party, "For God's sake, do take off those ear-rings, and let us see what is beneath them." Her figure was tall (I think not far from six feet) rather largely proportioned, and was once very plump, as I have heard her say. Her mien was majestic; her address eminently graceful; in her conversation, when she pleased, she was enchanting; when she meant it, dignified; at all times eloquent. She was excellent at mimicry, and upon all ranks of life. She had more wit and repartee perhaps than falls to the lot of most women. Her knowledge of human nature was most profound, and she could turn that knowledge to account to its utmost extent, and in the minutest trifles. She was courageous, morally and physically so; undaunted, and proud as Lucifer."

Some poet—we think it is Wordsworth—has observed, that the child is father to the man, and the corollary of the proposition is no less true, the child is mother to the woman. This was more particularly seen in Lady Hester, whose disposition to act for herself without the least regard to

what might others think, became apparent at a very early age. Thus on one occasion, when she was at most only eight years old, her curiosity being greatly excited by the bows and feathers of Comte d'Adhèmar, the French ambassador, and his train, she resolved to go and see the country which could produce such marvellous specimens of humanity. A visit, which her family made a short time afterwards to Hastings, gave her, as she imagined, an admirable opportunity of carrying this notable scheme into execution. One day as she was amusing herself on the beach, she observed a boat floating close to the shore, and getting into it she pushed off with the full intention of sailing for the French coast, much like the bear in the fable, but with a luckier termination to her voyage, for she had the good fortune to be brought back again, before she had time to run into any serious danger.

Another anecdote is told of her girlish days, that sets the character of the child in a very pleasing light, since it exhibits a strong feeling of sympathy with others, and where certainly there could have been no particular inducement to it. Her father it seems was troubled at times with violent fits of republicanism, in one of which he chose to put down his carriages and horses, as unsuited to that equality which ought to prevail amongst the

children of Adam. The second Lady Stanhope, for the Earl upon becoming a widower had married a second time, was inconsolable at being thus unceremoniously condemned to walk afoot, or ride abroad like any other Gill or Joan in a hired vehicle. But how was the evil to be remedied? the English Brutus was inflexible. In this dilemma the little Hester, unasked, and indeed without previously telling any one of her purpose, stepped forward to the rescue. Having provided herself with a pair of stilts she walked about upon them in a certain muddy lane where she might make sure of being seen by the Earl, for he had a habit of surveying the country with a telescope from his drawing-room window. Upon her return the first question naturally was, "Why little girl, what have you been about? where was it I saw you going upon a pair of—the devil knows what? eh, girl?"

"Oh papa, I thought as you had laid down your carriage and horses, I would take a walk through the mud on stilts; for you know, papa, I do not mind anything; 'tis poor Lady Stanhope who feels these things, for she has always been accustomed to her carriage, and her health is not very good."

The Earl was evidently struck by the remark. He looked down upon the ground, and after a short

pause said, "Well, little girl, what would you say if I bought a carriage again for Lady Stanhope?"

"Why, papa, I should say it was very kind of you."

"Well, well, we'll see about it. But damn it, no armorial bearings."

Yet for all this, it does not appear in the education of the children they had more intercourse with their parents than is generally the custom in fashionable life. The care of them was entirely abandoned to the French governess, who was at constant war with nature, and trying to torture them into something very different from what nature intended them to be. Amongst other modes of improving upon her handywork, their backs were pinched in with boards drawn tight with all the strength the maid was capable of; and the instep of Hester being remarkably high—"so high that a little kitten could have walked under the sole of her foot"—the French tormentor would insist upon forcibly compressing it in order to make it flat and more agreeable to her notions of what a foot ought to be. But in truth nature was entirely out of the question in all the family arrangements. "Lady Stanhope," said Hester at a subsequent period, "got up at ten o'clock, went out, and then returned to be dressed, if in London, by the hair dresser; and there were only two in London, both

of them Frenchmen, who could dress her. Then she went to the opera, and from the opera to parties, seldom returning until just before daylight. Lord Stanhope was engaged in his philosophical pursuits, and thus we children saw neither one nor the other. Lucy—the youngest of the three sisters—used to say, ‘that if she had met her mother in law (qy. stepmother?) in the streets she should not have known her.’ Why, my father once followed, to our own door in London, a woman who happened to drop her glove, which he picked up. It was our governess; but as he had never seen her in the house, he did not know her in the street.”

The early part of her life was chiefly passed at Chevening in Kent, at her father’s mansion, which George III. used to call Democracy Hall, from the democratic opinions of its owner. To such a pitch did he carry his republican fancies that the covenantors of old had not a greater horror of their children attending at Wappenschaws, shooting at the poppinjay, and other ungodly pastimes, than the Earl had of his children being at any party or amusement where royalty was to take the lead. She could not even go to a review except by stratagem, pretending that she wanted to see a Miss Crump, whose plebeian name might vouch for the democratic purity of her principles. If either

of his daughters had a prettier dress than common, or one that, with the love of finery inseparable from woman in any class as at any time of life, she valued more than usual, the meddling Earl would invariably interfere and have it changed for something coarser. Yet he appears to have been a man of sound understanding and kindly feelings.

All this might be very well so long as his family continued to be children, but when they grew older, the sagacious Hester, who detested her father's politics and who feared that he might one day endanger his safety by them, went to reside in the house of her uncle, because, as she said, "it was better to be where I should have Mr. Pitt by my side to help me should he get into any serious difficulty." By the great minister she would seem to have been highly valued, while he cared little for Lucy, and absolutely disliked the eldest sister, because she was jealous of his favourite. In truth his mode of complimenting her went beyond all reasonable bounds, though there can be no question of his niece having been even then a remarkable young woman. Upon one occasion we find him saying, "Hester, what sort of a being are you? we shall see, some day, wings spring out of your shoulders, for there are moments when you hardly seem to walk the earth." At another time the

flattery goes even beyond this, and the zest of it is not a little heightened by its being herself who repeats the anecdote. "There was a man one day at table with Mr. Pitt, an old friend of his—Canning told me the story—who speaking of me, observed that he supposed I should soon marry, and after some conversation on the subject concluded by saying, 'I suppose she waits till she gets a man as clever as herself.' 'Then,' answered Mr. Pitt, 'she will never marry at all.'"

This is pretty well, but what follows almost equals it.

Mr. Pitt would say to her, "I have plenty of good diplomatists, but they are none of them military men; and I have plenty of good officers, but not one of them is worth sixpence in the cabinet. If you were a man, Hester, I would send you on the continent with sixty thousand men, and give you *carte blanche*; and I am sure that not one of my plans would fail, and not one soldier would go with his shoes unblackened—meaning that my attention would embrace every duty that belongs to a general and a corporal."

Exaggerated as these praises undoubtedly were, we see no reason to question their sincerity. The unlimited confidence which he placed in his niece, even to the trusting her with state secrets, or what should have been such, proves that he said

in her regard no more than he really believed. In all minor affairs, such as concerned the regulation of his own household, she was of course allowed to rule with despotic sway, doing and undoing at her own pleasure. When he went to Walmer for the benefit of his health, she always accompanied him, and might truly have been called, in diplomatic language, the minister for the home department, and sometimes even for foreign affairs, though in justice it should be added, that the great object of that restless spirit was to gratify her uncle. The Genius of Aladdin's lamp was not more prompt to obey the wishes of his master. Thus one day Mr. Pitt happened to observe, that Walmer only wanted trees to be beautiful. This hint was enough. No sooner had he gone to London, than she cast about how she might best make "Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane." By some means she got all the soldiers then in quarters at Dover, and employed them "in levelling, fetching turf, transplanting shrubs, flowers, &c.," under her own superintendence. And certainly, there never was a more active or successful clerk of the works. She would go out—it is thus she speaks of herself—of an evening amongst the workmen, and say to one, "You are a Warwickshire man, I know by your face—although I had known it by his brogue

—how much I esteem Lord Warwick ; he is my best friend.”

“ Were you in Holland, my good fellow ? ”—to another.

“ Yes, my lady, in the Blues——”

“ A fine regiment ; there is not a better soldier in the army than Colonel So-and-so.”

“ He was my colonel, my lady.”

Thus a few civil words made the work go on rapidly, and it was finished before Mr. Pitt's return. The garden thus formed was, as she declares with much self-commendation, not an English garden, but one in the old fashion of trim alleys, straight avenues, and other like modes of improving nature by torturing her into something as little like herself as possible.

The great minister, who was glad while at Walmer to get some relaxation from the usual fatigues of office, left a multitude of its more trifling cares to her discretion. Speaking on this subject she herself says, “ When we were at Walmer, it is incredible what a deal I got through every day. Mr. Pitt was pleased to have somebody who would take trouble off his hands. Every week he had to review the volunteers, and would ride home in such showers of rain—I have been so drenched, that, as I stood, my boots made two spouting fountains above my knees. Then there

was dinner, and if I happened to be alone when I went to the drawing-room I had to give the secret word for spies, to see the sergeant of the guard, and then the gentlemen would come in from the dining-room. But if they were late, how sleepy I got, and would have given the world to go to bed."

But this is little to some other of the many feats which she loved to record of herself in familiar conversation. Once she changed the dress of a whole regiment, and it is amusing to observe with what self-complacency she narrates this achievement in her old age, in a foreign land, and at a time when she was so worn by sickness as to be hanging over the very brink of the grave. "Somebody asked me before a great many officers what I thought of them—the Berkshire militia—and I said they looked like so many tinned harlequins. One day soon after, I was riding through Walmer village, when who should pop upon me but the colonel, dressed in entirely new regimentals, with different facings, and more like a regiment of the line. 'Pray pardon me, lady Hester,'—so I stopped as he addressed me—'pray, pardon me,' said the colonel, 'but I wish to know if you approve of our new uniform.' Of course I made him turn about till I inspected him round and round—pointed with my whip as I sat on horseback, first

here and then there—told him the waist was too short, and wanted half a button more—the collar was a little too high—and so on; and in a short time the whole regiment turned out with new clothes.”

These times of feasting and flattery at length came to a sudden end. Mr Pitt died; when Lady Hester, having obtained from Government a pension of £1,200—£1,500 nominally—she established herself in Montague-square with her two brothers. There for a time she continued to see much company, till she found her income inadequate to the expense, and, growing disgusted with London, she retired into Wales, and took up her abode in a small cottage at Builth, near Brecon, in a room not more than a dozen feet square. Independent of attending to her dairy and other rural occupations, one of her great amusements in this retreat was playing the part of doctor amongst all who could be persuaded to take her remedies. But even of these employments she soon wearied; or, if we are to believe her own account of the matter, she was annoyed by the multitude of English visitors that broke in upon her solitude, and in consequence she resolved to sail up the Mediterranean to the east. With her, to resolve upon anything was to do it, and in this case, as usual, the act followed close upon the determination.

Perhaps, too, a stronger motive than any we have yet assigned may have contributed to this result. Her disposition, by nature impatient of anything like restraint, and that disposition still farther aggravated by a vicious system of bringing up, made her rebel every moment against the curb imposed by public opinion upon every one, even the hardest, unless he has the means and the inclination to dispense with society altogether. In the east she would escape from this European system of constraint, and be the mistress of every thing except her own temper, and that neither herself nor any one else could govern. In the July of 1810 she accordingly quitted England.

It will be unnecessary to follow her from London to Gibraltar—from Gibraltar to Malta—from Malta to Zante—from Zante to Greece—from Greece to Constantinople—and from Constantinople to Egypt, in the passage to which she was shipwrecked on the Isle of Rhodes. In these wanderings she was accompanied by a young physician, a Dr. M., who deserves particularly to be mentioned, since it is from him we have derived so large a proportion of our materials. Such a choice, however, of a companion may be fairly set down amongst her singularities, for she held the craft in profound contempt, and when she

took medicine at all, it was generally from her own prescribing. So far, indeed, did she carry this reliance upon herself, and scorn for the skill of the doctors, that even in the case of other people who chanced to be ill under her roof, she always assumed the right of dictating their medicines, amongst which a black draught seems to have been an especial favourite with her. The constant influx of visitors allured to Dar Joon by the desire of seeing so celebrated a woman, afforded her many occasions of gratifying this propensity, and neither high nor low could escape the inevitable black draught if any pretext, however slight, occurred for its being administered. Even the Duke of Bavaria, whose evil star led him to this land of plague and pachalism, with a long suite of barons, painters, musicians, and servants, came under the general doom. One of the party had indisputable symptoms of the plague, and forthwith Lady Hester held a solemn council with her physician, in which were discussed, with all the care befitting so grave a matter, "the probabilities of under or over dosing the tall captain of the guards, the mild and delicately framed baron, and the royal stomach of his highness." The result of these deliberations was the immediate despatch of a servant, with a letter and seven black doses, for the baron and six others of the suite, and a

promise of eight more doses the next day for the duke and the rest of his party.

After much rambling about various parts, Lady Hester fixed upon Mar Elias, at Abra, for her abode, scarcely two miles from Sayda; and though averse to reading of any kind, and protesting "that education was of all things the most odious," yet she soon contrived to speak and write Arabic after a fashion. In a short time she still more completely severed herself from European associations, by adopting the costume and many of the habits of the east. She dressed like a Turkish gentleman, rode on horseback in the same style, and smoked a pipe with as much gravity and enjoyment as if she had been born and bred up a pacha. The description given of her costume by the physician before alluded to leaves nothing for curiosity to desire on this head.

"Her turban," he says, "a coarse, woollen, cream-coloured Barbary shawl, was wound loosely round over the red *fez*, or *tarbôosh*, which covered her shaved head; a silk handkerchief, commonly worn by the Bedouin Arabs, known by the Arabic name of *keffeyah*, striped pale yellow and red, came between the *fez* and the turban, being tied under the chin, or let fall at its ends on each side of her face. A long sort of white merino cloak—*meshlah*, or *abah*, in Arabic—covered her per-

son from the neck to the ankles, looped in white silk brandenburghs over the chest; and by its ample and majestic drapery and loose folds gave to her figure the appearance of that fulness which it once really possessed. When her cloak happened accidentally to be thrown open in front, it disclosed beneath a crimson robe—*joobey*—reaching also to her feet, and, if in winter, a pelisse under it, and under that a cream-coloured or flowered gown—*kombaz*—folding over in front, and girded with a shawl or scarf round her waist. Beneath the whole she wore scarlet pantaloons of cloth, with yellow low boots, called *mest*, having pump-soles, or in other words, a yellow leather stocking, which slipped into yellow slippers, or papouches. This completed her costume; and although it was, in fact, that of a Turkish gentleman, the most fastidious prude could not have found anything unbecoming a woman, except its association as a matter of habit with the male sex. She never wore pearls, precious stones, trinkets, or ornaments, as some travellers have affirmed; indeed, she had none in her possession, and never had had any from the time of her shipwreck.”

The fact is, she imitated the Turks because she liked them as much as she hated the Christians in Syria. “The Turks,” she said, “were a manly and kind-hearted people, though rather violent,

while the Syrian Christians were the vilest race she ever met with. As for the Arabs, they are the boldest people in the world, yet are endued with a tenderness quite poetic, and their kindness extends to all the brute creation."

After an abode at Mar Elias of six or eight years, she found that the place had been ill-chosen with reference to her peculiar notions; it was too near Sayda; the servants, when weary of her employ, could escape by night, and take refuge in the city, while her slaves could at any time run away and secrete themselves in the houses of the Turks. This did not at all suit her notions of arbitrary power; she wished to be in a place where escape from her would be well nigh impossible, and where she might be beyond the immediate reach of that influence and restraint which neighbourhood and society naturally exert upon all of us. In 1813, therefore, she removed for a while to an old monastic dwelling, two miles from the ancient city of Sidon, in Syria. This was soon discovered to be too small for her establishment, and in one of her customary rides observing a moderately-sized house near the village of Joon, she hired it for twenty pounds a year, on condition that any improvements she might make should in the end revert free of expense to the landlord. From the place just mentioned the house itself received the

name of *Dar Joon*, *dar*, in Arabic, signifying either an *elevation* or a *hall*, in the same sense that we apply the word to any mansion in our own country. In the present case there would seem to be as much ground for one derivation as the other, for the building stands upon an elevation, while at the same time it has unquestionable claims to be called a hall.

A spot better suited to her purposes could not have been chosen. The lonely mountains that surrounded it, and which abounded with wolves and jackalls, presented a difficulty by night too appalling for any but the boldest to venture upon, and to escape by day was well nigh impracticable in consequence of the insulated situation of the house on the top of a conical hill, whence all comers and goers might be seen on every side for a considerable distance. Nor was this all. She was known to have great influence with Abdallah Pacha, to whom she had rendered many services pecuniary as well as personal, and he as a Turk was more inclined to encourage than to put down despotism, while her nearest neighbour, the Emir Beshy'r, or prince of the Druzes, stood too much in awe of her pen and tongue to do any thing that might offend her. If these securities were not enough, additional ones might be found in the new buildings she added to the ori-

ginal dwelling, although this perhaps was no more than a secondary object.

The house, as we have before observed, stood upon the top of a hill, crowned with a flat surface, somewhat in the shape of an orange, which afforded sufficient space for a garden, stables, and such other buildings as she might at any time think necessary. The garden was entirely her own creation, and abounded in covered alleys, serpentine walks, arbours, and pavilions, but though much lauded by the complaisant doctor, who had so long been her companion, it did not obtain any particular praise from Prince Puckler Muskau in his book of eastern travel.

Around this house, as if it had been the citadel of some small town, she next proceeded to erect stables, cottages, detached rooms, and even entire dwellings. The two latter classes of buildings were intended as asylums for those whom she expected to seek a refuge there upon the bursting out of that geeranl revolution and upsetting of all things which impended not only over the East, but over the entire world. For the greater security of those who should then fly to her for refuge these buildings were so contrived that he who inhabited any one of them was in too perfect a seclusion to know any

thing of his neighbour, and his neighbour all the while knew just as little of him. The whole was surrounded by a wall more than ten feet high to the north and east, and about six or seven on the other two sides.

In some instances these buildings were framed as it were between several walls, one within another, so that, with the different enclosures wherein servants of various occupations took up their abode, a person who attempted to go out or in surreptitiously, was sure to be seen and stopt. Two gateways gave admission to the whole, one appropriated to men-servants and visitors, and the other to the women, or to those who were introduced secretly to Lady Hester's apartment. In passing through either of these portals the stranger found himself involved in a perfect labyrinth of gardens, court-yards, screens, and dark passages, in such a manner that rooms actually close together would yet by the roundabout approach to them seem a hundred yards asunder. In addition to all these contrivances, which inevitably remind us of those mysterious castles in romance, with endless passages built only for the accommodation of ghosts and murderers, there were two pavilions with trap-doors in the floors, and steps leading to rooms under ground, from which was a communication with the open country.

The causes for this singular style of building have already been explained, and the event justified what else must have seemed a mere hallucination, so far as regarded its being an asylum for those under persecution.

It might have been supposed that when so much regard was paid to the accommodation of strangers some care would be taken of what immediately concerned her own comfort. But this was far from being the case. Lady Hester thought only of ruling in uncontrolled sovereignty, and at any time was much more affected by an unmeaning slight than by a real hardship. While her income was being squandered upon others, and debts incurred for their benefit, she herself always wanted the comforts, and often the bare necessities, of life. A description of one of her dinners, in confidential intercourse with the family physician so often alluded to, may be taken as a fair specimen of the manner in which things were conducted within the penetralia of Dar Joon, notwithstanding that the mistress was the terror alike of beys and consuls, and a refuge to those who could find an asylum no where else. "She sate on a sofa," says the doctor, "and I opposite to her, on a common rush-bottomed chair, with an unpainted deal table—about three feet by two and a half—

between us, covered with a scanty table-cloth, of the kind usually spread on a bed-room table at an inn. Two white plates, one over the other French fashion, were placed before each of us, and in the centre of the table were three dishes of yellow earthenware (common in the south of France) containing a pilaf, a *yackney* or sort of Irish stew, and a boiled fowl swimming in its broth. There were two silver table-spoons for each of us, which, she said, were all she had, and two black bone-handled knives and forks. One spoon was for the broth, one for the *yackney*; and when the pilaf was to be served, we helped ourselves with the same spoons with which we had been eating. The arrangements were completed by a black bottle with Mount Lebanon wine in it of exquisite flavour, and a common water-decanter. She said that in this style the young duke of Richelieu had dined with her; adding however that her destitute state as to dishes and table-service was not quite so deplorable previous to the long illness she had gone through; but at that melancholy period her slaves and servants had robbed her of every thing, even to the cushions and covers of her sofa."

It would appear from this account that Lady Hester had gained little enough in the way of

comfort by abandoning her own country ; if her income had proved too limited for her support in London, or in a Welsh cottage, it was still less adequate to maintain the position she aspired to in Syria. The same discomfort, that we have just seen prevailing in the dinner-room prevailed also in her sleeping apartment, though as this in part originated from her determination to conform herself to eastern customs, it brings with it less idea of distress and poverty. Amongst the Turks there is no apartment particularly distinguished by the name of the bed-room, for they have no fixed bedsteads, no fixed washing stands, no fixed dressing tables with the usual paraphernalia of a lady's toilette ; some corner cupboard, or brass nailed box, contains nearly all that the Turkish fair ones require for such purposes, and the bath supplies the rest. With them every apartment is a saloon, and when night comes, a woollen mattress with a sheet is dragged from a recess in the thick walls, and spread upon the floor. Their dress when they lie down to rest is much the same as what they wear by day, even to the turban, but they cover themselves with a wadded quilt, to which the upper sheet has been sewed to prevent its slipping. There is nothing else in the room, which moreover is as much open to ingress and

egress when the ladies are a-bed as at any other time. In some houses, where the sofas are wide enough, even the mattress is dispensed with.

Lady Hester's sleeping-room differed from those just described only in being somewhat more comfortable. As she could never subdue her European repugnance to lying on the floor, and was unable to procure a bedstead, she substituted in its place deal boards laid on tressels, greatly to the amusement of her hand-maidens, whose ideas equally militated against so unheard of an article as a stationary bedstead. Such however was the custom she chose to adopt, and here she often received her visitors, the only difference between her drawing-room sofa and her couch being that on one she sate, while on the other she reclined with a short pelisse over her shoulders, such as is worn by Polish ladies. The bath-room was her dressing-room.

Notwithstanding these painful details of poverty, painful as applied to the niece of Pitt, and granddaughter of the great Chatham—Lady Hester's household was at one time upon a scale of magnitude that must remind every one of the tales he has heard respecting the East India mode of living. She had in her service no less than thirty-five persons. There was one Arabic secretary, an upper bailiff, three under ones, two men-cooks,

two porters—one for each gate—three grooms, two muleteers, two ass-drivers, whose sole occupation was fetching water from the spring, and occasionally an extra one, four maids and a girl for herself, three boys, and eight men servants. In addition to this large establishment she kept at least a score of workmen in constant employ. To maintain order amongst this gang of thieves, for they deserved no other name, was an affair demanding no little vigilance and severity. To both of these Lady Hester was exceedingly well inclined, pleading in answer to her doctor's argument upon the subject, that if she relaxed the strictness of her discipline in a single instance her own life would not be safe for an hour amongst them; poisoning and assassination, she protested, were familiar things with them, and there is too much reason to believe she did not exaggerate in saying so. As to any disgrace attaching to the want of common honesty, it would seem the people had no notion of such a thing. If the following anecdote be true, and there seems no reason for doubting it, nothing but the fear of discovery and punishment could check their evil propensities:—

“ ‘Did you observe that rider on the chesnut horse? he was a government secretary at Acre, and vast sums of money passed through his hands; but some stuck to his fingers, and being found out he

was bastinadoed and sent by the Pacha to the Lemán (place for convicts,) where he remained some months. He was not badly off however, as he did nothing except smoking his pipe all day. He has now been out a good bit, but is employed again.' 'And is he well received in society after such an exposure?' 'Why not?' replied Osman; 'he was not quite clever enough, and he suffered for it, that's all.'"

It is not our intention—indeed it would occupy too much space—to give a connected biography of Lady Hester, but rather to present detached scenes and incidents after the manner of a moving diorama, in which only the peculiar features of a landscape are shewn, while all the less important parts, that link the whole together, are left to be supplied by the spectator's own imagination.

We have already noticed the strict discipline maintained by her; she could, as she said of herself, smoke her pipe with great indifference while a slave was receiving the bastinado; but this did not prevent her being much attached to animals, although that attachment was often shewn in a way which the poor things themselves might not have quite approved of if they had been allowed a voice in the question. Any animal, that she considered to have served its due time was immediately placed on the superannuated list, with strict in-

junctions to the servants that they should on no account presume to use them ; if these commands were disobeyed by any one, the offender was forthwith punished by dismissal or otherwise, and the animal he had presumed to use was shot. Thus when three superannuated amblers had been ridden contrary to order, she immediately resolved upon their being put to death, for which purpose she summoned to her presence the under-bailiff, Osman Chaoosh. That dignitary made his appearance accordingly in due state, bearing in his hand the silver-headed cane, which was the emblem of office, when she issued her commands in these words,—“Osman, you will say to each horse, before you shoot him, putting your mouth close to his ear, ‘you have now worked enough on the earth ; your mistress fears you might fall in your old age into the hands of cruel men, and she therefore dismisses you from her service.’” The order was executed with the same ceremonious gravity with which it had been issued, for her mysterious ways had obtained for her a wonderful power amongst this superstitious people, and there can be little doubt that the Chaoosh fully believed in the existence of a secret sympathy between his mistress and the horses, by the power of which they understood the message he had to them. That she herself held the doc-

trine of the transmigration of souls is certain, for she made no scruple of avowing it, as plainly as she ever avowed any of her mystic tenets. She believed also in the influence of the stars upon men's destinies, in the speedy coming of a Messiah, and that she possessed the very horse, which, according to the prophecy, was to be born ready saddled, for the purpose of carrying the Deity. In proof of this she shewed the French poet, Lamartine, upon his visit to Dar Joon, a chestnut mare that she called Laila, with a double backbone, and a cavity behind her shoulders so large and deep as to bear no little resemblance to a Turkish saddle. No one was allowed to mount this animal on account of its supposed destination, while another mare, named Lulu, perfectly white, and more beautiful though less singular, was reserved for herself to ride upon when she should make her entry by the side of the Messiah into reconquered Jerusalem. Startling as all this may seem, Lamartine, no common observer, was probably right in saying of her, "It is a studied, a voluntary madness, conscious of itself, and acting from peculiar motives. The strong admiration which her genius has kindled, and still attracts among the Arab population surrounding the mountains, sufficiently proves that this affected madness is but a pretence. The men in fact inhabiting

this country of prodigies—the men of rocks and deserts—whose imagination is higher coloured and more cloudy than the horizon of their sands and their seas, act according to the word of Mahomet or Lady Stanhope. They seek commerce with the stars, with prophecies, miracles, and the second sight of genius. Lady Stanhope understood this, at first by the exalted views of her superior intelligence; afterwards perhaps like all beings endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she deceived herself as well as others, and became the first neophyte of the faith she had created for them.”

A less keen observer, but one who had far more opportunities of studying and understanding her, gives his testimony much to the same effect. “Throughout Syria the belief in magic and charms is universal. There is not a single person who does not resort to some means for counteracting the effect of the evil eye,—such as spells by written papers, enchantments, and the like. Impotence, estrangement of affection, the murrain in cattle, blight in fruit trees, anything the cause of which is not immediately obvious, is universally accounted for by witchcraft. Lady Hester had imbibed all these notions, and to judge from the substance of many conversations she held on the subject, no reasonable doubt can be entertained

of the startling fact that she placed implicit faith in them."

Those who form their judgment of Lady Hester from her superstition and total want of anything like self-control, may perhaps be inclined to regard her as not much better than a half-crazy enthusiast, whose mind, naturally strong, had been shaken from its balance by excessive indulgence. But we have only to look at her peculiar position, and the way in which she maintained herself in it, amidst all its difficulties, to adopt the more favourable opinion of the French poet, Lamartine. The Emir Beshy'r, the reigning prince of the Druzes, a man whose power was unbounded within a certain circle, who never scrupled to use poison or the knife of the assassin where he could not prevail by open violence, notorious for cruelty and hypocrisy where all were cruel and hypocritical, both dreaded and hated her; and she knew it, too; yet, for all that, she dared to live within his principality, feared not to shelter those who fled from his persecution, and while she openly cultivated the friendship of his rival, the Sheykh Beshy'r, despatched to himself messages of hatred and defiance. "Tell your master," she said to one of his emissaries, "that I know very well there is not a more profound and bloody tyrant on the face of the earth. I am aware no one is safe

from his poisons and daggers, but I hold him in the most sovereign contempt, and set him at defiance. Tell him that he is a dog and a monster, and that if he means to try his strength with me, I am ready."

It was in vain that the exasperated Emir had it cried from the house-tops, according to the custom of the country, that whoever brought food, or water, or any other necessary of life, for her use, should be fined and bastinadoed; and no less vain that he consulted with his executioner on the means of taking her off; the first scheme she compelled him after a time to abandon by the intervention of Sir Robert Liston, the English ambassador at the Porte; against the latter she relied upon her own vigilance and courage. In her bedroom, and on her own divan, she always had a mace which was spiked round the head, a steel battle-axe, and a dagger, which those who knew her well knew she was both able and ready to use in her own defence. It is true that all this kept her in a state of constant turmoil; but turmoil was the very element most congenial to her nature. With the exception of her multifarious correspondence, and receiving the occasional visits of travellers, her whole time was employed in counteracting the intrigues of her maids, or of the Emir Beshy'r, or of Mahomed Ali, and it never

appeared that she attached more importance to one occupation than the other.

To these troubles was soon to be added the loss of her pension. She had fallen greatly into debt from her excessive hospitality, and hereupon the government at home interfered, at the desire, it was said, of the Pacha of Egypt. The minister had no power to stop the pension by direct means, as it had been confirmed by act of parliament, but he did what answered the purpose just as well. To receive this annuity, it was indispensable to have a consular certificate every quarter; and before this time, although such a mode was not quite regular, the minister had been contented with the signature of any foreign consul. Now he refused to allow any certificate that was not given under the hand of the English agent, and this was to be withheld so long as the debt in question remained unpaid. The spirit of Lady Hester fired at such proceedings. She denied the right of the English government to interfere at all in the matter of her debts; above all, she considered that the cause of her embarrassment originating as it did in doing good to every one, should have exempted her from such an insult. If the assistance she rendered to the distressed or persecuted natives in the constant wars and insurrections around her was not to pass for any merit in the eyes of

Englishmen, then she might plead the asylum afforded by her to the Franks who fled from Sayda after the battle of Navarino. Under the strong excitement of such feelings it was that she wrote to the Queen, saying, in no very measured terms, "I shall not allow the pension granted by your royal grandfather to be stopped by force; but I shall resign it for the payment of my debts, and with it the name of English subject, and the slavery that is at present annexed to it."

Such a letter written to the Queen of England is pretty well, but her next was far more extraordinary,—so much so, indeed, that it would be scarcely credited if told in any words but her own—"I shall break up my household, and build up the entrance-gate to my premises; there remaining as if I was in a tomb, till my character has been done justice to, and a public acknowledgment put in the papers, signed and sealed by those who have aspersed me. There is no trifling with those who have Pitt blood in their veins upon the subject of integrity."

The resolution thus announced was carried out with unshaking firmness. A mason was brought from Sayda, stones and other materials having been previously collected for masking the gateway with a screen, which only left a side opening large enough for a cow to come in at, or an ass laden

with water. In two days the work was accomplished according to her direction, and nearly a whole year did she linger out in this living tomb, the martyr of her own indomitable will. What that dauntless spirit must have suffered during the time we may easily imagine, though there was no friendly eye to witness her protracted agonies. Racked by a painful malady, and surrounded only by menials who were anxiously waiting for her last breath, as the wrecker waits for the ship that is driving upon the rocks, not to help but to plunder, and stung by the disappointment of all her lofty imaginations, her condition was worse than that of a condemned felon. At length in June, 1839, death released her from any farther struggles, and she was buried, as she had desired, in her own garden.

GEORGE HANGER, LORD COLERAINE.

AMONG the notabilities of the latter part of the last century, George Hanger—afterwards Lord Coleraine—held a conspicuous place. His life was a series of strange revolutions, and exhibits a striking picture of the ills and sufferings that attend on the man of fashion, who born in the ranks of the aristocracy, has not sufficient of the goods of fortune to sustain his hereditary position. Colonel Hanger was the youngest son of Gabriel, first Lord Coleraine, and started in life as a military officer, but, failing to secure promotion and employment, he passed through many changeful scenes. At different times we trace him, an extravagant loiterer in the circles of the gay world, a successful gamester, a prisoner in the King's Bench, a gallant soldier in King George's army, fighting against the Americans, and ultimately a flattered guest at the table of the Prince of Wales.

“As for myself (we quote the Colonel's own words), “I was in early life extremely extrava-

gant. For one winter's dress-clothes only, it cost me nine hundred pounds. This extravagance is likely to astonish the reader; but what in my opinion, should strike him with more wonder is, that I absolutely paid the tailor; this expense was only for dress suits. I employed other tailors to furnish servants' clothes, and morning and hunting frocks for myself. I was always handsomely dressed at every birth day; but for one in particular I put myself to a very great expense, having two suits for that day. My morning vestments cost me near eighty pounds, and those for the ball above one hundred and eighty. It was a satin coat '*brodé en plain et sur les coutures*,' and the first satin coat that had ever made its appearance in this country. Shortly after satin dresses became common amongst fashionable men. I had no office of emolument, advantage, or trust about his Majesty's person, except an Ensigncy in the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, the receipts from which did not then amount to four shillings per day; which daily pay would not have paid my tailor his charges of one single button and button hole to my gala suit. I never was fond of cards, or dice, nor ever played for any considerable sum of money; at least, no further than the fashion of the times compelled me. I claim, however, no merit whatever for abstaining from play, as it afforded me no

pleasure; if it had, I certainly should have gratified that passion, as I have done some others. But the turf I was passionately fond of, and indulged that pleasure to a very great extent. I once stood three thousand guineas on one race, Shark against Leviathan, and won it; my confederate, Mr. Robert Pigott, stood five thousand on the event. I was a considerable gainer by the turf, notwithstanding the enormous expense of keeping running horses in those days; as every horse in training at Newmarket, cost the owner between eighty and ninety pounds a year if not moved from that place; but if he travelled the country, it was computed, to clear himself, he must win three fifty-pound plates during the summer. To use the idea, but not the precise words, of Macheath, I can, with truth, say, the turf has done me justice; but the extravagance of the times, the delightful pleasures of that age, and the frailty of my own nature, were my ruin. I must have been more than man, or, more properly speaking, less than man, not to have indulged in the pleasures of the gay world, which I could not partake of without being at a very considerable expense; by far more than my income could afford. As my estate, together with a house furnished, which, with some acres of land, I let to the best of tenants, Mrs. Crewe, the grandmother to my worthy friend Colonel Crewe, the young

man, I mean, who was wounded in the expedition to the Helder, for two hundred a-year, did not exceed eleven hundred pounds. This was all I was possessed of, excepting about three thousand pounds in cash as a younger child's fortune."

It is not our intention, nor would it be to the reader's amusement to follow the Colonel through his varied fortunes. Suffice it to add that after many sufferings and vicissitudes, a coronet became his, in his old age, by the death of his brother, Lord Coleraine, and it came opportunely, for he had at length learned experience, and knowing the value of the competence he had obtained, he resolved to enjoy it. He had had enough of fashion, and had proved all its allurements. So he took a small house in a part of earth's remoter regions, no great way from Somer's Town, near which stood a public-house he was fond of visiting, and there, as the price of his sanction, and in acknowledgment of his rank, a large chair by the fire-side was exclusively appropriated to the peer.

Even in the days of his earlier dissipation he seems to have had considerable literary taste and to have devoted much of his time to reading. He was the author of several pamphlets, and published likewise a very singular book, his "Life, Adventures, and Opinions."

Countless are the stories and anecdotes told of

George Hanger. We will content ourselves with narrating one :—

When he was dining on one occasion at Carlton house, it is said that, after the bottle had for some time circulated, his good-humoured volubility suddenly ceased, and he seemed for a time to be wholly lost in thought. While he thus meditated, his illustrious host remarked his unusual quiescency, and interrupted it by inquiring the cause. “I have been reflecting, sir,” replied the colonel, “on the lofty independence of my present situation. I have compromised with my creditors, paid my washerwoman, and have three shillings and sixpence left for the pleasures and necessities of life,” exhibiting at the same time current coin of the realm, in silver and copper, to that amount, upon the splendid board at which he sat.

Great was his gratitude to his friend and patron, the Prince, for his nomination to a situation under government (which, had he been prudent, might have sufficed for genteel support): the royal personage condescended to observe, on the colonel’s expatiating on the advantages of his office, that “now he was rich, he would so far impose upon his hospitality as to dine with him;” at the same time insisting on the repast being any thing but extravagant. “I shall give your royal highness a leg of mutton, and nothing more, by

G—," warmly replied the gratified colonel, in his plain and homely phrase. The day was nominated, and the colonel had sufficient time to recur to his budget and bring his ways and means into action. Where is the sanguineless being whose hopes have never led him wrong? if such there be, the colonel was not one of those. Long destitute of credit and resources, he looked upon his appointment as the incontestable source of instant wealth, and he hesitated not to determine upon the forestalment of its profits to entertain the "first gentleman in England." But, alas, agents and brokers have flinty hearts. There were doubts (not of his word, for with creditors that he had never kept) but of the accidents of life, either naturally, or by one of those casualties he had depicted in the front of his book. In short, the day approached—nay, actually arrived, and his pockets could boast little more than the once vaunted half-crown and a shilling. Here was a state sufficient to drive one of less strength of mind to despair. As a friend, a subject, a man of honour, and one who prided himself upon a tenacious adherence to his word (when the aforesaid creditors were not concerned), he felt keenly all the horrors of his situation.

The day arrived, and etiquette demanded that the proper officer should examine and report upon the nature of the expected entertainment, a duty that had been deferred until a late hour of the

day. Well was it that the confiding prince had not wholly dispensed with that form; for verily the said officer found the colonel, with a dirty scullion for his aide-de-camp, in active and zealous preparation for his royal visitor; his shirt sleeves tucked up, while he ardently basted the identical and solitary "leg of mutton" as it revolved upon the spit: potatoes were to be seen delicately insinuated into the pan beneath to catch the rich exudation of the joint, while several tankards of foaming ale, and what the French term "*bread à discretion*," announced that, in quantity, if not in quality, he had not been careless in providing for the entertainment of his illustrious guest. Although the colonel's culinary skill leaves no doubt that the leg of mutton would have done justice to the cooking; and although the dinner might have been endured by royalty (of whose homely appetite the ample gridiron at Alderman Combe's brewery then gave ample proof), yet his royal highness's poodles would assuredly have perspired through every pore at the very mention of what a certain nobleman used to term a "*jig-hot*;" so the feast was dispensed with, and due acknowledgment made for the evident proofs of hospitality which had been displayed.

His Lordship died, unmarried, 31st March, 1824, aged 73, and with him the family honours became extinct.

INNES OF INNES.

FOR a long period the family of Innes was one of the most respectable in the county of Moray, as may be gathered from the various ancient records relative to it, which are still extant in the country. The venerable building, with the surrounding lands, which still retain the name of Innes, situated about five miles from Elgin, in a north-east direction, was, some centuries ago, the seat of the representative of the illustrious family in question. We propose to lay before our readers some circumstances of a romantic but perfectly authentic character, regarding the death of one of the Lairds of Innes, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

John Innes, of Innes, the representative of the family in the year 1579, having had no children, settled about this time his estate upon his heir-at-law, Alexander Innes of Cromy, his own cousin, granting him, at the same time, permission to enjoy it, even in his own lifetime. Robert Innes

of Innermarky, of whom a sculptured representation in stone has recently been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, was one of the cadets of the same family, and felt deeply chagrined at the conduct of the Laird of Innes, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of the honours and influence to which in virtue of his birth he was legitimately entitled. He had at the same time an anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes himself—although, of course, he was careful to conceal, as much as possible, from John and his other friends, the ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated. Either through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so effectually wrought on the fears of John, who by this time was considerably advanced in life, as to make him so far repent of his consigning over his honours and estates to his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a conspiracy with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of carrying their murderous purpose into execution, and such an opportunity was not wanted long. Alexander about this time (April 1580) had gone to Aberdeen for the purpose of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at this time a student in one of the colleges of that city. During Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became seriously indisposed; and his father's stay was consequently

prolonged until he should witness the issue of his son's indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering a goodly number of their attendants, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they arrived at midnight, and immediately proceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their intended victim resided at the time, lying quite open; but the doors of the house were closely shut. To have broken open the doors by any violent means, would most probably have created an alarm in the neighbourhood, and thus entirely defeated the objects the conspirators had in view. It occurred to them, therefore, that the most likely method of succeeding in their murderous project would be to create a pretended dispute among their attendants, by which means the inmates of the house would probably open the doors, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and witnessing its consequences. One of them accordingly set up a loud cry of "Help a Gordon! help a Gordon!"—the gathering word of those of that name, which, as Alexander Innes was warmly attached to the interests of the Gordon family, they knew would be the most likely means of inducing him to come out from his bed. The stratagem was completely successful; Alexander instantly jumped out of bed—laid hold of his

sword—came to the outside—and inquired into the cause of the dispute. Although the night was dark, Innermarky knew him perfectly by his voice, and, presenting his gun, shot him through the body in a moment. A crowd of the conspirators' attendants then rushed on their victim, and plunged their daggers into every part of his person. John Innes, however, as if either shocked at the brutality he witnessed, or repenting of his being at all engaged in so horrible a business, stood trembling at a little distance from the spot on which the revolting murder was committed. Innermarky, on perceiving that Laird John thus stood aloof from the atrocities he was witnessing, ran up to him with a terrific expression of countenance, and holding to his throat the dagger which was still reeking with the blood of his victim, protested, that he should in a moment plunge it into his bosom, if he did not immediately follow the example he and his attendants had set him in stabbing his dagger to the hilt into the body of his victim. John, aware that death would be the certain consequence of any attempt at resistance, reluctantly followed the example of the others, and plunged a dagger into the body of his nearest relation, and the most courageous individual who bore his name. Every other person present who had not already done so

was also compelled to follow the example they had seen; and so anxious was Innermarky to involve as many as possible in the affair, in order that in the eye of the law all might appear equally guilty, that he actually compelled Mr. John Innes, afterwards of Coxtoun, then a youth at school, to rise from his bed and also plunge a dagger up to the hilt into the body of his dead relation.

The next object to which the conspirators turned their attention, was to seize the person of their victim's son, Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a view to his sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing however, the cries of murder which his expiring parent uttered while the conspirators were stabbing him, the young man, seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out of his bed, and by the help of a friend, escaped out by a back door into a garden, whence he was taken into the house of an acquaintance, unknown to those who were meditating his life.

Innermarky then took off the signet-ring from the finger of his murdered relation, and having bribed the servant of the deceased to assist in the execution of his purposes, he dispatched him with it to Innes House, instructing him to present it to the wife of his deceased master as from her husband; and at the same time to request, as if by his order, the box containing the papers rela-

tive to his title and estates, under the pretence that the Laird John, who was represented as being at the time with her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of making some important alterations which would render them more valid in the eye of the law than they were. And in order still more effectually to prevent her from having any suspicions on the subject, Innermarky sent the bribed servant on her husband's own horse, instructing him to add, that the reason why he had sent his ring and his own horse, was, that he had not at the time an opportunity of writing her, and that he thought the appearance of these, together with his own servant, would be sufficient to convince her that all was right.

The lady of the deceased was somewhat uneasy at receiving such a message from her husband on a subject of so great importance; but seeing the ring which he daily wore—the horse on which he daily rode—and the servant who was daily in attendance on him—she could not doubt that he had actually desired the box and papers to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered them to the servant, and allowed him to depart from the mansion.

At this time there resided at Innes House a young man, an intimate acquaintance of Lady Innes's son, then lying indisposed in Aberdeen;

and hearing of the servant's being about to return to that city, and feeling at the same time a strong anxiety to see his sick acquaintance, he asked permission of a servant to accompany him to the place in which he lay. The servant refused compliance with the young man's request, on various grounds. The latter, however, was determined to go by force if not by permission; and with this view, when the servant was setting out on his journey, he jumped up behind him on the horse's back. The servant insisted that the youth should dismount, while the latter was equally determined he should not. A scuffle ensued between the contending parties, and soon assumed so serious an aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he carried with him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his youthful opponent; but the latter by a masterly and courageous manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with one deadly thrust plunged it into his bosom. The servant fell from his horse, and expired almost immediately. The young man then returned to Innes House with the box, papers, &c.

Lady Innes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle which had taken place between the servant and the young man in question; and while in the act of giving full vent in copious tears to the melancholy emotions which the event had produced in her mind, another of her husband's

servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing the still more mournful intelligence of his murder by the hands of his own nearest relatives. When the confusion and sorrow consequent on the melancholy intelligence of her husband's death had somewhat subsided, Lady Innes secured all his papers, and fled for protection to her friends, who immediately conducted her to the king, before whom she detailed all the circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntley, who was related by blood to the family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alexander Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of his sick son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater safety placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphinstone, then Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom.

John Innes and Innermarky, some days after the commission of the murder, returned so far as to Lord Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothiemay; from which, after procuring a new supply of horses, they proceeded to Innes House, and re-invested John in the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards, both these men kept possession between them of the estate of Innes, but at the end of that time they were declared outlaws; and the son of him they had so barbarously murdered came north from Edinburgh, with a commis-

sion against them, and all others who had been accessory to his father's death. This young man had a few months previously been married to the Lord Treasurer's daughter, and in consequence of his connection with so influential a personage, the party he came with was so numerous and well provided with the implements of war, that they soon laid waste the possessions, and slew a great many of those who espoused the cause of their opponents. John, however, fled to the south, and endeavoured to conceal himself there, but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to Innes House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The young laird however, did not make his head the price of his conduct, as might, under all the circumstances of the case have been expected, but contented himself with making him adhibit his name to various written papers, which incapacitated him from any future mischief in regard to his property.

Innermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to elude all the search which was made for him; but being soon wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led there, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where in September, 1584, he was surprised by the young laird of Innes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed him, and afterwards cut off his head and gave it to Lady Innes, the widow of him whom he had murdered in Aber-

deen a few years before. Lady Innes was so overjoyed at the possession of the head of the murderer of her husband, that she made a journey to Edinburgh, carrying it all the way herself for the express purpose of laying it at the feet of the king.

ST. MARY'S ISLE.

THE EARL OF SELKIRK AND PAUL JONES.

PAUL JONES was born and bred at St. Mary's Isle, the estate of Lord Selkirk, near Kirkcudbright; his father, by name Paul, a steady methodical Scotchman, being head gardener to the Earl, and young Paul acting in a subordinate capacity in the same establishment. In the gardens were two summer-houses, corresponding to each other. One day Lord Selkirk, during his walks, observed a man locked up in one of them, and looking out of the window—in the other summer-house, looking out of the corresponding window appeared young John Paul. “Why are those lads confined?” said

Lord Selkirk to the gardener. "My Lord, I caught the rascal stealing your Lordship's fruit." "But there are two, what has your son done, is he too guilty?" "Oh no, please your Lordship, I just put him in for *symmetry*."

In this service he remained for some years; but at length being detected in certain knavish tricks, which would have entitled him to confinement in the summer house on stronger grounds than "*symmetry*," he was dismissed, and following the bent of a wild and ardent disposition, betook himself to a sea-faring life, for which his habits, and the practical knowledge gained by long residence near a sea port, had fully prepared him. He commenced his naval career as common sailor; but his talents soon rendering him conspicuous, he was appointed mate, and in these capacities made several voyages to the West Indies, where he finally became master of a vessel. Soon after the rupture between this country and America, happening to be at Piscatuway, in New England, he was induced to desert his national colours, and enlist under those of the revolutionists, prompted partly by a vindictive spirit, and partly by the predatory prospects offered by the approaching war—at the same time changing his name from John Paul to Paul Jones.

For this new sphere of action his enterprising

character and talents were admirably adapted : and these, added to his thorough knowledge of the northern coasts of England, soon brought him into notice, and pointed him out as a fit actor in the marauding schemes then in agitation. Accordingly in the latter part of 1777, he was actively employed as Commander, in fitting out the Ranger privateer, mounting 18 guns, besides swivels, and manned with a desperate crew of 150 men. In the course of the winter he put to sea, and made two captures on the European side of the Atlantic, both of which were sent into a French port. In the month of April, 1778, he for the first time appeared in the neighbourhood of his native place, and forthwith proceeded to execute a well digested plan for burning the town and shipping of Whitehaven. Having made the land, he cautiously kept in the offing to avoid observation, but at the close of evening, the necessary preparations being completed, he stood in for the shore, and at midnight, having approached sufficiently near, his boats well manned, and armed by thirty daring fellows, in deep silence pushed off from the vessel. A small battery commanded the bay and entrance of the harbour ; it was necessary to secure this before they could venture on ulterior measures ; accordingly having made good their landing, the party rushed upon the garrison before any alarm could be given, and

made them prisoners. The guns were immediately spiked, and every thing seemed to favour the final success of their enterprize. It was dead low water, and the vessels were lying side by side without a chance of preservation, should the flames once get head. Little expecting such a visit, no watches were on the look out, and the inhabitants were buried in sleep. In full security and confidence the armed force dispersed themselves, depositing matches ready primed amidst combustibles on the decks and rigging. Nothing more was required for their destruction than the signal for lighting the trains. At this critical moment a loud knocking was heard in the main street, and voices of alarm were heard in every direction. It was evident that they were discovered, and nothing remained but to commence in haste the work of destruction, for the alarm had now become general, and crowds were seen running towards the piers, attracted by the lights which the retiring party were hastily throwing on board the vessels; fortunately without effect, one only being seriously scorched, the crews and townsmen succeeded in extinguishing the flames before they reached the rigging. Foiled in their attempt, the privateer's men regained their boats, and putting off, reached their ship in safety. On mustering, one only of the party was missing, and to him were the people

of Whitehaven indebted for their preservation; for, influenced either by conscientious motives or self-interest, he quitted his companions when engaged about the harbour, and running up the main street, knocked at every door as he passed, roused the sleepers from their beds, calling upon them to rise and save their lives and property.

Having failed in this enterprize, Jones stretched across the Solway Firth, towards the coast of Scotland, and with the early dawn entered the river Dee, forming the harbour of Kirkcudbright. A little above its junction with the sea the river widens into a sort of estuary, and here on a promontory, or rather island, where the river is about a mile and a half in width, stands St. Mary's Isle, the Castle of Lord Selkirk, and here, within a short distance of a spot endeared to him by the strongest ties and earliest associations, soon after sunrise Jones dropped his anchor, with feelings, if we may judge from the tenor of a letter which will be mentioned in the course of the following narrative of that day's proceedings, very different from those which the public gave him credit for, proving that, with all his failings, his heart was still susceptible of impressions which might have raised him, as much as his unjustifiable deeds had hitherto lowered him in the estimation of his countrymen. Early in the morning, the privateer had been observed making

her way up the river, her guns and warlike appearance attracting much attention and curiosity, for vessels of her description were seldom seen working up the intricate passage of the Dee. Not a suspicion was entertained of her real character, but the male part of the population conjectured her to be a visitor equally unwelcome—a ship of war coming up for the purpose of impressment. Accordingly at an early hour (Lord Selkirk being fortunately in London), Lady Selkirk was informed of the circumstance, and a request was made by the men servants that they might absent themselves for the purpose of concealment. The vessel had no sooner anchored than an armed boat was despatched.

The crew on landing seemed to have no particular object in view; and after remaining some time, strolling up and down the country, took to their boat and returned on board. Before, however the people had recovered from their first alarm the boat was again observed to push off, and in a few minutes a strong body of armed men landed on the beach, without interruption; not as before did they stroll about, but, forming in regular order, marched directly to the castle, which they immediately surrounded, and then, for the first time, a suspicion of the real character of such unexpected visitors was excited. Lady Selkirk, who, with her chil-

dren, were the only members of the family then resident in the castle, had just finished breakfast, when she received a summons to appear before the officer commanding the detachment; she obeyed with considerable fear, which was not diminished upon a nearer view of the visitors, whose ferocious looks, and ragged dress, too plainly shewed their hostile intentions; and, as it was evident that plunder was their object, the worst might be expected in case of resistance. They were armed with every variety of weapon, muskets, pistols, swords; and one savage-looking fellow bore an American tomahawk over his shoulder. Two officers had the command of the party; one of them coarse and rude in language and behaviour; the other, on the contrary, was not only courteous and respectful—but even apologized to Lady Selkirk, regretting the unpleasant duty in which it was his unfortunate lot to appear as a principal. Their first enquiry was for Lord Selkirk: on being assured that he was not in the country some disappointment was manifested. After a short pause, the latter officer said he must then request her Ladyship to produce all her plate. She replied, that the quantity in the castle was very small, but what there was should be immediately given up; and accordingly the whole was laid before them, even to the silver tea-pot used at breakfast, which

had not been washed out. The officer on receiving it directed his men to pack up every article, again apologizing for his conduct on an occasion which he called a dirty business, and then taking leave, at the head of his men returned to the vessel, leaving the family not a little rejoiced at their escape. Still, however, as the ship did not get under weigh, fears were entertained of a second visit, and Lady Selkirk lost no time in sending off her children, and removing whatever property was likely to become a source of temptation, to a place of security. Her fears were fortunately groundless, and in a few hours she had the satisfaction to see the privateer under weigh without offering further molestation.

Some days after this occurrence, Lady Selkirk received a letter from Paul Jones himself, written in a romantic, almost poetical style. He entreated her Ladyship's pardon for the late affront, which he assured her was so far from being planned or sanctioned by him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew insisted on the attempt, hoping to secure the person of Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom a considerable sum might be expected. This he declared was the object of their first visit, and having failed in it, they returned on board, when, after some murmuring, they insisted

on again landing and plundering the house. To this he was obliged to consent, though with great reluctance, adding, as a proof of his innocence, that he would endeavour to purchase the plunder they had so disgracefully brought off, from the crew, and transmit (if not the whole) whatever he could procure, to her ladyship. Several years however elapsing without anything further being heard, all hope of course was given up of the fulfilment of his promise, when, to Lady Selkirk's great surprise, in the spring of 1783, the whole was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same state in which it had been carried away, to all appearance never having been unpacked, the very tea-leaves remaining in the tea-pot, as they were left after the breakfast on the day of capture. The report of his landing rapidly spread through the country, attended with every variety of exaggeration by the time it reached London. Lord Selkirk received it with the additional particulars that his family were all made prisoners, and his castle burnt to the ground. He immediately hurried to the north, and it was not until he had gone half way that he learned the real truth.

THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY BELASYSE, K.B.

THE prevalence of duels was at no time greater than during the period that followed the restoration of King Charles II. Singular enough, while the battle strife had lasted personal encounters were of rare occurrence. Charles Moore maintains that our civil wars were not of a nature calculated, like those of France, to increase the rage of the duel but rather to suspend the frequency of its practice. "As it was not," continues that writer, "a struggle (latterly in particular), between two powerful factions of the nobility and gentry one against the other, but of the commonalty against whatever was called royal, noble, or honourable in rank and fortune, the consequence was that the gentry and those who had been accustomed to look to their own swords for revenge in personal affronts, would have disdained to have settled points of honour by private duel with antagonists of such ignoble birth. The general course

of their thoughts being also bent on the repulsion of the common enemy of the order of gentry, they became more closely united within themselves, and were less in the habit of paying a scrupulous attention to all the supercilious dictates of a captious honour."

The return however of Charles and his gay and gallant court to London, the habits and feelings their continental residence had engendered, and the hot blood of the cavaliers all combined to render the duel popular. Pepys alludes, in his memoirs, to its sad prevalence, and considers it "a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom."

One of the saddest encounters of the period was the fatal meeting that took place in 1667, between two attached friends, Sir Henry Belasyse, K.B., only son of the famous Lord Belasyse of Worlaby, and Thomas Porter, Esq., son of Sir Endymion Porter. Pepys thus records the melancholy affair:—

"They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's, where, it seems, people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together, and Sir H. Bellasses talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they

quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Belasses hearing it, said, 'No, I would have you know, I never quarrel, but I strike; take that as a rule of mine!'—'How?' said Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow?' With that Sir H. Belasses did give him a box on the ear; and so they were going out to fight, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Belasses presently, for he knew, if he did not, they would be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; and he desires Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Belasses goes. By and by he is informed, that Sir H. Belasses's coach was coming; so Tom Porter went down out of the coffee-room, where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Belasses come out. 'Why,' said Sir H. Belasses, 'you will not hurt me coming out, will you?'—'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew. And Sir H. Belasses having drawn and flung away the scabbard, Tom Porter asked him, whether he was ready. The other answered, he was; and they fell to fight, some of their acquaintances by. They wounded one another; and Sir H. Belasses so much, that it is feared he will die. And finding

himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; 'for,' says he, 'Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand on my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of thee; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.' And so, whether he did fly or not, I cannot tell; but Tom Porter shewed Sir H. Belasses that he was wounded too; and they are both ill, but Sir H. Belasses to the life. And this is fine example! and Sir H. Belasses a parliament man too; and both of them extraordinary friends!" Belasyse only lived a few days, and Pepys, in noticing his death, adds: "It is pretty to see how the world talk of them, as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love."

Sir Henry Belasyse left an only son, Henry, who succeeded his grandfather as second Lord Belasyse of Worlabby.

MRS. MACFARLANE.

IF it were possible for any one man to have read every thing, and to have heard every legend, and fragment of a legend, from the Land's End to the Orkney Isles, Sir Walter Scott would unquestionably be that gifted individual, that wandering Jew of literature. Read what we may, an old ballad or a Latin poem of the middle ages, a black-letter ghost story or some remote print of county-history, Danish or Swedish, Spanish, German, or Italian, we are sure to find that the indefatigable author of *Waverley* has been gleaning in the field before us ; and we never met yet with a student, however various his reading, who could not with equal truth avouch the same thing. It is little wonder then that in this true story of Mrs. Macfarlane we find an incident exactly similar to an early scene in *Peveril of the Peak*. We mention this beforehand that it may not be imagined we have borrowed on this occasion the mysterious appearance of the Countess of Derby in the gilded

chamber to Julian and little Alice Bridgenorth, for the purpose of passing off a fiction for a reality, while the real truth is that Sir Walter had heard and remembered this anecdote amongst the innumerable legends that found a place in his retentive memory, and turned it, as he did every thing, into pure gold.

Sunday has always been kept in Scotland with a gloomy strictness more akin to the teaching of Geneva, from which its mode of dissent was chiefly borrowed, than to the custom of merry England, where at one time, when church was over, the peasant was not only allowed, but encouraged, to amuse himself with all sorts of holyday pastimes, so that it was done with soberness and discretion. A custom so innocent in itself, and so full of humane consideration for the humbler classes, who could have no other opportunity of diversion, must, one would have thought, have found approval every where. Such, however, was not the case. At the period of our anecdote the observance of religious forms had attained amongst the Scotch to such a height that it threw a gloom over every thing. No sooner did the bell begin to ring for divine service than the master of each family, with all belonging to him, whether old or young, man-servant, or maid-servant, sallied forth, and having locked the street-door marched to church as to a funeral, leav-

ing the house to take care of itself. The sick, or the mere suckling, if there happened to be either in the establishment, were alone exempt from this conscription; urchins of two years' old, who could hardly be expected to derive much benefit from the preacher's exhortations, even if they did not fall asleep, were yet dragged along with their parents upon the simple principle that, although they might not get any good at least they were out of harm's way, and that was always something gained. As to cooking on a Sunday such an enormity was not to be dreamt of for a single instant; first, because it would make it necessary for one servant to stay at home when all ought to be at church; and secondly, because it filled men's minds with the thoughts of creature-comforts at a time when the whole heart and soul should be exclusively given up to spiritual matters.

Now it so happened that on a certain Sunday in the autumn of 1719, Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, in Berwickshire, found himself obliged to leave his daughter, Margaret, at home, when as usual he set out for church with therest of his family. The child, it seems, had been for some days labouring under an indisposition, which made it requisite for her to keep within doors, although it did not actually confine her to her bed, but as she was extremely intelligent for her age it was not thought

necessary that a servant should be left behind to take care of her. The only precaution observed was the customary one of locking the outer door.

Though Margaret Swinton possessed as much courage as could be reasonably expected from a girl of ten years old, she had yet her full share of the superstitious feelings which are common to all children, and to Scotch children more than any other, excited as their infant fancies are sure to be by the dark legends they are constantly hearing from every one about them. To beguile the time of their absence, her mother left with her the "Pilgrim's Progress," and as the book had all the charms of novelty, the little cloisterer was at first full of pleasant expectations; and, perhaps, had she dared confess the truth in such a matter, was better pleased to stay at home and amuse herself with reading, than to endure the tedium of a service which seldom lasted less than six mortal hours. It was, however, quite another thing when she heard the locking of the outer door, and found herself actually alone, for there is something in the solitude of a deserted mansion very different from the solitude of the open air. The silence has something unnatural in it, and though it might not affect any one of maturer years very strongly, we can easily understand its making a painful impression upon the irritable

nerves and feeble judgment of a sick child, and that child at the age of little Margaret. It was in vain that she tried to fix her attention upon the book; her eye might wander over its pages, but they conveyed no distinct image to her mind, while ever and anon some apprehended noise, or the indistinct sense that something fearful was at hand, made her look up in sudden alarm, and almost wonder that she saw nothing beyond what was usual. Then the tales of ghosts, and bogles, and the black bull of Norway, and good neighbours, as the fairies were called by those who dared not breathe their real name, crowded upon her memory, and excited her fears, till the loneliness became well nigh intolerable. If any one should think this picture exaggerated, we must remind him that it was not with Margaret Swinton in 1719, as it is with the children of the present day. The interval of time is certainly not much beyond a century, but the difference of past and present feeling cannot so be measured. With us such tales are mere matters of idle amusement, but to Margaret they were told as real occurrences, removed indeed from the common course of natural events, yet which had happened within no very distant period to others, and were therefore likely enough to happen to herself.

Wearied out with these imaginary terrors, the

poor little thing after the lapse of an hour or more determined to escape from them by retreating into the parlour below stairs. It was the remotest part of the house from her own room, which she had brought herself to fancy was the post of danger, and besides its bay window commanded a direct view of the avenue by which the building must be approached, and thus at all events she would catch the first sight of her friends upon their return from church. Unluckily there was a trying space to be got over between this desired haven and the room where she now was, and who could say how many ghosts and goblins might occupy it in ambuscade? There was however no alternative; and so screwing up her courage as best she might, and gallantly humming a border tune, she made her way to the parlour, though not without expecting every moment that some visible or invisible being would seize her by the hair of the head and forcibly drag her back again. With every step this fear grew stronger, and her pace more hurried, till on reaching the parlour it had taken such complete possession of her that she rushed in almost headlong with a joyful scream, and hastily bolted the door to shut out the imaginary spirit close behind her. But her joy was not of long continuance. On turning round, what should she behold but the supernatural appearance from which she had been so so ear-

nestly flying? The sight rooted her to the spot in speechless wonder. And yet the vision, if vision it were, had nothing so peculiarly terrible in it. To all seeming it bore the figure of a tall lady splendidly attired, whose features though expressive of deep melancholy were remarkably handsome, and evinced signs of tenderness rather than of anger or any worse feeling. Was it the enchanted queen?—or a disembodied spirit?—or one of the good neighbours, who were noted for their propensity to carrying off children into the fairy land? At any rate the appearance, whatever it might be, inspired Margaret with less alarm than she had felt a few minutes before, when the cause of apprehension had existed only in her fancy; and indeed after the first impulse of surprise had passed away there was more of curiosity than of alarm in her fixed and silent gaze. The spell, which held her, was at length broken by the stranger in a gentle voice desiring her to take courage and draw nigh. It was then a mere mortal after all!—but a kind and loving one, who with that sweet smile, and those soft eyes could intend no mischief, and Margaret, though still with a throbbing heart, approached as she was bidden. The lady took her by the hand, addressed her by name, and after a few trifling questions, evidently asked, as lawyers examine their own witnesses, with a view to fami-

liarize the child with her situation, she assumed a graver and more impressive tone,—

“Margaret,” she said, “you may speak of what you have seen to your mother, but for your life to no one else. If you do, much evil may come of it, a portion of which will fall surely light upon yourself. You are young, yet I think you understand me, when I say you must promise to be silent as the grave itself in this matter.”

The child, deeply awed by the lady’s manner, gave the required pledge; when the latter, apparently satisfied, resumed her gentler tones, and desired her to look out of the bay window, and see if the family were yet returning from church.

“I would not,” said the lady, “be willingly seen by any strangers, and perhaps they may bring some one home with them.”

Margaret, proud of being an agent in so mysterious an affair, looked out upon the avenue; but when she turned round again to say that as yet no one was coming, the stranger had disappeared, though the door still remained bolted.

“She must then be a fairy, or a nixy, or something of the kind,” murmured the little maiden to herself; “or how else could she have got out of the room? the door is locked, and the windows fast, so she must have whisked through the key-

hole, and who but a fairy could have vanished in that fashion?"

There have been many arguments put forth by learned folks as sound to all appearance as this logic of Margaret's, and yet not a whit more true when they came to be fairly sifted. Strange to say, she did not fly from the haunted parlour, but remained there, pondering on what she had seen, till the family came home from church. Sir John Swinton was not a little surprised at finding the invalid out of her bed-room, and demanded to know the reason of it, and above all, why the door was locked. But Margaret, who was discreet beyond her years, and remembered her promise to the stranger, replied—as was indeed the truth, though not the whole truth—that she had been frightened, she knew not why, at the solitude of her own room, and had bolted herself in the parlour, by way of keeping out the *good neighbours*. Sir John only laughed at the child's idle fears, and tried to caress her again into spirits; but Lady Swinton, who better understood her, easily saw there was something behind which she had not chosen to communicate; she therefore got her back again as soon as possible to the sick room, and the moment they were alone insisted upon knowing the whole truth. To this Margaret made no objection now that she could do so without dis-

obeying the injunctions of the strange lady, which, as we have just seen, did not extend to her mother.

Lady Swinton listened to her tale not only without surprise, but with evident marks of satisfaction ; and when she had concluded, kissed her tenderly, and parting the fair locks that clustered about her forehead, said, with a smile : “ You are a good little girl, Margaret, Since you have kept the secret so well, you shall know something more of this strange lady, though it may not be proper as yet to let you into the whole of her story.”

If Margaret’s heart had before throbbed high with fear, it now beat as high with joy at the promise implied in these words, for with all her discretion she was not entirely devoid of the curiosity natural to a child and a female. Gladly did she trip back again at her mother’s side to the parlour ; and great was her surprise when she saw Lady Swinton push aside one of the oaken panels, discovering a small room beyond, in which sate the mysterious stranger. On the table before her a small folio lay open, apparently a Bible from its grey edges and sober binding. She too seemed surprised, and even discomposed, at their presence, but Lady Swinton hastened to anticipate all remark by saying that as Margaret had accidentally

learnt so much she thought the best way to insure her secrecy was to let her know the rest, or at least so much as might be suited to her years.

“Rely upon it,” she said, “if you leave her curiosity nothing to work upon, you will be quite safe. And now, Margaret, dear, listen to me. This lady is pursued by cruel men, who if they find her will certainly take her life. She is my guest, she is now yours; and I am sure I need not tell you that the meanest peasant in all Scotland would shame to betray his guest.”

Delighted, as her mother had expected, by this mark of confidence, which seemed all at once to make a woman of her, the little Margaret protested she would never breathe a word to any one about the mysterious lady; and most faithfully did she keep her promise. What was more surprising still, she on no occasion sought to learn who or what the stranger was, and many years passed over her head before the secret was revealed to her.

“Margaret,” said Lady Swinton one day, “have you forgotten the fairy, as you once thought her—the apparition of the little parlour?”

Margaret, now a young woman of twenty, confessed that she had well nigh forgotten the whole affair, or, if she ever thought of it at all, it was only as of any other tale of her childhood. “But,”

she added, "your mentioning the subject almost makes me curious to know something more about the lady."

"In plain words," replied Lady Swinton, smiling, "you would like to know who she was, and what brought her into such great peril. Well, Margaret, you kept the secret trusted to you, when you were only a child, and a word from your lips might have cost her life, so I can see no great harm in telling you the whole now that you are old enough to know the value of discretion, and that it would not much signify even if you were to chatter. At the same time it is just as well to be silent."

With this slight warning Lady Swinton began her tale as follows :

Mrs. Elizabeth Macfarlane, whose maiden name was Ker, the mysterious lady of the panelled chamber, was the daughter of a gentleman in Roxburghshire, who lost his life in the insurrection of 1715. The friends that survived him would fain have saved his estate for his orphan daughter, just then emerging into womanhood : but the probability of success grew fainter and fainter every day, and meanwhile she was in a state of utter destitution. With that generous spirit of kinship, which nowhere exists so strongly as in Scotland, and in England is scarcely found

at all, the relations agreed amongst themselves to receive her in turn upon short periodical visits, so that the burthen of her support might be less felt by being equally divided. While she still remained in this state of dependence, which however their kindness might qualify it, could not be otherwise than irksome to her proud spirit, she was suddenly surprised by an offer of marriage from Mr. Macfarlane, a respectable but elderly law agent, who had been employed by her father. Under any other circumstances, such an alliance would have implied a degradation not to be thought of for a single instant; as it was, the high blood of her noble kindred fired at the idea, and one and all did their best to dissuade her from it; but her present situation made any haven desirable, and in spite of their remonstrances she accepted the agent's offer. It was not long however before the young wife found that she had only exchanged one evil for another, different in kind, but not a whit more tolerable. The pride of caste was as strong at that time in Scotland, as it ever was and still is amongst the Hindoos, and the humble Pariah might as well think of mingling his blood with the pure stream of the Brahmin as the "*doer's* wife"—so were the law-agents called—expect to be received amongst chiefs and nobles.

The relations, who had so generously pitied and

relieved the distress of Elizabeth Ker, had no sympathy whatever with Mrs. Macfarlane, or if they thought of her at all, it was to express scorn and hatred for her unworthiness. Such treatment in a short time produced its usual demoralizing effects, people seldom practising the virtues for which they can no longer gain any credit. She in turn began to hate and despise the world which had thrown her off, and to shew her contempt for those qualities and observances it most holds in respect, although still cautious to do nothing that might lower her in her own estimation. It was a freedom of manners, not a laxity of principle, that she adopted.

Amidst the general neglect she experienced from those of her own class, there was yet one portion of them which did not think it necessary to repudiate the society of a young and beautiful woman because her husband was a law agent, although they might not treat her with the same deferential observance that they had used towards the Miss Ker of a happier period. This class, or rather a portion of one, bore no slight resemblance to the London Mohocks that cut such a figure in the pages of the Spectator. They were for the most part young men of good birth but debauched habits, many of them being descendants of the old cavaliers, who, being excluded by their politics

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from the usual roads to wealth and honour, sought to indemnify themselves for this privation by unlimited indulgence in the lowest riot and excesses. Their forenoons were spent in dicing and golfing. In the evening they would stagger from the table, in flowing periwigs and with glittering canes to Heriot's Green or Lady Murray's Garden in the Canongate, when their great amusement was staring out of countenance the citizens' wives and daughters who ventured to intrude upon these fashionable promenades. Their nights were always passed in true Comus fashion; it was with them as with Milton's enchanter :

——“ Welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.”

These Bacchanalian orgies, as a matter of course, led to broils and quarrels, which had to be settled in cold blood the next morning at St. Leonard's Craggs or in St. Anne's Yards, and many “ a son of night,” as Moore delicately terms these desperadoes, paid dearly for his Bacchanalian riot.

To men of this kind the supposed degradation of Mrs. Macfarlane by her marriage was a matter of little consequence. They paid the same public homage to her beauty that they would have rendered to any other woman whose low station laid

her open to their attentions, which however flattering in one sense, were anything but complimentary in another. On her part it is to be feared that Mrs. Macfarlane did not keep these debauchees at a sufficient distance; and certainly she did not treat them as she would have done had she still retained her earlier position. In fact it was soothing to her pride, when those of her own sex and former rank would pass her with the slightest possible recognition, to be thus honoured by men, who although notorious for their debaucheries, were still allowed to possess the reputation of rank and fashion. This remark, however, must not be considered as implying anything derogatory to her honour; on the contrary, while she coquetted with these revellers on the Castle Hill or other public places, she was extremely cautious not to give the slightest encouragement to their visits. Still it threw a shadow upon her character, and what was worse, it led the more dissolute to believe she was a fit subject for temptation.

It was about two years after the insurrection of 1715, when the fashionable world of Edinburgh—that is, the dissipated part of it which we have just been speaking of—received an important accession in Mr. George Cayley, a young English gentleman, who had been sent down as one of the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates. His coat was

of the newest fashion, having been made, as report said, at Paris, after one worn by the Regent Orleans; his oaths were of the latest coinage; he had no want of money; and was, moreover, so manifestly superior in profligacy, that he at once became the coryphæus of the Edinburgh debauchees. Soon after his arrival, this redoubtable personage was introduced to Mrs. Macfarlane, who had, indeed, desired his acquaintance under the idea that he might possibly be of service to her husband in his intended attempt to recover the family estate. On his part, he was from the first smitten by her beauty and the elegance of her manner, mingled with something like indignation that they should be thrown away upon such a husband and such a city, for in those days Edinburgh was far behind London in refinement. A pure and genuine affection—one that is really deserving of the name of love—is not often perhaps conceived at first sight, or not, at least, in its full vigour; it requires time to ripen into full maturity, and, like every thing else in nature, is lasting in exact proportion to the slowness of its growth. It is quite another thing with a mere sensual passion of the kind such as the English debauchee felt for Mrs. Macfarlane; kindled in an instant, it at the same time had nearly reached its height, and he set about com-

passing her ruin with all the skill derived from practice, and all the energy of a passion that might be truly called frantic. To indulge in the constant pleasure of seeing her, he removed from his first lodgings to a house in the High Street, opposite the attorney's, where, in a great measure neglecting his usual pursuits and amusements, he spent nearly the whole day in watching her from the window. Mr. Macfarlane, who—no uncommon case with husbands—was totally blind to all this, encouraged his visits, in the hope of securing his interest with his brother Commissioners in the affair of the Ker estate. Nor in this expectation had he deceived himself. The young Englishman entered heart and soul into the business, and was only too glad by his exertions during the day, to have an excuse for visiting the lawyer's house in the evening that he might report progress.

Under such circumstances of encouragement, the passion of Cayley increased—if, indeed, it were capable of increase. At all events, it was well nigh ungovernable, when the lawyer was called away from Edinburgh to attend a client in the Highlands. His absence was expected to last about a week.

Although Mr. Macfarlane had been so completely blind as to see nothing extraordinary in the conduct of his new acquaintance, it was not

so with his wife. She understood him perfectly well, and in the absence of her husband did every thing to repress his attentions, and confined herself as much as possible to the society of her child. Above all, the late hour at which he paid his visits displeased her, as being likely to give rise to reports injurious to her character now that Mr. Macfarlane was away, and nobody in the house but herself and the maid-servant. She therefore gave strict orders to the girl not to give him admission under any pretext after a certain time in the evening. What, then, was her surprise, when one night—the fifth of her husband's absence—notwithstanding these injunctions, Mr. Cayley, without any announcement, entered the room where she was sitting? The unexpectedness of his appearance, and his face heated as with drinking, made her start up in alarm, for she had recently begun to think him capable of any thing; nor was her terror at all diminished when, in a quiet, composed tone very much at variance with his looks, he requested her to be seated. Without noticing, or even seeming to hear, his words, she hurried to the bell, and rang it violently.

“You may spare yourself that trouble,” said the unwelcome visitor; “your servant has gone out.”

“Gone out!” exclaimed Mrs. Macfarlane—
“without leave! and at such an hour!”

“Gone out,” reiterated the young Englishman;
“I have taken the liberty of sending her abroad on
a little errand of my own.”

Being now thoroughly aroused, and quite as
much frightened as angry, she would have left the
room, but he placed himself between her and the
door, saying that he had come upon particular
business, and must request her attention for a few
moments.

“Go on then, sir,” she exclaimed, “since it must
be so; but I shall know how to guard against such
intrusions another time.”

“On the contrary, madam,” replied the English-
man with the greatest coolness; “we shall for the
future meet more frequently and more confi-
dentially than we have yet done. But pray be
seated.”

“No, sir; not for a single instant; whatever
you have to say, I shall hear it standing.”

“As you please, Madam; upon that point I
shall not contradict you, only hoping you will as
little thwart me on those of more importance.”

With the same imperturbable coolness that he
said this, he went on to explain that he had long
loved her, that he was fully determined to carry her
off—a coach was even then waiting before her door

for the purpose—and that if she consented it was now in his power to obtain a reversal of her father's attainder, and with it the restoration of the family estates.

"Never, at such a price," cried the lady indignantly.

"I am sorry for it," he replied, "as in that case you will not only lose your property but your character also. If you refuse my offer, I shall whisper, but loud enough for all Edinburgh to hear it, that you have been as kind as I could wish you to be, and no one knows better than yourself how readily any tale will find credence when it is to the prejudice of Mrs. Macfarlane."

The lady was thunderstruck, as well she might be, at this cold blooded avowal of a villany almost too atrocious for any one to have conceived. She stormed, she wept, she threatened, she implored, but all without making more impression than if she had been addressing a marble image. He was not to be shaken in his purpose, and at length when he found that her resolution was no less immovable, he burst into a sudden fit of frenzy, and dashed out of the room with bitter imprecations upon her, and worse upon himself if he did not do all that he had threatened.

The next day she was not long in discovering that he had kept his vow only too well. By the

whispers he had spread abroad her character was completely ruined. Not one of the female acquaintances upon whom she called would admit her; not one of all she met in the street would acknowledge her greeting.

Every thought of her brain, every feeling of her heart, was now concentrated upon one point. She returned home, and wrote a letter to Mr. Cayley requesting him to call at her house immediately, and as she gave it to the servant for delivery there was a peculiar smile about her lips such as we may suppose Satan to have worn when he beheld Eve first eating of the forbidden apple.

Upon receiving this summons, the happy lover hurried to her presence in the full confidence that he was now about to reap the fruit of his infamous daring. But no sooner had he entered the room than she hastily locked the door, placed the key in her bosom, and snatching up a brace of pistols from the table behind her presented them at his head.

“Wretch!” she exclaimed; “you have blasted the reputation of a woman who never did you the slightest wrong; you have fixed an indelible stain upon the child at her bosom; and all this because, coward as you are, you thought there was no one to take her part. You were a fool in your belief—she can take her own.”

At the same instant she discharged one of the

pistols at him, but the effort of drawing the trigger had too much depressed the muzzle, and the ball struck the ground close at his feet. Before he could recover enough from his surprise to attempt disarming her she fired the second pistol, and with truer aim, for the bullet passed through his breast. He dropt immediately, gave one convulsive struggle, and all was over.

Every thing had been arranged for her escape beforehand, and without pausing a moment upon her bloody work she fled to the south, where, as we have just seen, she was received and sheltered in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. With him she remained in hiding till the first heat of pursuit was over, when she secretly withdrew to the continent, and died there, but at what time, or in what particular place, is not known, for, as may be easily believed, her relations though they supported her in exile, seldom spoke of one whose name and tragical story they would gladly have buried in oblivion.

HENRY VIII. AND HIS CHARCOAL CARRIER.

OF Sir Hugh Askew, Knt., of Seaton, co. Durham, who was attached to the court of the bluff monarch, the following amusing story is told. He had been in the immediate train of Queen Katherine, and held the post of yeoman of her Grace's cellar ; but, upon the Queen's divorce, lost the situation and became destitute. He applied himself thereupon for help to the Lord Chamberlain for some place or other in the King's service. The Lord Chamberlain knew him well, because he had helped him to a cup of the best, but told him he had no place for him save that of a charcoal carrier. "Well," quoth Askew, "help me in with one foot, and let me get the other in as I can." And upon a great holiday, the King looking out at some sports, Askew got a courtier, a friend of his, to stand beside the King, and he got on his velvet cassock, with his gold chain, and

a basket of charcoal on his back, and marched in the King's sight with it. "O!" says the King, "now I like yonder fellow well, that disdains not to do his dirty office in his dainty clothes. What is he?" Says his friend, who stood by on purpose, "It is Mr. Askew, that was yeoman of the cellar to the late Queen's Majesty, and is now glad of this poor place to keep in your Majesty's service, which he will not forsake for all the world." The King says, "I had the best wine when he was in the cellar; he is a gallant wine-taster. Let him have his place again."

Askew was of the camp, however, as well as the cellar, and in the battle-field a most gallant soldier, for we find him created a knight banneret at Musselburgh, under the royal banner displayed. His descendants are the Askews of Redheugh, and the Askews of Pallinsburn, whose late representative was General Sir Henry Askew, K.C.B., of Pallinsburn.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF WORCESTER.

THE founder of the ducal line of Beaufort was Charles Somerset, illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset. He attained great fame as a diplomatist, was made a knight banneret, appointed captain of the guard, invested with the Garter, and ultimately raised to the peerage by Henry VIII. as Earl of Worcester. The vast landed estates in Monmouthshire and Glamorgan, which have so long enriched his descendants, came to this nobleman as the inheritance of his wife, the Lady Elizabeth Herbert, the richly portioned daughter and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon. Their son, Henry, second Earl of Worcester, was, according to Lloyd in his *Worthies*, "Master of the Horse to Queen Elizabeth, and one of her Council of State: in his youth, the best horseman and tilter of his time. His father's temperance reached to ninety-seven years of age, because he never eat but one meal a day, and his

own sparingness attained to eighty-four, because he never eat but of one dish. He came to the Queen's favour, because, as her father, so she loved a *man*; his manlike recreations commended him to the ladies; his mistress excused his faith, which was popish; but honoured his faithfulness, which was Roman: it being her usual speech that my Lord of Worcester had reconciled what she thought inconsistent—a *stiff Papist to a good subject*. His religion was not pompous but solid, not the shew of his life, but the comfort of his soul."

The great grandson of this peer, Henry, fifth Earl, advanced by Charles I. to the marquessate of Worcester, was the stanch and gallant partisan of royalty, in the troublous times of our great civil war. From 1642 to 1646, his lordship maintained his Castle of Ragland, with a garrison of eight hundred men, and only surrendered it, eventually, to Sir Thomas Fairfax on most honourable conditions. Ragland Castle was amongst the last places in England, from whose battlements the royal banner bade defiance to treason; but, after its capitulation, it was demolished, and the timber, with surrounding parks, cut down, and sold by the Committee of Sequestration, occasioning a loss to the noble proprietor, moderately estimated at

£100,000. The son and successor of this renowned cavalier, Edward, second Marquiss of Worcester, so well known under his courtesy title of "Earl of Glamorgan," was also the confidential friend of King Charles, and took a distinguished part in the politics of the period, but it was rather as a philosopher than as a statesman that his lordship had achieved an undying reputation. In 1663, he published a small book, entitled, "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as I can at present call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, 1665, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put them in practice." To this ever celebrated treatise we are indebted for the first hint of the steam engine. In the dedication to the members of both Houses of Parliament, his lordship states that he had already sacrificed £10,000 in his experiments, a sum so large as to astonish all readers, who are acquainted with the poverty to which he was reduced by the profuse assistance he (and his father before him,) had rendered to the royal cause. This account, however, is cleared up by the following letter, from which we may conclude that he raised a considerable sum from his friends and

others by dividing his project into joint shares. It is addressed to Christopher Copley, Esq., a colonel in the army of the north, under General Fairfax. On the back is written, in Col. Copley's hand, "My Lord of Worcester's letter about my share in his engine."

"DEAR FRIEND,—I knowe not with what face to desire a curtesie from you, since I have not yet payed you the five powndes, and the mayne businesse soe long protracted, whereby my reality and kindnesse should with thankfullnesse appeare; for though the least I intende you is to make up the somme already promised to a thousand pounds yearly, or a share ammounting to four more, which, to nominate before the perfection of the woorke, were but an *individuum vagum*; and, therefore, I deferre it, and upon noe other score. Yet in this interim, my disappointments are soe great, as that I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pounds to this bearer, or to make use of the coche, and to go to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this day helpe me to fifty pounds, then to paye your selfe the five pounds I owe you out of them. Eyther of these will infinitely oblige me. The alderman has taken three days' time to consider of it. Pardon the great trouble

I give you, which I doubt not but in time to
deserve, by really appearing

“Your most thankfull friend,

“WORCESTER.

“*28th of March, 1656.*

“To my honoured friend, Collonel Christopher
Coppely, these.”

Such was the pecuniary distress of the ancestor of one of the wealthiest and most noble families in the kingdom. But it is well known that projectors of public works seldom receive from them, during their own lives, that remuneration to which they are most justly entitled. Sir Hugh Middleton was ruined by the New River, wonderfully beneficial as that undertaking has since proved ; and, if any one invention were to be pointed out, as that to which Briton is most deeply indebted, it would be the steam-engine. What was the fate of its almost generally allowed inventor, the above letter declares.

ONE OF THE HEROES OF FROISSART.

THE reign of Edward III. forms the most martial and chivalrous period of English history. On the roll of the military "worthies" it produced—and the brilliant category includes Edward the Black Prince, Audley, Chandos, and Manny—few names stand more prominently forward than that of Sir Hugh Calveley of Lea. Froissart's romantic pen commemorates with graphic force the achievements of the Cheshire knight, and it is indeed observable that the old chronicler rarely touches on Sir Hugh without placing him in the very foreground of his living pictures. The family from which this renowned warrior sprang, was a branch of the ancient house of Calvelegh of Calvelegh, in the Hundred of Edisbury, which is traced to Hugh de Calvelegh, who became Lord of Calvelegh in the reign of King John by grant from Richard de Vernon.

Sir Hugh Calveley succeeded to Lea, at the death of his father David, and was the celebrated soldier, whose achievements have rendered the

name so familiar to the historic reader. He first appears in the public events of his time as one of the thirty combatants who, in 1351, engaged in mortal strife, an equal number of Bretons, for the purpose of deciding some differences which had arisen out of the disorders committed by the English after the death of Sir Thomas Dagge-worth. The Bretons gained the victory by one of their party breaking on horseback the ranks of the English, the greater number of whom fell in the engagement. Knolles, Calveley, and Croquart were captured and carried to the Castle of Josselin. The Lord of Tinteniach, on the enemy's side, and the gallant Croquart, on the English, obtained the prizes of valour. Such was the issue of the famous "Combat of Thirty." A cross, still existing, marks the battle field, known to this day as "*Le champ des Anglois.*" In a few years after, Sir Hugh commanded a division of the English forces at the battle of Auray, to which Froissart refers in the following interesting narrative.

"Sir John Chandos formed three battalions and a rear guard. He placed over the first Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Walter Huet, and Sir Richard Burley. The second battalion was under the command of Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Eustace D'Ambreticourt and Sir Matthew Gournay. The Earl of

Montfort had the third, which was to remain near his person. There were in each battalion five hundred men-at-arms and four hundred archers. When he came to the rear-guard, he called Sir Hugh Calveley to him, and said, ‘Sir Hugh, you will take the command of the rear-guard of five hundred men, and keep on our wing, without moving one step, whatever may happen, unless you shall see an absolute necessity for it; such as our battalions giving way, or by accident broken; in that case, you will hasten to succour those who are giving way, or who may be in disorder; and assure yourself, you cannot this day do a more meritorious service.’ When Sir Hugh heard Sir John Chandos give him these orders, he was much hurt and angry with him, and said, ‘Sir John, Sir John, give the command of this rear-guard to some other; for I do not wish to be troubled with it;’ and then added, ‘Sir Knight, for what manner of reason have you thus provided for me; and why am I not as fit and proper to take my post in the front rank as others?’ Sir John discreetly answered, ‘Sir Hugh, I did not place you with the rear-guard because you were not as good a knight as any of us; for, in truth, I know that you are equally valiant with the best; but I order you to that post, because I know you are both bold and prudent, and that it is absolutely neces-

sary for you or me to take that command. I therefore most earnestly entreat it of you ; for, if you will do so, we shall all be the better for it, and you, yourself, will acquire great honour ; in addition, I promise to comply with the first request you may make me.' Notwithstanding this handsome speech of Sir John Chandos, Sir Hugh refused to comply, considering it as a great affront offered him, and entreated, through the love of God, with uplifted hands, that he would send some other to that command ; for, in fact, he was anxious to enter the battle with the first. This conduct nearly brought tears to the eyes of Sir John. He again addressed him, gently saying, ' Sir Hugh, it is absolutely necessary that either you or I take this command ; now, consider which can be most spared.' Sir Hugh having considered this last speech, was much confused, and replied, ' Certainly, Sir, I know full well that you would ask nothing from me, which could turn out to my dishonour ; and since it is so, I will very cheerfully undertake it.' Sir Hugh Calveley then took the command called the rear-guard, entered the field on the wing of the others, and formed his line. It was on Saturday the 8th of October, 1364, that these battalions were drawn up facing each other, in a handsome plain, near to Auray in Brittany. I must say, it was a fine thing to see and reflect

on ; for there were banners and pennons flying with the richest armour on each side ; the French were so handsomely and grandly drawn up, it was great pleasure to look at them."

Froissart proceeds to narrate the vain efforts made by the Lord de Beaumanor to bring about a treaty of peace, and then eloquently describes the result. "Sir John Chandos returned to the Earl of Montfort, who asked, 'How goes on the treaty? What does our adversary say?' 'What does he say!' replied Chandos; 'why he sends word by the Lord de Beaumanor, who has this instant left me, that he will fight with you at all events, and remain Duke of Brittany, or die in the field.' This answer was made by Sir John in order to excite the courage of the Earl of Montfort; and, he continued saying, 'Now, consider what you will determine to do, whether to engage or not.' 'By St. George,' answered Montfort, 'engage will I, and God assist the right cause. Order our banners to advance immediately.'"

We need not relate the details, romantic though they be, as detailed in the glowing language of the chronicler; suffice it to add that the post assigned to the knight of Lea proved not inglorious, that, in more than one emergency, the failing forces of the English were sustained by his reserve, and that among the leaders who contributed

in the most eminent degree to the famous victory of Auray, no small share of the glory may, with justice, be given to Sir Hugh Calveley.

We next find our hero, not very reputably engaged, as a Captain of the Free Companies, composed partly of disbanded soldiers and partly of banditti, who had enlisted in the service of Henry of Trastamare against Pedro the Cruel. Shortly after, however, the Black Prince having joined the army of the King of Castile, Sir Hugh placed himself under the command of his old General, the illustrious Chandos, and distinguished himself by many feats of valour at the bloody battle of Navarette.

In 1377, Holinshed relates, "Sir Hugh Calvelie was sent over to Calis, to remain upon safe keeping of that town as deputie there; and in the same year, comming one morning to Bullougne, he burnt certeine ships, which laie there in the haven, to the number of six and twentie, besides two proper barks, and having spoiled and burnt the most part of the base towne, returned to Calis, with a rich bootie of goods and cattell." The same historian further informs us that this doughty knight recovered the castle of Marke, which had been betrayed by "certeine Picards stipendiarie soldiers in the said Castell," and goes on to state that "Sir Hugh slept not at his

business. Shortly after Christmas, A.D. 1378, he spoiled the town of Estaples, the same daie the fair was kept there," and in the next spring, as Admiral of England, conveyed the Duke of Brittany to a haven near St. Maloes, and repelled with the most dauntless bravery, a sudden attack made by the French vessels. In 1380, he encountered the tremendous storm which destroyed a large portion of the expedition to Brittany, and was one of eight who took to the masts and cables, and were dashed on shore by the violence of the storm.

The crusade of the Bishop of Norwich against the Clementists, brings Sir Hugh Calveley once more forward, "an opponent of his leader's measures in the cabinet, but a vigorous supporter in the field," until after a series of successes, his troops were surprised in Bergues by the French king, with superior numbers, and Sir Hugh abandoning the contest as hopeless, returned to Calais. The following is Froissart's interesting description of the event:—

"Sir Hugh Calveley, on his arrival at Bergues quartered himself and his men in the different hotels and houses of the town; they were in the whole, including archers, more than four thousand men. Sir Hugh said, 'I am determined to keep this town; it is of good strength, and we are

enough to defend it. I expect we shall have, in five or six days, reinforcements from England: for they will learn our situation and also the force of our enemies.' All replied, 'God assist us!'

"Upon this he made very prudent regulations; on dividing his men under pennons and into companies, to mount the walls and guard the gates, he found he had numbers sufficient. He ordered all the ladies, women, children, and lower classes of inhabitants to retire into a church, from whence they were not to stir.

"The King of France was at the abbey of Ranombergues, and learnt that the English had retreated to Bergues. A council was held on the occasion, when it was ordered that the van, with the constables and marshals, should advance beyond the town, and encamp on one of its sides. And the king of France, with the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, would follow with the main army; that the Count de Blois and the Count d'Eu, with the rear division, should lodge themselves on the other end of the town, and thus surround the English.

"This plan was executed; and the king set out from Ranombergues, attended by his whole army. It was a beautiful sight to behold these banners, pennons, and helmets, glittering in the sun, and such numbers of men at arms that the eye could

not compass them. They seemed like a moving forest, so upright did they hold their lances. Thus they marched, in four divisions, towards Bergues, to enclose the English in that town.

"About eight o'clock in the morning, an English herald entered the town, who, by the courtesy of the lords of France, had passed through their army; he waited on Sir Hugh Calveley in his hotel, and spoke so loud that every one heard him. 'Herald, whence dost thou come?'

" 'My Lord,' replied the herald, 'I come from the French army, where I have seen the finest men at arms, and in such vast numbers that there is not at this day another King who can shew the like.'

" 'And these fine men at arms which you are speaking of,' said Sir Hugh, 'what number are they?'

" 'By my faith, my Lord, they are full twenty-six thousand men at arms; handsomer nor better armed were never seen.'

" 'Ha, ha,' replied Sir Hugh, who was much provoked at the latter part of this speech, 'thou art a fine fellow to come and mock us with this pompous tale. I know well thou hast lied; for many a time have I seen the armies of France, but they never amounted to twenty-six thousand; no, not even to six thousand men at arms.'

“As he said this, the watch of the town, who was at his post, sounded his trumpet, for the van of the enemy was about passing near the walls. Sir Hugh then, addressing the knights and squires present, said:—

“‘Come, come, let us go and see these twenty-six thousand men at arms march by, for our watch blows his horn.’

“They went on the walls of the place, and leaning on them, observed the march of the van, which might have consisted of about fifteen hundred lances, with the constable, the marshals, the master of the cross-bows, and the Lord de Courcy. Next came the Duke of Brittany, the Earl of Flanders, and the Count de St. Pol, who had under his command about fifteen hundred lances more. Sir Hugh Calveley, who thought he had seen the whole army, said, ‘Now see if I did not say truth. Where are these twenty-six thousand men? Why, if they be three thousand men at arms, they are ten thousand. Let us go to dinner, for I do not yet see such a force as should oblige us to surrender the town. This herald would frighten us well, if we were to believe him.’

“The herald was much ashamed, but he said ‘My Lord, you have as yet only seen the van guard. The King and his uncles are behind with

the main army, and there is besides a rear division, which consists of more than two thousand lances. You will see the whole in four hours, if you remain here.'

"Sir Hugh paid not any attention to him but returned to his house, saying he had seen every thing, and seated himself at table. He had scarcely done so, than the watch again blew his horn, and so loud as if he would burst it; Sir Hugh rose from the table, saying he would see what was the cause of this, and mounted the battlements. At this moment the King of France marched by, attended by his uncles, the Duke Frederick, the Duke of Lorraine, the Count of Savoy, the Dauphine of Auvergne, the Count de la Marche, and their troops. In this battalion were full sixteen thousand lances. Sir Hugh felt himself much disappointed, and said to the herald who was by his side, 'I have been in the wrong to blame you; come, come, let us mount our horses and save ourselves, for it will do us no good to remain here; I no longer know the state of France, I have never seen such numbers collected together by three fourths as I now see and have seen in the van—besides the rear division is still to come.' Upon this Sir Hugh Calveley left the walls and returned to his house. All the horses being ready saddled and loaded, they mounted, and having ordered the gates to be

opened which led to Bourbourg, they set off without any noise, carrying with them all their pillage.

“Had the French suspected this, they could easily have stopped them, but they were ignorant of it for a long time, so that they were nearly arrived at Bourbourg before they heard of it.

“Sir Hugh Calveley halted in the plain to wait for his rear and baggage. He was very melancholy and said to Sir Thomas Trivet and others who had come to meet him; ‘By my faith, gentlemen, we have this time made a most shameful expedition; never was so pitiful or wretched a one made from England. You would have your wills, and placed your confidence in the Bishop of Norwich, who wanted to fly before he had wings; now see the honourable end you have brought it to. There is Bourbourg! If you choose it retire thither; but for my part I shall march to Gravelines and Calais, because I find we are not of sufficient strength to cope with the King of France.’

“The English knights, conscious they had been to blame in several things, replied: ‘God help us; we shall return to Bourbourg and wait the event, such as God may please to ordain.’ Sir Hugh on this left them, and they threw themselves into Bourbourg.”

None of the blame attending this misadventure

fell on Sir Hugh, and he retained to the time of his decease the government of Guernsey, and the care of the royal castle and the park of Shotwick. Having acquired from his estates in Cheshire, his various official appointments, and the fruits of his predatory warfare, enormous wealth, he devoted a portion to the establishment of an hospital at Rome, and sanctified the end of his days by an act of similar piety in his own country—the foundation of the college of Bunbury in Cheshire—which appears to have been completed before the decease of its founder, which event occurred on the feast of St. George in 1394. An armed effigy, reposing on one of the most sumptuous altar tombs of which the county of Chester can boast, still remains in the chancel of the college of Bunbury, marking the spot where were interred the mortal remains of the warrior knight, the gallant Sir Hugh Calveley of Lea. Tradition assigned to him for bride no less a personage than the Queen of Arragon, but recent researches have altogether refuted this popular error. In all probability, he never married, and to a certainty, he left no issue.

COLONEL MONTGOMERY AND CAPTAIN
MACNAMARA.

COLONEL MONTGOMERY, the unfortunate victim of a ridiculous quarrel, was the younger son of Sir William Montgomery, Bart., of Magbie Hill, and brother of the present Mrs. George Byng, of Wrotham Park. He entered the army early in life, rose to be Colonel of the 9th Foot, and distinguished himself on many occasions by his gallantry and courage. In the Dutch expedition, the Russians being put to flight, Col. Montgomery's regiment was thrown into confusion, and retreated. At this moment, a drummer being killed, Montgomery who stood alone, took up the drum, beat it to rally his men, reformed the ranks, and retrieved the honour of the day. In Egypt and Malta, he rendered equal service to his country. In person he was remarkably handsome, and was always dressed in the height of the fashion. In London he went by the name of the Duke of Hamilton's *double*, being generally the exact coun-

terpart in dress of that nobleman. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were among the Colonel's intimate friends.

Captain Macnamara was a naval officer, who had distinguished himself in two or three actions as Commander of the *Cerberus* frigate. At the time of his fatal meeting with Colonel Montgomery, he was only just returned from the West Indies.

On the 6th April, 1803, as Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara were riding in Hyde Park, each followed by a Newfoundland dog, the dogs fought; and Colonel Montgomery, who did not see that Captain Macnamara was near, after separating the animals, exclaimed, "Whose dog is that? I will knock him down!" To which Captain Macnamara replied, "Have you the impudence to say that you will knock my dog down? You must first knock me down." An altercation ensued, an exchange of cards followed, and an appointment to meet at 7 o'clock in the evening, near Primrose Hill; the consequence of which proved fatal. Captain Macnamara's ball entered the right side of his opponent's chest, and taking a direction to the left, most probably went through the heart; the Colonel instantly fell, without uttering a word, but rolled over two or three times as if in great agony, and groaned. Colonel Montgomery's ball went through Captain Macnamara

entering on the right side, just above the hip, and passing through the left side, carrying part of the coat and waistcoat in with it, taking part of his leather breeches, and the hip button, away with it on the other side.

Colonel Montgomery was carried by some of the persons standing by, into Chalk Farm, where he was laid on a bed, attended by Mr. Heaviside. As they were carrying him, he attempted to speak and spit; but the blood choked him. His mouth foamed much; and in about five minutes after he was brought into the house, he expired with a gentle sigh.

Crowds of people assembled for days after to view the spot where the Colonel fell, which was covered with blood. Great was the public sympathy, and the Prince of Wales shed tears, it is stated, on hearing the melancholy news. Captain Macnamara recovered of his wound and was tried for murder at the Old Bailey, 22nd of April.

His defence, which was prepared by Lord Erskine (then Mr. Erskine), stated:—"I am a captain of the British navy. My character you can hear only from others. But to maintain my character in that situation I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who sought safety by submitting to what custom has

taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the law of God, or of this land. I know, that in the eyes of duty and reason, obedience to the law, though against the feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action; but upon putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowance for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence has supported this country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost."

Lords Hood, Nelson, Hotham, and Minto, and many other distinguished persons spoke most favourably of Captain Macnamara. Mr. Justice Heath summed up the evidence and gave as his opinion that the verdict must be "Manslaughter."

The Jury were however of a different opinion, and returned after a quarter of an hour's deliberation a verdict of "Not Guilty."

O'CONNELL AND D'ESTERRE.

THE social vices peculiar to the sister island during the last century have, long since, been eradicated: duelling and drinking form no longer the distinguishing practices of Irish society: hostile meetings, even from political motives, occur as seldom on that as on this side of St. George's Channel. The polished courtesy, the high tone, and the fascinating grace that have, time out of mind, marked the Irish gentleman still remain; but the alloy is now separated from the ore, and the absurd custom of referring every passing difference to the chance decision of the pistol has long since become obsolete.*

* Mr. Daunt in his very interesting work, "Ireland and her Agitators," gives so graphic a sketch of "a good old Irish gentleman" in the times of conviviality and duelling, that we cannot forbear adding it to our "Anecdotes:"—

"There was something exceeding bizarre in the notions and habits of a first-rate bacchanalian duellist. Take, for a specimen, Mr. Bagenal, of Dunleekny, in the county Carlow—*King*

One of the most celebrated political duels of the present century in Ireland was that between Mr. O'Connell and Mr. D'Esterre. Its fatal re-

Bagenal, as he was called throughout his extensive territories; and within their bounds no monarch was ever more absolute! Of high Norman lineage—of manners elegant, fascinating, polished by extensive intercourse with the great world—of princely income, and of boundless hospitality, Mr. Bagenal possessed all the qualities and attributes calculated to procure for him popularity with every class. A terrestrial paradise was Dunleckny for all lovers of good wine, good horses, good dogs, and good society. His stud was magnificent, and he had a large number of capital hunters at the service of visitors who were not provided with steeds of their own. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to hunt, and drink, and solve points of honour at twelve paces. His politics were popular; he was the mover of the grant of £50,000 to Gratton in 1782; he was at that time member for the county of Carlow.

“Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of spirits congenial to his own. He had a tender affection for pistols; a brace of ‘saw-handles,’ loaded, were often laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask; Bagenal’s practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, whilst he kept the other *in terrorem* for any of the convives who should fail in doing ample justice to the wine.

“Nothing could be more inimitable than the bland, fatherly, affectionate air with which the old gentleman used to impart to his junior guests the results of his own experience, and the moral lessons which should regulate their conduct through life.

“‘In truth, my young friends, it behoves a youth entering the world to make a character for himself. Respect will only be accorded to character. A young man must shew his proofs. I am not a quarrelsome person—I never was—I hate your mere duellist—but experience of the world tells me that there are knotty points

sult cast a gloom over the subsequent life of the survivor, and determined him, never again, be the provocation what it might, to enter the lists as a

in life of which the only solution is the *saw-handle*. Occasion will arise in which the use of them is absolutely indispensable to character. A man, I repeat, must show his proofs—in this world courage never will be taken upon trust! I protest to Heaven, my dear young friends, that I advise you exactly as I should advise my own son!’

“And having thus discharged his conscience, he would look blandly round upon his guests with the most patriarchal air imaginable.

“His practice accorded with his precept. Some pigs, the property of a gentleman who had recently settled near Dunleckny strayed into an enclosure of King Bagenal’s, and rooted up a flower-knot. The incensed monarch ordered that the porcine trespassers should be shorn of their ears and tails; and he transmitted the severed appendages to the owner of the swine, with an intimation, that *he*, too, deserved to have his ears docked; and that only he had not got a tail, he (King Bagenal) would sever the caudal member from his dorsal extremity. ‘Now,’ quoth Bagenal, ‘if he’s a gentleman, he *must* burn powder after such a message as that.’ Nor was he disappointed. A challenge was given by the owner of the pigs; Bagenal accepted it with ready alacrity; only stipulating, that as he was old and feeble, being then in his seventy-ninth year, he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that, as his infirmities prevented early rising, the ‘meeting’ should take place in the afternoon. ‘Time was,’ said the old man, with a sigh, ‘that I would have risen before daybreak to fight at sunrise—but we can’t do these things at seventy-eight. Well, Heaven’s will be done!’

“They fought at twelve paces—Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he escaped unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

“The traditions of Dunleckny allege, that when Bagenal, in the course of his tour through Europe, visited the petty court of

duellist. Often has this remarkable encounter been referred to; yet the details are little known, and will, we think, be deemed of public interest by our readers. The event occurred early in the year 1815. At a meeting held at Capel-street, Dublin, Mr. O'Connell attended; and in illustrating some matter which he was anxious to enforce, he alluded, in a contemptuous manner, to the Corporation of Dublin. "The beggarly Corporation of Dublin" was, it seems, one of the epithets of scorn used in reprobation. Mr. J. N. D'Esterre, a gentleman of ancient family in

Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, the Grand Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte—who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George the Third.

"Such was the lord of Dunleckny; and such was many an Irish squire of the day. Recklessness characterised the time. And yet there was a polished courtesy, a high-bred grace in the manners of men who imagined that to shoot, or to be shot at on 'the sod,' was a perfectly indispensable ingredient in the character of a gentleman. Look at Bagenal, nearly four-score, seated at the head of his table. You observe the refined urbanity of his manner, and the dignified air which is enhanced, not impaired, by the weight of years. You perceive that the patriarchal Mentor whose milk-white tresses evidence his venerable age, is mildly and courteously pouring forth his lore for the edification of his audience. You draw near, to participate in the instructions of the ancient moralist, What a shock—half ludicrous, half horrible—to find that he inculcates the necessity of practice with the 'saw handles,' as the grand, primary virtue which forms the gentleman!

the county Clare, was a member of the Corporation; and having seen this phrase, he addressed a letter on the 25th January to Mr. O'Connell, requiring to know whether he was fairly reported. On the day after Mr. O'Connell sent an answer, in which he said he would not avow or disavow what had been reported in the newspapers. But he added, that if Mr. D'Esterre wrote to him to know his opinion of the Common Council of Dublin, as a body, he could easily satisfy him by saying, that no expression which language could furnish was sufficient to convey the sentiments of contempt he had for that body. Mr. O'Connell, besides, requested that Mr. D'Esterre should consider his answer as forming the close of the epistolary correspondence on this topic.

On Friday a letter was left in Merrion-square for Mr. O'Connell, during his absence at the courts. Its direction was different from the former one which came from Mr. D'Esterre; and Mr. James O'Connell, who had instructions to open any communications that were directed to his brother in his absence, ascertained the quarter from whence it came. He sought merely for the signature, and on perceiving it to be Mr. D'Esterre's, he immediately closed the letter, and stated in a note to Mr. D'Esterre the circumstances under which he opened it. He said he was ignorant of

its contents, not wishing, after the request his brother had made on the day previous, to know anything more of Mr. D'Esterre's epistolary messages. He added, that his brother did not expect to hear a second time from Mr. D'Esterre through the medium of a *letter*. Things remained in this condition till Sunday. On that day Mr. James O'Connell received a note from Mr. D'Esterre, containing disrespectful observations on himself and his brother. Immediately after the receipt of it, he sent his friend, Captain O'Mullan, to Mr. D'Esterre to say, that after he had adjusted his affair with his brother, he would bring him to account for his conduct to himself peculiarly. Captain O'Mullan at the same time intimated that Counsellor O'Connell was astonished at not hearing, in what he conceived the *proper way*, from Mr. D'Esterre.

Nothing farther happened on Sunday; and on Monday morning Mr. Lidwell, who remained in Dublin several days to be the friend of Mr. O'Connell, though some members of his family were seriously indisposed, left town for home, despairing of any issue being put to the controversy. Monday passed on; and on Tuesday considerable sensation was created by a rumour that Mr. D'Esterre was advised to go to the Four Courts to offer Mr. O'Connell personal violence.

Neither of the parties came in contact. But it seems Mr. D'Esterre was met on one of the quays by Mr. Richard O'Gorman, who remonstrated with him, by stating that he conceived he was pursuing a very unusual sort of conduct. This occurred about three o'clock; but no challenge followed. About four it was understood that Mr. D'Esterre was in the streets; and Mr. O'Connell paraded about with one or two friends, but did not come across his antagonist. A multitude soon collected about him, among whom there could not be less than five hundred gentlemen of respectability; and Mr. O'Connell then had no other resource left, than to take refuge in a house in Exchequer street. In a short time Judge Day entered, in his magisterial capacity, to put him under arrest. The hon. Justice said he would be satisfied if he had the guarantee of Mr. O'Connell's honour that he would proceed no farther in the business. "It is not my business, Mr. Justice," said Mr. O'Connell, "to be the aggressor. Farther, however, I must tell you, that no human consideration will induce me to go." The hon. Justice then retired; and Mr. O'Connell shortly after repaired to Merrion Square. No challenge of any kind grew out of Tuesday's proceedings.

On Wednesday morning, however, it was at length intimated to Mr. O'Connell that Mr.

D'Esterre intended to call upon him for a meeting. Twelve o'clock was fixed upon for the nomination of hour and place. There was some overture made to enlarge the time, but Mr. O'Connell's friend would not consent. We should mention that his friend was Major Macnamara, of Doolen, in the county of Clare, a Protestant gentleman attached to no party, and of the highest respectability. The friend of Mr. D'Esterre was Sir Edward Stanley.

After some discussion the parties fixed upon Bishop's Court, co. Kilkenny, as the place of meeting. It is about twelve miles distant from Dublin, and constitutes part of Lord Ponsonby's demesne. The hour appointed was half past three o'clock. At three precisely Mr. O'Connell, attended by his second, Surgeon Macklin, and a number of friends, was on the ground. About four, Mr. D'Esterre, attended only by Surgeon Peel, Sir Edward Stanley (his second), and a Mr. D'Esterre, of Limerick, appeared. There was some conversation between the seconds as to position, mode of fire, &c.; which, added to other sources of delay, occupied forty minutes. During this interval Mr. D'Esterre took occasion to say that this quarrel with Mr. O'Connell was not of a religious nature. To the catholics, or their leaders, he said he had no animosity whatever.

At forty minutes past four the combatants were on the ground; they both displayed the greatest coolness and courage. The friends of both parties retired, and the combatants, having a pistol in each hand, with directions to discharge them at their discretion, prepared to fire. They levelled, and before the lapse of a second, both shots were heard. Mr. D'Esterre's was first, and missed. Mr. O'Connell's followed instantaneously, and took effect in the thigh of his antagonist, about an inch below the hip. Mr. D'Esterre of course fell, and both the surgeons hastened to him. They found that the ball had "traversed the hip," and could not be found. The unfortunate gentleman lingered a brief period and died on the 3rd of February.

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD.

THE records of Tyburn, or of Newgate, would fail most certainly in affording anything approaching a parallel to the worthlessness of the individual who in the last century achieved undying fame or rather infamy, and who was known as "Fighting Fitzgerald." By birth and fortune a gentleman, by profession a soldier, he possessed no one single attribute of either character: in manners offensively low and vulgar, in language vituperative, in habits a gamester and a brawler, the most noted duellist on record, yet a coward at heart, this imposter exhibited in his career such traits of conjoined ferocity and scoundrelism, as would put to the blush the most degraded culprit in our criminal annals.

Of descent as illustrious as the noblest in Europe, the great name he bore only deepened his disgrace, and "Fighting Fitzgerald's" life stamps with indelible truth the somewhat hacknied line of the poet, that

“ Not all the blood of all the Howards,
Can ennoble knaves, or fools, or eowards.”

Fool, Fitzgerald was not, for he appears to have been a man of parts, but knave and coward both.

We will first trace him to his origin, to the noble house from which he sprung, to the lordly and knightly lineage of his long descended race which he disgraced, track him in his evil course until we arrive at the revolting spectacle on the scaffold, where he met his death at the hangman's hands, bequeathing a name to posterity, doomed to infamous immortality.

“ Fighting Fitzgerald ” was the eldest son of George Fitzgerald, Esq., of Turlough, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, a military officer in the service of Austria, by the Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of John, Lord Hervey, and sister of Frederick, fourth Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry. His ancestors, the Fitzgeralds of Gurteen's, co. Waterford, were an influential branch of the proud house of Fitzgerald, deriving in direct descent from the Desmond line of that distinguished family, and he himself married Miss Conolly, sister of the Right Honourable Thomas Conolly, of Castletown, and cousin to the Duke of Leinster ; with this lady he received a dowry of ten thousand pounds, a fair fortune for the period, while his father settled upon him an income of one thousand pounds per annum.

Fitzgerald was brought up at Eton, finishing his studies at the University of Dublin, and shortly after was appointed to a commission in a Cavalry regiment, rising in time to the rank of Captain.

In the course of his life he fought upwards of twenty duels, killing or wounding no less than eighteen of his antagonists, and with the exception of a severe wound in the head, received in his first *rencontre*, never meeting with a scratch; suspicion as to foul play on his part was at last aroused, and in his final duel with Major Cunningham, in which that officer insisted upon fighting with swords, the secret of long impunity and success was betrayed, and the cowardly miscreant stood revealed in all his shameless ignominy. Major Cunningham having passed Fitzgerald's guard, and by a powerful thrust struck his sword against the other's breast, the weapon snapped in two, striking against a *steel surface*. Major Cunningham indignantly taxed his opponent with wearing armour, and pulling off his hat, flung it in Fitzgerald's face, exclaiming, "You infernal rascal! so this is the way in which you have been enabled to overcome so many brave men; but I shall take care you fight no more duels! cowardly dog!" and actually chased him off the field, Fitzgerald running away, and taking refuge in a

farm house, from which he escaped by a window in the rear of the premises.

At one period of his career he came in collision with a Captain Scawen, of the Guards; from that gentleman having avoided his society and stigmatized his conduct, Fitzgerald determined if possible to bully him into an apology and an acquaintanceship; meeting Captain Scawen at the Cocoa Tree Tavern, he demanded in his usual swaggering manner "whether Captain Scawen had ever dared to take liberties with his name and character."

"Liberties, sir," was the response, "no *liberties* can be taken with that which is already infamous."

A meeting was the consequence, the parties passing over to the continent for the purpose, and they fought on the Austrian territory, near Tournay. Captain Scawen asked Fitzgerald if he would fire first, which proposition he eagerly accepted, and so narrow was the escape, that the ball passed close under the Captain's chin. Captain Scawen then prepared to fire, but Mr. Fitzgerald anticipated the intention, by firing his *second* pistol at his opponent but declaring to have done so by *accident*! A cold blooded attempt at murder. Captain Scawen then refused to fire, and the seconds and surgeons interfered, and the duel was put an end to by Captain Scawen positively apologising and handing Fitzgerald a cane for the purpose of

being formally laid across his own shoulder, which done, Fitzgerald then declared "that he was sorry for what he had said of him, as he now behaved like a *gentleman* !"

The *gentlemen* then shook hands, went and spent the evening together, and parted perfectly reconciled.

On one occasion at Vauxhall in the summer of 1773, Fitzgerald in company with two worthless companions, one of them a Captain Croftes, offered most gross outrage to several ladies who were in the gardens, with whom was the REVEREND Henry Bate (afterwards Sir H. B. Dudley) the then Editor of the Morning Post newspaper; one lady of the party thus insulted (Mrs. Hartley the actress), burst into tears. A scene of altercation ensued, the termination of which was, that the Reverend protector of the actress, who was famed for pugilistic prowess, gave a sound thrashing to Captain Croftes, while Fitzgerald not relishing this rough mode of adjusting a "difficulty," suggested another species of satisfaction, and in another place. This was acceded to, and the parties met next day at the old haunt of Fitzgerald and his gang—the "Cocoa-nut;" by the interposition of friends Captain Croftes and the Parson made mutual concession, and the matter was carried no further, but just as these two were shaking hands

in came Fitzgerald with a "Captain Miles, whom he presented as his friend, declaring that the Captain had been struck by the Clergyman over night, and demanded instant satisfaction ; that it should be given in the room, then and there, and with FISTS; the Reverend Sir Henry demurred, but Fitzgerald carried the day, and stripping off their coats, the parties set to ; in a few minutes the "Captain" was beaten to a jelly, and to avoid still more severe punishment, confessed that he was merely Mr. Fitzgerald's groom dressed up for the occasion by his master. It seemed that the man being of Herculean make and prodigious strength, Fitzgerald exulted in the hope of having his revenge, by witnessing the defeat and punishment of his church-militant antagonist, but the pugilistic science of the black, was more than a match for the brute force of the scarlet-coated mock captain ; we see how it ended.

The story of Fitzgerald's forcing himself into "Brooks's Club" is an oft-told one, but it must (to give effect to sundry reflections), have place here.

Admiral Keith Stewart, a member of the club, was requested by Fitzgerald to propose him ; unwilling to risk collision with the man, he did so, Fitzgerald stationing himself below to hear the result. This was as might be anticipated, for

he was blackballed unanimously ; but now came the dilemma !—who was to communicate this fact to Fitzgerald ? it was certain death to the person who did so. Admiral Stewart was deemed by the club the most proper person to make the announcement, but declined ; but at last a waiter was requested to “ beard this lion in his den,” and made known to him the fact, that as there happened to be *one* black ball, his name would have to be put up again. The story is a long one, and to go through with it, would occupy too much space—sufficient to say, that Fitzgerald forced his way with imprecations into the club-room, and with insulting menace inquired of each individual member, if *he* had been the *one* who had “ dropped a black ball into the urn by mistake ? ” No one confessing to the impeachment, there sat the bully, calling for drink, giving toasts, maintaining his seat in the room the entire evening—such was the terror his name and character inspired. He made no second effort to intrude, the police having had instructions to attend, in case of a repetition of the outrage.

Fitzgerald, upon visiting Paris, was presented (with shame be it said) to the French king, Louis XVI., by a BRITISH Ambassador, and with the announcement, that the “ Gentleman ” (?) presented, had “ fought eighteen duels, and always killed his

men." Louis turned with disgust from the wretch, and indignantly expelled him the presence, with an intimation that if he got into a quarrel in France, he would be turned out of the country in twenty-four hours.

After the discovery of the steel cuirass upon his person, in his duel with Major Cunningham, and loathed and pointed at as a diabolical miscreant, he seems to have retired to his Irish property, and there leagued with a gang of blacklegs and disgraced men, to have lived a life of violence and outrage; and spurned with contempt from every honest man's door, he was at last, for a closing crime, the monstrous murder of two neighbouring gentlemen—a Mr. Macdonell and a Mr. Hypson—apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed! Twice the rope broke in the attempt to hang him—twice he fell to the ground, supplicating with despicable meanness for even a "five minutes" longer of life,—he lived a murderer, and died a coward. Such was the end of Fighting Fitzgerald, a man who in himself exemplified the axiom, that there is no rule without an exception. Moralists tell us, that no human being but has in some far away remote recess of the heart, a something of redeeming quality—George Robert Fitzgerald had *not* one.

LORD LYNEDOCH:

It is a common belief that a military education is absolutely requisite to make a great commander ; yet Cromwell, who was one of the most successful generals which this or any other country has produced, not only “ never set a squadron in the field ” till he was past the age of forty ; but as he led the life of a country gentleman, with the slight divertisement of brewing for the public benefit, it is not likely he could have been otherwise than totally ignorant of all that belongs to military science. In Lord Lynedoch we have another example that genius is alone sufficient to make a great leader without any previous schooling in the technicalities of the profession, provided always that this high qualification is accompanied by the *felicitas*, or *good fortune*, which Cicero urged as one of the points that should recommend Pompey to the Romans for the command of their armies against King Mithridates. We would even say, that the orator did not go far enough when he

set down fortune as the fourth only of the qualities requisite to a great general; for of what avail are *skill, valour, and authority*, unless the soldier have good fortune to bear him out in his undertakings? —an accident may at any time defeat the best efforts of his three first essentials. But in making these remarks we are anticipating matters, and remarking upon what the gallant soldier finally was, before we have shewn how he became so, or according to the homely but significant illustration, putting the cart before the horse.

Lord Lynedoch was the third son of Thomas Graham, Esq., of Balgowan, co. Perth, by Lady Christian Hope, the sixth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun. His birth took place at the family seat in 1750. Tracing his genealogy to a yet higher source, we shall find that he could boast of as martial a descent as the most illustrious families in either portion of the island: for amongst the members of his house, he had to reckon the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, and the no less warlike Dundee, more familiar perhaps to southern ears as Claverhouse, or Graham of Claverhouse, the uncompromising enemy of the Covenanters.

By the early death of both his brothers, young Graham became the heir apparent to the family estate. From the same accident he was all at once the object of undivided attention to his parents,

and thus received a more careful education than he might otherwise have done, for the youngest sons of our days seldom find their portions in life measured out to them after the fashion of Benjamin's mess, but exactly the reverse; instead of being five times larger than that of their elder brother their share is generally speaking ten times less, not much, it is to be feared, to the increase of brotherly affection. Under such favourable circumstances his mind acquired a decided bias towards literature, as well as the peaceful occupations of a country life, and his classical attainments are said to have been considerable. An extensive tour upon the continent served to complete what had been so well begun at home.

In 1774, his father dying, he succeeded to an ample property, with what is not always, or even often, the concomitant of wealth, a mind which nature no less than previous habits had admirably fitted for its enjoyment. Before the year was over, he married the Hon. Mary Cathcart, second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, on the same day that her sister Jane was united to John Duke of Athol. No children resulted from this union, which in other respects was so happy as to become the envy or the admiration of all who knew them. Possessed of enough for the comforts, and even for the luxuries of life, with no unsatisfied

desires to disturb their enjoyment, the affection that had first brought them together, instead of being diminished by time, assumed a deeper and a holier feeling. They had come to be all in all to each other, and when about eighteen years after their marriage (1792) the lady died, he was well nigh heart-broken, although such extreme grief is seldom found in real life, and to many no doubt will seem like a page torn from romance. So injurious was the effect produced upon his health by the way in which he brooded over this irreparable loss, that the physicians, not knowing what else to do, strongly recommended him to travel; change of scene might possibly alleviate this morbid state of mind, whereas it was quite certain that medicine could do nothing for him. In compliance with their advice he sailed for Gibraltar, where as a matter of course he fell into military society, there being little other in the place. The effects of this were soon visible. Whether it was that he thought to get rid of his grief by plunging into the turmoil of a soldier's life, or that the martial spirit of Montrose and Claverhouse had slept in him, and only wanted such examples to call it forth—to whatever cause it should be attributed, he now conceived a fancy for the profession of arms, although he was in his forty-third year, an age by which the Duke of

Wellington had fought all his great battles. It chanced at this juncture that Lord Hood was about to sail with an expedition to the south of France, and learning his wish for a military life offered to receive him as a volunteer. The proposal was gladly accepted by Mr. Graham, and in 1793, we find him landing with the British troops at Toulon, upon that memorable campaign which began so well, but ended so ingloriously for England the moment the superior genius of Napoleon was brought to bear against the invaders. In this first trial of a soldier's life he acted as aid-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, and evinced so much zeal, bravery, and talent, as to deserve and receive the public thanks of the commander. He was ever foremost in peril, neglecting no opportunity that offered for distinguishing himself, and a story has been often told how he snatched up the musket of a soldier who had just dropped, and supplying his place dashed gallantly forward in the front rank of the attack.

Upon his return home, he raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, to which, in reward of this good service, he was appointed (1794) Colonel Commandant. Shortly afterwards he was chosen to represent Perth in parliament, a post of honour that he retained till the year 1807. His regiment in the meanwhile formed part of the

army under the command of Lord Moira. The summer of 1795 it passed at Isle Dieu, whence it proceeded to Gibraltar, and in July of the same year he was advanced to the rank of Colonel in the army. But his active spirit soon wearied of a garrison life, and in consequence he obtained permission to join the Austrian army, with which he remained in connection during the summer of 1796, rendering essential service to the British government, so long as his new friends were able to keep the field, by the intelligence he transmitted to it in regard to the military and political measures in progress upon the continent. His despatches being always written in a clear energetic style, added greatly to his reputation amongst those who had it in their power to give substantial proofs of their admiration by advancing him in his profession, and no doubt in the end they were not altogether without effect upon his fortunes. Unfortunately the continued successes of Napoleon after a while limited the sphere of his inquiries to what passed in Mantua, in which city the French General cooped up Wurmser and his Austrians, leaving them no choice but to surrender at once, or to wait till hunger should compel them to do so. Wurmser chose the latter alternative, in the hope that succour might come before it was too late, from Vienna, or the Archduke

Charles. To Graham, this state of inaction became intolerably irksome. He determined, at whatever hazard, to make his escape through the French lines, and, by a mixture of daring and dexterity, had the good fortune to succeed, though not without running imminent danger in the attempt.

Early in 1797 he once more returned to England, but it was to enjoy only a brief interval of rest, for in the following autumn he rejoined his regiment at Gibraltar, whence he proceeded on the expedition against Minorca, with Sir Charles Stuart, who bestowed the highest commendations upon his skill and valour. This service was soon succeeded by one of yet higher importance. Being invested with the local rank of a Brigadier-General, he was sent to reduce Malta, for which purpose he had with him the 30th and 89th regiments, as well as some corps embodied under his immediate direction. Aware, however, of the prodigious strength of the place, he contented himself with closely investing it, sure that in the end it must surrender, since the superiority of the English fleet in the Mediterranean made it vain for the besieged to hope for any succour from without. The result justified his expectations. After a two years' siege, the French gave up the place in September, 1800, when he again

returned home. But it was only for a few months. Egypt held out irresistible temptations to his restless spirit; and thither he hastened; when, however, he arrived there, it was too late; the bloody game had been played fully out, and the stakes remained with the English victors. Finding that there would be no chance of being able to gratify his martial inclination for the present, he went on to Constantinople, and during the short-lived peace of Amiens resided a part of the time at Paris. Here again his good star prevailed as usual. More fortunate than so many others of the English *detenus*, he left Paris before Napoleon had committed that unparalleled atrocity of condemning to imprisonment for many years those who had come to his capital in full reliance upon his observing the common laws of hospitality. Having thus escaped the hard lot of a *detenu*, he proceeded in 1808 with Sir John Moore to Sweden, upon which occasion he traversed the country in all directions; and upon Sir John being sent at the head of an army to assist the Spaniards, he served under him during the whole of his disastrous campaign. But it is not always in the hour of victory, or in the means which have prepared the way for it, that talent is most truly shewn, or that glory is most really won; the retreat of Moreau through the Black Forest ob-

tained for him as much fame as the battle of Hohenlinden, and the stand of Moore at Corunna when his best hope was to escape in safety from his pursuers, made him more celebrated in death than he had ever been in life. Graham, too, has been justly honoured for his conduct in this memorable retreat. "In the hour of peril," said Sheridan, when recording his services in the House of Commons, "in the hour of peril Graham was their best adviser; in the hour of disaster Graham was their surest consolation."

On his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General, (July 25th, 1810) and appointed to command a division in the reinforcement sent to Malta, but being attacked by fever he was again obliged to come home.

We now arrive at the event on which his reputation is principally established, and which but for the numerous, though scarcely more brilliant victories achieved by Wellington so closely upon it, would have brought him into yet higher estimation. He was appointed to the chief command of the British force then employed in assisting the Spaniards to defend Cadiz. On arriving there, he found that the latter, with their usual ignorance and incapacity, had so imperfectly constructed their defences, that it was impossible they could have long maintained themselves against

any serious attack. His first care, therefore, was to remedy these defects so far as the Spanish pride and obstinacy would allow him, and with so much energy did he carry on the work, that before Soult had completed his preparations for the attack, he was in a condition to receive it. At this juncture the French Marshal was called away by Napoleon's orders to assist Massena, when Graham, taking advantage of his absence and the diminished force of the assailants, determined upon offensive operations. This led to the celebrated battle of Barossa, which, although it lasted little more than an hour and a half, was fierce and bloody in the extreme, and ended in the total defeat of Victor. During the whole of this terrible contest, La Pena and his Spaniards remained idle spectators, actually refusing to lend the slightest assistance to the allies who were so desperately fighting and dying in their service.

After these events, General Graham joined the army under the Duke of Wellington, and though obliged by ill-health to revisit England for a short period, he returned to the continent time enough to reap fresh laurels at the battle of Vittoria. Subsequently he commanded at the siege of St. Sebastian ; and at the passage of the Bidassoa the left wing of the British army was entrusted to his guidance. But the infirmities of age seem to have been rapidly stealing upon him ;

he was again driven from the field by want of health and strength to bear the fatigues of such sharp service, and once more went back to England, when he again received the thanks of parliament. He was now raised to the peerage, with an annual pension of £2000, having previously been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and subsequently a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was likewise a Knight of the Tower and Sword in Portugal. In 1821 he obtained the rank of General. In 1826 he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 14th foot, and in 1834 was removed to the Colonelcy of the Royals. In 1829 he was made Governor of Dumbarton Castle, a post rather of honour than of profit, the salary attached to it being no more than £170 a year.

From this period, the greater portion of his time was spent in Italy, the mild air of which was better suited to his age and infirmities than the rough British climate. Yet, after all, he had the happiness—for it must in some sense be called a happiness—of dying in the island of his birth, though not in the precise part of it which must have been dearest to his recollection. He expired at his residence in Stratton Street, at the advanced age of ninety-four, honoured and lamented by the country he had served so truly.

GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

AT Warwick Castle may still be seen that curious and astonishing relic of antiquity, the armour of Guy, Earl of Warwick. At present it consists of a breast-plate, weighing fifty pounds, a shield thirty pounds, a helmet seven pounds. These, with his sword of twenty pounds weight, make 107 pounds of iron, which, tradition says, this wonderful man carried in battle, besides his other accoutrements. In the same room is shewn Guy's "porridge pot," (now used as the family punch bowl) weighing 850 pounds, holding 126 gallons; as, likewise, his flesh fork, for taking the meat up. To account for the enormous size of the armour, it is said that he was eight feet six inches high, a height at the present time almost incredible, had there not been the Irish giant, O'Brien, who was above eight feet. That such a person as Guy of Warwick lived, will not admit of a doubt; though at the

same time it must be allowed that the stories related of him, are of the same exaggerated, metaphorical description, as those with which our legendary tales are filled. Speaking of Warwick Castle, Sir William Dugdale says, "Here is to be seen a large two-handed sword and helmet, and certain plate armour for horse service; which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements some time belonging to the famous Guy; but I rather think they are of a much later date; yet I find that in the first of Henry VIII. the sword, having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Hoggston, one of the yeomen of the buttery, or his efficient deputy, with the fee of twopence per diem for that service." This office was continued by Queen Elizabeth; the fee is set down in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, at £5 per annum.

SPENCER COWPER.

SHAKSPERE is abundantly philosophical upon the simple fact that one man in his life plays many parts; how then would he have moralized could he have seen the same individual at one time taking his trial on a charge of murder, and at another sitting on the Judge's bench and pronouncing sentence upon those in his own former situation. Such was the case with the celebrated Spencer Cowper, who after having held up his hand at the bar of a criminal court came to be Chief Justice of Chester, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. We wonder how he felt when placing the black cap upon his head for the first time and solemnly informing the culprit at the bar that he was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead! Did the learned judge undergo no slight twinges mental or corporeal, none of those tremors and trepidations which the somnambulist is said to experience when he awakes and sees what dangers he passed through in his slumber? or did he rather enjoy that snug sort of satisfaction which Statius

declares every one with his foot upon dry land must feel when seeing another tossed about on a stormy sea.

“ *Suave mari in magno est aliena pericla videre.*’

’Tis pleasant from the shore while tempests rave
To see another tossing on the wave.”

But setting aside such profound philosophical conundrums, it is full time to come to the plain facts of our narrative and leave the interpretation of them to others.

Mr. Spencer Cowper was the descendant of an old and wealthy family that had long flourished with good reputation in the county of Berkshire. In 1641, William Cowper, the then representative of the family was created a baronet by Charles I., to whose cause he faithfully adhered through storm and sunshine, through good and evil report, and in the end paid for his loyalty when the republicans had got the upper hand, by a long and severe imprisonment. His eldest son, who had shared the same fate, died in confinement, and thus upon his own death he was succeeded in the family inheritance by his grandson, Sir William. The latter had two children, the eldest of whom became Lord Chancellor and Earl Cowper; the second was Spencer Cowper, the subject of our narrative, and grandfather to the poet, William.

That a man so highly related, and under such circumstances, should find himself subjected to an accusation of murder must indeed appear extraordinary, and yet such was the case. In narrating the details we shall first give the story as it was told by his enemies, speaking through the mouth of their counsel, for the victim or suicide—which ever she might prove—being a quakeress, the whole body of that sect in Hertford, where the affair happened, took up the matter with a zealous fury not very much in harmony with their usual professions of peace and returning good for evil. Without contesting that they may in general carry their faith into practice it is clear that on this occasion, at least, they forgot that patient endurance which is, or ought to be, the corner-stone of quakerism. So far were they, when smitten on one cheek, from turning the other, that they left no stone unturned to get three men hanged for an imaginary murder, rather than the stain of self-destruction should cleave to any of their sect, and thereby reflect what they considered a disgrace upon the general body.

It being near the assize time at Hertford, Mr. Cowper, who made that his circuit, set out for the city on horseback according to the custom then prevailing amongst gentlemen of the bar, even of the highest rank and character. He had agreed, by letter sent down beforehand, to lodge as usual

with a quaker lady of the name of Stout, with whom he had long been on terms of intimacy, and who had an only daughter. Upon entering the town, instead of going straight to her house, he alighted at an inn, kept by one Barefoot, that he might get rid of the soils and stains of his journey, and be more fit to appear before the ladies. At the same time he sent on a man to Mrs. Stout's with his horse and a message that he intended dining with them. Accordingly at the usual hour of dinner he made his appearance, and stopped till four o'clock, when he left them with a promise of returning to pass the night there as he had done on previous occasions.

It is immaterial to enquire how Mr. Cowper employed himself in the interval. At the time promised he returned, and having supped with the young lady and her mother, he sat up in conversation with them till about eleven o'clock, when orders were given to the maid in his hearing, and without any objection on his part, to go and warm his bed. The maid did as she was told; but after having waited long for his coming, began to wonder what could possibly detain him below. Suddenly she heard the street-door slam. This at such an hour seemed exceedingly strange, and going down stairs she was yet more astonished at finding no signs of the young lady or of Mr.

Cowper. Being alarmed at this she hastened to communicate her fears to Mrs. Stout, who it seems had left the young people to themselves, as she had often before been in the habit of doing. She too wondered at what had happened, but so great was her confidence in Mr. Cowper, that neither alarm nor suspicion of any evil mingled with her surprise; but in the momentary expectation of their return, she determined to sit up for them, the maid being desired to keep her company. One thing seemed to be quite plain—the young people must have gone out together, for, as was distinctly stated in the subsequent trial, “the nature of the door was such that it makes a great noise at the clapping of it, so that any particular person in the house may be sensible of another’s going out.”

Nothing was heard of the daughter the whole of that night, nor did Mr. Cowper ever return to the house again.

The next morning about six o’clock, as one Berry, a miller, went down to the stream, for the purpose of shooting a flush of water, he saw part of a female dress floating upon the surface, and going up to examine it more closely, he discovered the body of Miss Stout. She *float*ed on her right side, a few inches only under the water, with her

head and right arm between the stakes of the weir, which stood about a foot asunder. The corpse did not appear at all swelled, the eyes were wide open, the teeth clenched, and there were no weeds under it, or anything that might prevent it from sinking. One witness, a surgeon, deposed that having been sent by Mrs. Stout to examine the body, he had observed a little swelling on the side of the neck, and a blackness on both sides, particularly the left. There was a similar discolouration between the breasts up to the collar bone, as also between the ears, with a slight settling of blood, all of which he considered were marks denoting that violence had been used. Another surgeon gave yet more decisive testimony. Six weeks after the event, the friends of the deceased had caused the body to be exhumed, when being called upon to examine it he found the intestines perfectly whole, from which he inferred that the woman could not have been drowned, as in that case there would have been water in the stomach, and the viscera would have rotted. It must be observed that all these witnesses, medical or otherwise, go upon the idea that a dead body is incapable of receiving water through the gullet, and therefore floats by reason of the air within it; whereas in the act of drown-

ing the air is in a great measure expelled by the water, and the body consequently sinks by its own weight to the bottom.

Supposing all that has been advanced to be literally true, we should have as strong circumstantial evidence as could be desired upon two points—first that Miss Stout had been murdered; and secondly, that the deed had been done by Mr. Cowper and the three attorneys, who were accused of being accessories before the fact. Yet irresistible as this body of evidence must seem to be, it is quite clear that no murder had been committed; and that, if any had been, Mr. Cowper could not possibly have had any hand in it. Let us pull the evidence to pieces, and see how much it is really worth.

Great stress was laid upon the supposed fact of the body having been found floating. We need not stop to inquire how far the medical inference drawn from such fact is true, since the thing itself, under all the circumstances of the case, was utterly impossible. Every one who deposed to this point, agreed that the body was found lying on its side; now a human corpse would no more float upon its side than a flat board would float edgewise. In addition to this, if any addition could be needed, the parish officers who dragged the body unani-

mously stated that it lay much beneath the surface, and had got wedged in amongst the piles, a circumstance that admits of every explanation; when the body, which had sunk to the bottom, had reached the weir and could go no farther, the force of the current would naturally lift it up, and its entanglement amongst the stakes would be inevitable. As to the bruises, some of the witnesses denied them altogether, and even had they existed there is no occasion for supposing them produced by any human agency; the rolling of the corpse on the stones below, under the influence of the current, and the constant beating of it against the piles by the same agent, would sufficiently account for any slight discolourations. Let it be remembered too that the young woman laboured under hypochondriasis, if not actual insanity, as the following evidence proves beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mrs. Low testified, that the deceased often complained she was melancholy, and confessed she was in love; that she said she would take her full swing of melancholy, when her mother was abroad, and lay a-bed a week; that at another time she said, her melancholy had occasioned an intermitting fever; and being advised to send for a physician, she said, her distemper lay in her mind, and not in

her body : she would take nothing, and the sooner it killed her, the better ; and that now she delighted neither in reading nor any thing else.

Then Mrs. Cowper, wife of the prisoner's brother, Mr. William Cowper, (afterwards Lord Chancellor,) being called as a witness, testified,

That she was frequently in the company of the deceased, both at London and in the country, and she was extremely melancholy ; and the witness suspecting it was upon Mr. Marson's account, asked, why she did not marry him, and make herself easy ? but she said, she could not ; that she appeared disturbed also at the preaching of a Quaker waterman, who gathered a rabble of people about him before her mother's door ; and, preaching to them, arraigned her conduct ; that the deceased once having a fever, said, she was in great hopes it would carry her off, and neglected herself with that view, often wishing she were dead : that, at another time, being very melancholy, the prisoner's wife said, for God's sake keep such thoughts out of your head as you have had : talk no more of throwing yourself out of a window. To which the deceased answered, I may thank God that ever I saw your face, otherwise I had done it ; but I cannot promise I shall not do it.

Under all the circumstances then we may safely

affirm that there was no proof whatever of Miss Stout having been murdered, but every possible cause for believing she made away with herself. But allowing that she had been murdered, a single fact will be sufficient to prove that Mr. Cowper could not have been the murderer. The maid-servant distinctly stated in her evidence that it was a quarter to eleven, or less, when she heard the door slam, but a dozen respectable witnesses swore to having seen Mr. Cowper at the Glove and Dolphin before the clock struck eleven, while the distance between the inn and the mill-stream was at least half an hour's walk. How then could the accused have been at two places so remote from each other at nearly the same time?

It may be asked why did not Mr. Cowper return to sleep at Mrs. Stout's as he had promised? The explanation involves the most curious part of the story.

We have already observed that the young lady was hypochondriacal, if not actually insane. It may now be added that her character was not altogether above the suspicion of reproach, and that it is unquestionable she entertained a violent passion for Mr. Cowper. The two following letters, unwillingly produced by the prisoner in self-defence, are sufficiently decisive of the fact, for though without a signature, there was no attempt made by the accuser to disprove their authenticity.

The first of these, in all likelihood to prevent suspicion, was addressed to *Mrs. Jane Ellen*, at Hargrave's Coffee House :

“ Sir,

March the 5th.

“ I am glad you have not quite forgot that there is such a person as I in being ! but I am willing to shut my eyes, and not see anything that looks like unkindness in you, and rather content myself with what excuses you are pleased to make, than be inquisitive into what I must not know. I should very readily comply with your proposition of changing the season, if it were in my power to do it ; but, you know, that lies altogether in your own breast. I am sure the winter has been too unpleasant for me to desire the continuance of it : and I wish you were to endure the sharpness of it, but for one hour, as I have done for many long nights and days, and then, I believe, it would move that rocky heart of yours, that can be so thoughtless of me as you are ; but if it were designed for that end, to make the summer the more delightful, I wish it may have the effect so far, as to continue it to be so too, that the weather may never overcast again : the which, if I could be assured of, it would recompense me for all that I ever suffered, and make me as easy a creature as I was the first moment I received

breath ; when you come to H—— pray let your steed guide you, and do not do as you did the last time ; and be sure order your affairs to be here as soon as you can, which cannot be sooner, than you will be heartily welcome to your

Very sincere friend.”

*“ For Mrs. Jane Ellen, at Mr. Hargrave’s,
near Temple-Bar, London.”*

Then another letter from the deceased to the prisoner, dated the 9th of March, was read, and is as follows :

“ Sir,

“ I wrote to you by Sunday’s post, which I hope you have received ; however, as a confirmation. I will assure you, I know of no inconvenience that can attend your cohabiting with me, unless the Grand Jury should thereupon find a bill against us ; but I will not fly for it ; for come life, come death, I am resolved never to desert you ; therefore, according to your appointment, I will expect you, and then I shall only tell you that I am

“ Yours, &c.”

It was in consequence of these letters that the prisoner’s brother advised him not to stay again at

Mrs. Stout's, but to take the lodgings at Mr. Barefoot's which he himself had hired, and could not from circumstances occupy at present. Mr. Cowper acceded to this advice, and when he went to Mrs. Stout's it was only to pay over some money he had received for her, and to excuse himself for not coming to lodge there as he had promised. Foreseeing that such a declaration was likely to give rise to a scene on the young lady's part he had been unwilling to speak in the presence of the servant, and this had made him silent when the order was given for warming his bed. The explanation therefore took place when the two were alone, and it seems highly probable that the insane passion of the unhappy girl led her, on finding herself thus deserted, to the commission of suicide. As to the door not being heard to slam a second time, it is clear that with such a purpose in view she would close it as gently as possible, not to alarm her mother.

Upon the hearing of these contradictory facts and statements, the jury withdrawing for about half an hour, returned with their verdict, that neither Mr. Cowper, nor any one of the other three prisoners, were *Guilty*; and thereupon they were all discharged.

Mrs. Stout, the mother of the deceased, being still unappeased, procured an appeal of murder

to be lodged against the verdict, at the suit of Henry Stout, the heir-at-law, a child ten years of age. Toller, the Under Sheriff of Herts, having made no return to this writ, accounted to the Court of King's Bench for his neglect, by stating, that he had given the writ to the appellant, who stated that he had burnt it. For this, the under-sheriff was fined one hundred marks. Mrs. Stout then petitioned the Lord Keeper for a new writ of appeal, but the time, a year and a day, having elapsed for suing out a writ, her petition was, of course, rejected.

Mr. Spencer Cowper was not prevented by the trial from attaining rank and repute, both in his profession and in Parliament. On his brother's elevation to the woolsack, he succeeded him in the representation of Beeralston, and sat afterwards for Truro; adhered with inflexibility to the Whig party, was a frequent and successful speaker, and one of the managers in the impeachments of Sacheverell in 1710, and of the rebel lords in 1716. On the accession of George the First, he was appointed Attorney-General to the prince of Wales; in 1717, Chief Justice of Chester; and in 1727, a Judge of the Common Pleas, retaining also by the especial favour of the Crown, his former office until his death in December, 1728.

His second son, John, as above stated, became the father of William Cowper, the poet.

In a note to the State Trials, Mr. Spencer Cowper and Miss Stout are stated to have been the Mosco and Zara of Mrs. Manley's New Atalantis.

THE GREAT LAWSUIT BETWEEN THE TALBOTS AND THE BERKELEYS.

THE longest law-suit ever heard of in England, was that between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place; 120 years litigation. The original disputants were Thomas Lord L'Isle and William Lord Berkeley, and, in their age, the decision of the sword being more regarded than the authority of law, the two noblemen, with their respective followers, met, in deadly encounter, at Wotton-under-Edge, in 1469, when Lord L'Isle received a mortal wound from an arrow shot through his mouth.

THE EARLDOM OF BRIDGEWATER.

ON the death of the last Duke of Bridgewater, his relative, then General Egerton, claimed the Earldom, but found a difficulty in complying with the established rule of the House of Lords, that before a nobleman can take his seat he must produce his patent, or prove his descent from a former peer, inasmuch as he could not find the registers of the marriage of his grandfather or father. The former, when Bishop of Hereford, had run away with Lady Harriet Bentinct, a daughter of Lord Portland, which occasioned the difficulty in that case. This was got over; but not so readily the other impediment: for though Lord Bridgewater knew that his father, when Bishop of Durham, had married Lady Sophia De Grey, a daughter of the Duke of Kent, and that the ceremony was performed at the Chapel Royal, George the Second attending to give the bride away; though

all these were circumstances of public notoriety, still he could not find the marriage recorded in the St. James's register; for, we believe, almost a twelvemonth he was thus prevented from taking his seat, when, having offered in the newspapers a considerable reward to any one who would give him such information as should enable him to obtain the required document, his agent, Mr. Clarke, was waited upon one morning by a very old man, who stated that he could prove the marriage of Egerton, Bishop of Durham, with Lady Sophia de Grey, having himself acted as clerk on that occasion. He related that, in consequence of the lameness of His Majesty, the ceremony was performed in the pew in which the King sat, instead of at the altar, and that pew being in St. Martin's, not in St. James's, the marriage was registered in the former parish. Search was immediately made at St. Martin's Church, and the entry found forthwith.

GEORGE VILLIERS, FIRST DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM.

THE well deserved prominence which the Villiers family has again obtained in the nation's eyes renders anything having reference to former distinguished members of it peculiarly interesting at the present juncture. It has been said that "beauty was their inheritance," but it would not be difficult to shew that talent has also been hereditary among them. The influence which one man may exert on a nation's destinies was rarely ever more strongly manifested than in the case of GEORGE VILLIERS.

He changed a nation's taste—he ruled two kings—he captivated a queen—and after passing like a meteor before men's eyes, he left behind him, at the age of thirty-six, a character which people were too dazzled to appreciate in his lifetime, and which has not always been rightly appreciated since.

In any age George Villiers would have been a remarkable man. In an age when chivalry

was not yet extinct, and when pedantry by royal practice and example passed for scholarship, he became a compound of the *preux chevalier* and fashionable courtier, something very like what Raleigh had just ceased to be. There were, indeed, many points of strong resemblance between these illustrious men. In beauty of person and courtly grace "the philosophic soldier" was as much excelled by Villiers, as he excelled Villiers in the higher gifts of mind and in the acquirements which a good use of it procured him. The origin of the Villiers family, when first the subject of these remarks began to engross so large a portion of public attention, was considered to be extremely obscure. This opinion arose from the retired life led by his immediate ancestors, and was by no means consistent with fact, for they could justly claim a very remote and honourable descent. Aymer de Villiers, a distinguished courtier of the time of Philip the First of France (1064), being their direct and undoubted progenitor.

It was in the old hall of the truly sequestered hamlet of Brooksby, and in the year 1592, that George, the second son of Sir George Villiers, and that extraordinary lady of dubious parentage, afterwards Countess of Buckingham, first saw the light. The first years of a life that was to be one of such unusual glitter was spent partly at Brooksby

and partly at Goadby Marwood, both in Leicestershire, and it would be difficult to find two places better calculated to foster a love of rural quiet and to check the promptings of ambition. It was at the little school of Billesdon, a few miles from Brooksby, that Villiers received the first rudiments of his education. He was what is still called a weekly boarder, and with his brothers John and Christopher, was fetched home every Saturday, and sent back on the Monday morning.

At thirteen he lost his father, after which the widowed Lady Villiers took George from school, and removed to her jointure house at Goadby. Here he continued three years under the care of his mother. How this obscurely born lady had acquired the requisite accomplishments for training such a youth is certainly a mystery; but she whose personal or mental attractions enabled her to raise herself from the rank of a serving-maid to be Lady Villiers and Lady Compton by marriage, and Countess of Buckingham by creation, could not have been an ordinary woman. The eminently handsome person and bright parts of her son George, soon suggested to this discerning mother the chance of future distinction; and to add the finishing stroke to his education, she sent him to complete his education in France, where he spent two or three years in all the exercises at that time

practised by the polished French youth. Returning to England, when he had reached his majority, he rejoined his brother at Goadby. The now accomplished and handsome Villiers, though but a second son (an object even then shunned by scheming mothers who had marriageable daughters), soon threw some gentle hearts into a flutter, and a daughter of Sir Roger Aston appears to have captivated him. But for the advice of Sir John Graham, a gentleman of the King's privy chamber, it is very probable that Villiers would have married Lucy Aston. "Look higher," said Sir John; "woo fortune at the court, and cease to think of a girl who, though a very Hebe, has not portion enough to buy her own pocket handkerchiefs."

Villiers acted on this advice. It was Graham who first suggested that he should be thrown in James's way, whose foible for having handsome men about him he knew so well, and who owed the then favourite, Somerset, a mortal grudge. Historians are not agreed where the first interview between the King and Villiers took place,—some asserting that it was at Apethorpe in Northamptonshire; others at Ambridge, whither James, while hunting at Newmarket, had been invited by the scholars to witness a play called "*Ignoramus*." Sir Henry Wootton, in his "*Reliquiæ Wootton-*

ianæ," fixes it at Cambridge. But no matter where. Lord Clarendon says, "the King at once conceived a liking for the young stranger, and resolved to make him a master-piece, and to mould him, as it were Platonically, to his own idea." Hume tells us, that James was "so ashamed of this sudden attachment that he endeavoured to conceal his partiality for the handsome stranger." He explains what Clarendon meant by "*Platonically*" when he says, "James's real intention was to play the tutor to his favourite, and to train him up in the rules of prudence and politics." *Socratically* would, perhaps, have been a better word—the King wished, in fact, to play Socrates, and make Villiers his Alcibiades. It is evident, however, that the King discovered intellectual powers in the first interview, for Clarendon adds, "I have not the least purpose of *undervaluing his good parts* when I say, that the first introduction into favour was purely from the handsomeness of his person.

"Gratior et *pulchro* veniens in *corpore* virtus."

Hume is savagely severe upon Villiers' apparent want of other than merely personal recommendations—yet it would be by no means difficult to shew that he possessed high qualities of head and heart, and that even when royal favouritism had

done its worst to spoil him, he was far from the flippant character that too many have believed him—namely, the courtly coxcomb of a court in which coxcombry was rampant.

The decline of the Earl of Somerset's influence with the King happened fortunately for young Villiers. Somerset had played Hephæstion to James's Alexander, and in his case personal beauty had doubtless been the sole recommendation to royal favour, for Carre *was* a shallow, ill-informed person—but the King was now going to try his hand philosophically, as we have said, in moulding a new Alcibiades. He blamed Buchanan for not having still further moulded himself into his *beau idéal* of a man—viz., the perfection of bodily beauty with the highest mental gifts and graces superadded. The first, James was vain enough mistakenly to believe he possessed; and if he had not the latter in perfection, the fault was all Buchanan's!! The royal raw material which Buchanan had to work upon was, however, a worse subject than Villiers. The son of the handsome Mary inherited neither his mother's personal nor intellectual graces.

Somerset was not long in seeing that Villiers had the very qualities necessary to supplant him, and he tried every art to keep the new favourite in the shade. Thus when it was the King's pleasure

to promote him from Cup-bearer to Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Somerset "moved that he might only be sworn a Groom." This opposition of the falling *star* proved unavailing. Villiers not only received the honour, but with it an annual pension of £1,000, made payable out of the Court of Wards. The rapidity with which all the honours that the crown could confer were now showered upon him, proves how much he had won upon the King's affections. His great conversational powers, and a fascination of manner which James had never found in his Scottish court, and but rarely in his English one, were the constant theme of the monarch's praise. Knight Companion of the Garter—Justice in Eyre—Baron Whaddon*—Earl—Marquis—and subsequently, without any ceremony but the delivery of the patent, Duke of Buckingham—Lord High Admiral—Master of the King's Bench—High Steward of Westminster, and Constable of Windsor Castle, were honours and offices conferred, except the Dukedom, in the short space of eighteen months! If Villiers had not been somewhat spoiled by what Clarendon calls "this prodigious ascent," he must have been the most moderate of men.

* After the attainder of Lord Grey de Wilton, the fine estate of Whaddon was also granted to Villiers.

But not only were all honours conferred upon him, he was the sole channel or fount from which others could obtain titles and preferment; and so active or generous was he in the procurement, or rather *bestowal*, of these, especially on his relatives, that it became a saying in Leicestershire that "he and his kin were so constantly accumulating titles that nobody knew how to address them."

When royal munificence had done all it could there was still a higher honour awaiting "James's paragon," viz., the hand of the loveliest and richest woman in the land. In 1620—that is in his 28th year—the Marquis of Buckingham espoused Catharine Manners, "the Rose of the Vale," the only daughter of Francis Earl of Rutland. The wooing was a strange one, if one may credit Arthur Wilson:—

"The marquis having tempted her, and carried her to his lodgings in Whitehall, *kept her there for some time*, and then returned her to her father. Upon which the stout old earl sent him this threatening message:—'That he had too much of a gentleman to suffer such indignity, and if he did not marry his daughter to repair her honour, no greatness should protect him from his justice.' Buckingham, who perhaps made it his design to get her father's good will this way, she being the

greatest heir in the kingdom, had no reason to dislike the union, and therefore he quickly salved up the wound before it grew into a quarrel." Wilson adds, that Catharine was "bred a Papist by her mother, but that after her marriage she was converted by Dr. White, and grew a zealous Protestant, but that, like the morning dew, it quickly vanished, for the good old Countess of Buckingham never left working by her secret instruments, the Jesuits, till she had placed her on her first foundation."* Wilson's authority with regard to the last fact at least seems very questionable, for no proof whatever exists of the duchess having professed Catholicism during her first husband's life-time. After her second marriage to Randolph Macdonald, Earl, and afterwards Marquis of Antrim, she certainly openly conformed to that religion.

Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in his MS. journal, thus quaintly describes a passage of arms, in which the duke bore a conspicuous part shortly after his nuptials—"1620-21, Monday, Jan. 8, in the afternoon, I went to the tilt yard, over against Whitehall, where fowre couples ran to shewe the before-mentioned French embassadour, Cadnet, and divers French lordes that came with him, that

* See *Memoirs of Illustrious Persons*, 1711, p. 7, 11.

martiall pastime.. Prince Charles himself rann first with Richard, Lord Buckhurst, Earle of Dorset, and brake their speares verie successfully. The next couple that rann was the beloved* Marquesse of Buckingham and Philip Lord Herbert, Earle of Montgomerie, younger brother to William Earle of Pembroke; but had very bad success in all the courses, they made. Marquesse Hamilton, a Scottishman, and the King's near kinsman, with Sir Robert Rich Earle of Warwrike, performed their course almost as gallantlie as the Prince and Earle of Dorset; but the last couple did worst of all, not breaking a staffe. After this, most of the tilters, excepting the prince, went uppe to the French lordes in a large upper roome of the howse, standing at the lower end of the tilt-yard, and I crowding in after them, and seeing the Marquesse of Buckingham discoursing with two or three Frenchmonsieurs, I joined them, and most earnestlie heard him for about halfe an houres space at the least; which I had the opportunitie the more easilie to accomplish, because he stood all that time he talked bare-headed. I saw every thing in him full of delicacie and handsome features;

* In what sense does Sir Simonds use this epithet—*beloved*? Tauntingly, as alluding to the royal favouritism? or honestly as expressing the general love entertained towards the all-accomplished duke?

yet his hands and face seemed to me especiallie effeminate and curious. It is possible he seemed the more accomlisht because the French mon-sieurs that had invested him were verie swarthie hard-favoured men. That he was afterwards an instrument of much mischief, both at home and abroad, is soe evident upon recorde as noe man can denie ; yet this I doe suppose *proceeded rather from some Jesuited incendiaries about him than from his own nature, which his verie countenance promised to be affable and gentle.*"

It was in 1623, that Buckingham suggested to Prince Charles what in previous times would have been called a piece of knight errantry, and in the slang of modern times "*a good lark.*" This was a journey in disguise to the court of Spain to escort home the betrothed Infanta. The King vehemently protested against this absurdity, but Buckingham had so filled the Prince with the belief that this mode of wooing would be deemed graceful and chivalric by the Court of Spain, that his Majesty could not resist the Prince's solicitations, and Buckingham's impetuosity to undertake it. "The Prince and Buckingham with their two attendants, and Sir Richard Graham, Master of the Horse to Buckingham, passed disguised and undiscovered through France. They even ventured into a court-ball at Paris where Charles saw

the Princess Henrietta, whom he afterwards espoused, and who was at that time in the bloom of youth and beauty. In eleven days after their departure from London they arrived at Madrid, and surprised every one by a step so little usual amongst great Princes. The Spanish monarch immediately paid Charles a visit, expressed the utmost gratitude for the confidence reposed in him, and made warm protestations of correspondent confidence and friendship. By the most studied civilities he shewed the respect he bore his royal guest."* It is almost superfluous, however, to add that so far from this Quixotic scheme having forwarded the Spanish match, it was in fact the very cause of its being broken off, for a comparison of the Infanta with the then beautiful Henrietta was so favourable to the latter that Charles had no hesitation in coming to a fixed purpose to wed her. Clarendon says, "It is certain the King was never well pleased with the Duke after this journey into Spain, which was infinitely against his will." Yet this opinion seems hardly reconcilable with the fact that he gave Buckingham a fresh proof of his regard by creating him, *during his absence*, Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Coventry (May 18, 1623). As irreconcilable with circumstances are the vague allegations that the King, before his

* Hume.

death, grew weary of the favourite, and that he would have deprived him of his almost unlimited power. Equally erroneous were the expectations of Buckingham's enemies that Charles on coming to the crown would discard him—so far was the young King from doing this that his affection for the Duke, and his confidence in him seem even to have exceeded his late father's. He who had been Steenie to his sire should be more than Steenie to him.*

It was a natural consequence of his rivals' chagrin at Buckingham's standing so well with the new Sovereign that he became odious to them, and that they laboured hard to render him odious to the nation. The Earl of Bristol being accused of high treason, recriminated by charging the duke with the same offence—but just grounds for the charge were never established. An impeachment in the Commons had no better success. Here the charges were the uniting many offices in his own person—the obtaining of two by purchase—the neglect of his duty as Lord High Admiral—the accepting of extensive grants from the crown—the “physicking

* This diminutive of Stephen was a familiar name given to Buckingham, in allusion to his fine face—and “it was,” says Hearne, “a very singular compliment to the splendour of his beauty, alluding to Acts vi. 15, where it is said of St. Stephen :— ‘All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been *the face of an angel.*’ ”

of the late King," &c., &c. "It must be confessed," says Clarendon, "that the Duke's answer in these particulars, as in all the rest, is so clear and satisfactory that it is impossible to refuse an assent to it. * * * Rapacity and avarice were vices with which he was entirely unacquainted."

Even while under impeachment, he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and the court interest exercised to procure him that distinguished honour, shews how much they had erred who had expected less affection towards him in the young monarch than his royal father had entertained :—

"Trustie and wel-beloved, wee greete you well, & wheras upon our pleasure intimated unto yow by the Bishope of Durham for the choyce of your Chancellor, you have with such duty as wee expected, highly satisfied us in your election, and we cannot of our owne princely nature (who are much possest with this testimony of your redy and loyall affection) forbare to let you know how much you are therein made partakers of our royall approbation; and wee shall ever conceave that an honour done to a person wee favour, is out of royall respect had unto ourselfe. And as wee shall ever repute Buckingham worthie of this your election, soe shall you find the frute of it; for wee

that have found him a faithful servante to our deere father of blessed memory and ourselves, can best undertake that he will prove such a one unto yow, and shall assist him with a gracious willingness in anything that may concern the good of your Universitye in general, or the particular merits of any student therein.”*

The Duke’s acknowledgment of the honour is characteristic, and at the present time when a Royal and Ducal Chancellor are so zealously alive to all that concerns their respective universities, may prove peculiarly interesting.

“Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, the Senate of the University of Cambridge!

“There is noe one thinge that concerns me in this life I should more desire than the opinion of learned and honest men, amongst which number as you have ever held the first ranke in the estimation of the Commonwealth and fame of the Christian world, soe in conferinge this honour of your Chancellorshippe upon mee, I must confess you have satisfied an ambition of mine owne (which I hope will never forsake me): which is to be well thought of by men that deserve well, and men of

* From the “Common Place Book” of Colonel Walter Slingsby, in the possession of the Earl of Harborough.

your profession; yett I cannot attribute this honour to any desertes of myne, but to a respect yow beare to the sacred memory of my dead master, *the Kinge of Schollars*, who lov'd yow and honour'd yow often with his presence; and to my gracious master now livinge, who inheritts with his blessed father's virtues, the affection hee bore your Universitie. I beseech yow as yow have now made choyce, with so many sound and noble circumstances (for the manner is as much to mee as the matter) soe assure your feloes you have cast your voyces upon your servante who is apprehensive of *the time yow have shewed your affection in*, as of the honour you have given him. And I earnestlie request you all, that you will be pleased not to judge me comparatively with the sucksesse you have had on your former choyce of Chancellors, who, as they knew better (perchance by advantage of education in your Universitie) how to value the desertes of men of your qualities and degrees, soe could they not be more willinge to cherish them than myselfe, who will make amends for want of schollershippe in my love to the professors of it, and to the sorce from whence it comes; havinge now just cause to employ my utmost endeavours, with what favour I may from a royal master, to the mayneteyninge of the charters, privileges, and immunities of your

Universitie in generall, or the advancinge of the particular merittes of any student therein. And since I am soe far engaged in yow, I must presume upon another curteysye, which is that you would bee pleased to supporte mee with your advice, and suggest a way unto mee (as I myself shall not fayle to thinke upon some meanes) how yow may make posteritye remember yow had a thankfull Chancellor,* and one that both really loves yow and your Universitye, with a resolution written in an honest harte, by him that wants much to express his affection. who will ever live your faithfull frend and humble svrvant.

“GEORGE BUCKINGHAM.

“*Whitehall, June the 7th, 1626.*”

A fresh proof of royal favour was shewn to Buckingham in 1627, when his son James having died an infant, and his daughter, Mary,† being

* When sent with the Earl of Holland to the States to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, the Duke purchased the curious collection of Arabic MSS., penned by Erpenius, with the design of presenting them to the University, and which the Duchess presented after his death. For these he purposed to erect a repository after the Oxford model at his own expense. See *Reliquiæ Woottonianæ*, p. 235. The beadle staves or maces still in use were the Duke's gift, who had forgotten or forgiven an offence he had taken a few years before at a play which had been acted by the scholars of Ben'et College. *Masters*, p. 137.

† The Lady Mary Villiers was twice married, first to Charles Lord Herbert, who died at Florence, in 1635, s.p., and secondly to

then his only child, he obtained by letters patent, dated Cambury, August 31, a creation for this child of the title of Duchess of Buckingham, immediately after the death of her father, in case he should die without issue male, and the Dukedom was entailed on her heirs for ever, with all privileges belonging unto a Duke, and the fee of £40 a year.

In proportion, however, as the Duke's influence increased with the King, it diminished with the parliament and the people. The very persons who had profanely called him "Our Saviour" for bringing the Prince safe out of Spain, now raised the cry that the Spanish war, following the breaking off of the Spanish match, was all his doing. A war with France was equally imputed to him, and acrimonious expressions used by the parliament and people greatly heightened the indignant *hauteur* with which he treated those who resisted him.

This last war is said to have arisen solely from a private motive of resentment on the part of Buckingham. The Duke's reasons for urging the Sovereign into a rupture with France are thus accounted for:—

Esme, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, by whom she had one son, Esme, who succeeded to his father's titles, but died at ten years of age; and one daughter, Mary, married to Richard, Earl of Arran.

Charles I. married the Princess Henrietta of France by proxy, and the Duke was despatched to Paris to grace the nuptials and conduct the new Queen to England. Never had such a sensation been caused in that gay capital by the arrival of any foreign potentate as by that of the renowned Villiers. The eyes of the whole French court were directed towards the man who was the reputed absolute governor of three kingdoms. "The extreme beauty of his person, the gracefulness of his air, the splendour of his equipage, his fine taste in dress, festivals and carousals," says Madame de Motteville, "corresponded to the prepossessions entertained in his favour, while the affability of his manners, and the magnificence of his expense, increased still further the general admiration." In every courtly scene he appears to have been regarded even by the polished Parisians as—

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

Encouraged by the smiles of the court he dared even to address the Queen (Anne of Austria) in the language of love! Nor did he fail (as he had done in Spain*) to make an impression on a heart

* Tradition says that while at the Spanish court he had

not indisposed to the tender passion. "The attachment at least of *the mind*," says Clarendon, "which appears so delicious and is so dangerous, seems to have been encouraged by the princess; and the Duke presumed so far on her good graces, that after his departure, he secretly returned upon some pretext, and paying a visit to the Queen was dismissed with a reproof which savoured more of kindness than of anger."* Richelieu, Cardinal as he was, had conceived a passion for the Queen, and chagrined at the preference manifested towards the younger and far handsomer Englishman, he resolved on counter-working the amorous projects of his rival. Having obtained information of this stolen interview between the Queen and Buckingham, he scrupled not to incense the king's mind with some exaggerated particulars of it. When the Duke, therefore, was contemplating another embassy to Paris, which he had recommended to Charles on political grounds, but which was in reality to furnish a fresh opportunity of prosecuting his amour with the Queen, Richelieu easily persuaded Louis to convey to the English court an intimation

attempted an intrigue with the Countess of Oliverez; and that she made ample discovery of his gallantry to her husband, who concerted with her a very dreadful revenge—the substitution of a *fille de joie*.

* The queen was eight years the duke's junior, having been born in 1600.

that Buckingham's presence at Paris was not at all desired. In a romantic passion he swore he would see the Queen in spite of all the power of France,* and from that moment he was determined to engage England in a war with that country.

Amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (7356, No. 4), written in 1634, is a paper which somewhat varies these particulars.

“At the time of his being in France about the King's marriage and to bring over the present Queen, he fell into a great affection or pretence of it, towards the Queen Regent, and was (as it was conceived) accepted in his pretences; but the Queen was so narrowly looked to that he could get no opportunity or convenience of access; whereupon he grew more passionate and loud in his chase, which (as was then imagined) was discovered and disdained by the French king. After he had taken his leave and the whole train was attending the Princess (now Queen of England) to the ships, he pretended some business; and having by his scouts, Mr. Montague and Mr. Jarmin, held private correspondence with the Queen and her Ministers, posted a day's journey to meet her, but without success; and this subtle and violent prosecution made the design notorious and so his person unacceptable to the King of France and that nation.

* Hume.

Upon receiving the princess (now Queen) into his ship he kissed her lips and ‘bade her welcome into his jurisdiction, for he was Admiral,’ yet his enemies thought this boldly done and upon question, would have objected it against him had he ever fallen in grace. His affection and purpose on the French Queen continued still; and it was conceived the intercourse was with good liking prepared on both sides; and that he might now again stand capable of such advantages he prevailed with the King of England to be sent ambassador to that King. The King of France absolutely disliked it; and, as much as in him lay, opposed him coming thither; but when he saw no remedy was contented. But the Duke, by his secret intelligence, found another entertainment provided for him than he expected; for no doubt if he had gone on with that design of the embassy, he had been then murdered; and so resolved to give over that expedition, that, since he might not enjoy her peaceably *he would see her with an army*. And this occasion was conceived by many the only motive to the French war at Rheè; and yet happily his malice was soon after allayed.”

To recite the particulars of the disastrous descent on Rheè would be tedious. His ill success abroad gave his enemies at home a fresh handle against him and obstacles were no doubt thrown in the way of the

despatch of succour that would have relieved him. After a miserable retreat and with the loss of the flower of his army,* Buckingham with difficulty reached his ship. He was the last man that quitted the French shore, but this proof of personal courage afforded poor consolation for the ill success of his measures, and he acknowledged to his secretary, Dr. Mason, that he was utterly heart-sick. On regaining Plymouth harbour he found the Earl of Holland just on the point of leaving it with the fleet that was to have relieved him. He scarcely staid a moment at Plymouth, but mounting a horse set off on his way to London. A special messenger with a letter from Lord Goring met him. This letter advised him not to come by the usual road to London for a plot was laid to assassinate him. He read the letter without apparent perturbation, and with eight attendants continued his route. When he had proceeded about three miles farther an old woman rushed up to his horse's side, and having earnestly enquired if the Duke was of the company, and being told that he was, became very importunate to speak to him in private. He rode aside with her and she then told him that,

* Clarendon says, "In this fatal expedition there was scarce a noble family in the kingdom that did not lose a son, a brother, or near kinsman, without such circumstances as are the usual consolation and recompenses for such losses.

“in the very next town through which he had to pass, and which was now in sight, she had heard a band of desperate men solemnly vow his death.”

Upon this the whole company urged him to change his route, and take to the bye ways; and on his refusal the young Lord Fielding, his nephew, rode up to him and earnestly begged that he would at least honour him with his coat and blue ribbon for the rest of the journey, pleading that “his uncle’s life, in which the hope of the whole family centered, was of all things under heaven the most precious to him”—that he could so muffle himself in his cloak as to pass for the duke, and that his life was comparatively valueless. The noble youth was indeed willing to say,

“*Me me adsum qui feci in me convertite ferrum.*”

With all his faults Buckingham had strong sensibility, and catching his nephew in his arms in a transport of gratitude and admiration, he kissed him, while both swelled into tears—“No,” said he, “sooner would I perish a thousand times than risque a life so precious as that now offered in my defence!”

In riding through the town pointed out by the old woman the duke’s bridle was rudely seized, and there was an evident attempt to stop him;

but this was prevented by one of the company riding sharply at the man's arm.

The murmurs of the people on Buckingham's arrival in London knew no bounds. In vain did he try to shift the blame of the failure to other shoulders; at him and him alone was directed all the vengeance; and every man's countenance, whether rich or poor, expressed confusion, trouble and resentment. To the state of feeling first caused by these circumstances, may probably be traced those struggles between the sovereign and the people, which were so soon to involve the nation in the horrors of civil war. A Parliament was called. Its first act was to declare the duke the cause of all the public miseries. The king siding with the favourite, immediately adjourned the house. On re-assembling, the same subject again engrossed all their time, and a declaration of the duke's crimes was ordered to be inserted in the journals. The king also received a "remonstrance," and replied to it by a message to put an end to the session at a short day. In the meantime he caused an order to be made in the Star Chamber with respect to the allegations against the duke, "that his Majesty knowing them to be false, they should, together with the duke's answer, be taken off the file, that no memory might remain upon

record against him which might tend to his disgrace.

The distressing state of the Rochellers and their strong cry for help, communicated by deputies sent over to England, increased the indignation against the duke, and it was only adding fresh fuel to the fire when it became known that he was again to be trusted with the command of the expedition about to be sent for their relief, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a relation of the Duchess of Buckingham, thus describes the duke's preparations for this second enterprise, and the fatal occurrence that prevented it.

“He was most of this month (August 1628) at or neere Portsmouth, preparinge a fleete for the releife and victualling of Rochel, which the French had besieged both by sea and land, and had soe strongly blocked upp the water channel be fore it as it was very probable hee could never have relieved it had hee lived to have gone with the navie himselfe. Whether he meant sincerely in thus deferring long his journie I know not; but most certaine it is had sufficient stoore of corne onlie been sent in but six or seven months before, which tenn saile of merchant ships might have carried into the toune, that inestimable piece had been saved from ruine. The duke himselfe seemed confident hee should doe the worke, and

therefore made all the hast he could to get all things in a readiness for his departure. Some of his friendes had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needfull it would bee for his greater safetie to weare some coate of maile, or some other secret defensive armour, which the duke slighting, saied : ‘ It needs not—*there are no Roman spirits left.*’

“ August 23rd being Saturday, the duke having eaten his breakfast betweene eight and nine of the clock in the morning, in one Mr. Mason’s house, in Portsmouth, hee was then hasting away to the king, who lay at Reswicke (Southwick says Clarendon), some five miles distant, to have some speedie conference with him. Being come to the further post of the entrie leading out of the parlour into the hall of the howse, hee had there some conference with Sir Thomas Fryar, knt., a colonell ; and stooping down and taking leave of him, John Felton, gentleman, having watched his opportunitie, thrust a long knife with a white halfte he had secretlie about him, with great strength and violence, into his breast under his left papp, cutting the diaphragma and lungs, and piercing the verie heart itself. The duke havin received the stroake, instantlie clapping his right hand on his sword hilt, cried out ‘ God’s wounds ! the villaine has killed me ! ’ * * * Hee was

attended by manie noblemen and leaders, yet none could see or prevent the stroake.

“ His duchesse and the countesse of Anglesey, the wife of Sir Christopher Villars Earle of Anglesey, his younger brother, being in an upper roome, and hearing the noise in the hall into which they had carried the duke, ran presentlie to a gallerie that looked downe into it and ther beholding the duke’s blood gush out abundantlie from his breast, nose, and mouth, (with which his speech after those his first wordes had been immediately stopped), they brake into pitiful outcries, and raised great lamentations. Hee pulled out the knife himself; and, being carried by his servants unto the table that stood in the same hall, having struggled with death neare upon a quarter of an howre, at length hee gave up the ghost aboute ten of the clocke the same forenoon, and lay a long time after he was dead upon the hall table ther.”

On the motives that actuated Felton it does not seem necessary to dilate, but it is probable that the assassination was first suggested to him by the many predictions of the duke’s approaching end which were then current among the people. Lady Lucy Davys (wife of the Attorney-General for Ireland), had confidently foretold that it would take place in 1628; and a Latin distich, headed by

what was called a *chronogram*, was in very general circulation :—

“GeorgIVs DVX BVCKinghaMIæ MDCXVVVIII.

Læto jam sæclo tandem sol pertulit annum;

Noni non videat, quæsumus, Alme, diem.”

The *ghostly* warning which the duke had of his approaching end is very curious. The best account of this is contained in the “Letter from Edmond Wyndham, Esq. to Gervase Hollis, Esq., a faithful collector of antiquities and of things rare; of which sort this being one I thought fitt to place it in this booke that it may be preserved for the view of posteritie.”*

The MS. in the British Museum, already cited, somewhat varies the particulars of this singular narrative, and it adds that shortly after the spirit’s message had been communicated to the duke, his grace repeated it to his mother in a private discourse, whereat she wept and took on extremely. The duke himself was killed before the day (St. Bartholomew’s); and the countess seemed to be so forewarned of the mishap that she *was nothing troubled or amazed at the act that all Christendom wondered at?*

* Hearne’s Life of King Richard II., p. 406, (appendix) where will be found a mutilated copy of this singular production. Nichols, however, in his History of Earl Goscate, correctly supplies all Hearne’s omissions.

Clarendon considers that the ghost story was wholly planned by the Countess and the person to whom the apparition was said to have appeared, as a final effort to convince the duke of his great danger, but Wyndham's letter would seem to refute this supposition.

Thus fell one of the most extraordinary men of any times or of any country. Men's actions are too often estimated by the good or ill success that attends them—"their vices live in brass: their virtues are writ in water." And it may well be believed that had the French expedition been successful, and Buckingham's career had not been prematurely terminated, he would, in his soberer years, have exerted for his country's good the great statesmanlike qualities with which he was certainly endowed. It would be strange if his sudden exaltation, unbounded royal favour, and even his remarkable beauty, had not filled men's minds with envy, and led them to exaggerate his faults and depreciate his undoubtedly great talents and good properties. They did so: and when envy was permitted to paint his picture, it was not to be wondered at that she should do her best to blacken it, or that she should represent him as—

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Lord Clarendon (how singular that this title

should now be rendered illustrious by one of the Villiers family) appears to us to be nearly the only writer who did justice to the duke's memory. He says of him,—“ This great person was of a noble nature and generous disposition, and of such other endowments as made him very capable of being a great favourite to a great king. He understood the arts of a court, and all the learning that is professed there, exactly well. By long practice in business, under a master that discoursed excellently and surely knew all things wonderfully, and took much delight in indoctrinating his young and unexperienced favourite, who, he knew, would always be looked upon as the workmanship of his own hands, he had obtained a quick conception and apprehension of business, and had the habit of speaking very gracefully and pertinently. He was of a most flowing courtesy and affability to all men who made any address to him ; and so desirous to oblige them, that he did not enough consider the value of the obligation or the merits of the person he chose to oblige ; *from which much of his misfortune resulted.* He was of courage not to be daunted ; which was manifested in all his actions, and in his contests with particular persons of the greatest reputation, and especially in his whole demeanour at the isle of Rheè, both at the landing and at the retreat, in both of which

no man was more fearless or more ready to expose himself to the highest dangers. His kindness and affection to his friends were so vehement, that they were as so many marriages for better or for worse, and so many leagues offensive and defensive, as if he thought himself obliged to love all his friends and to make war upon all they were angry with, let the cause be what it would. And it cannot be denied that he was an enemy in the same excess, and prosecuted those he looked on as enemies with the utmost rigour and animosity, as was not easily induced to a reconciliation. His single misfortune (which was indeed productive of many greater), that he had never made a noble and worthy friendship with a man so near his equal, that he would frankly advise him for his honour and true interest against the current, or rather the torrent, of his impetuous passion. And it may reasonably be believed that, if he had been blessed with one faithful friend, who had been qualified with wisdom and integrity, he would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man who shined in such a sphere in that age in Europe. He was in his nature just and candid, liberal, generous, and bountiful; nor was it ever known that the temptations of money swayed him to do an unjust or unkind thing. If he had an immoderate ambition, with which he was charged,

it doth not appear that it was in his nature, or that he brought it with him to court, but rather found it there. He needed no ambition, who was seated in the hearts of two such masters."

What the quaint Fuller says of this extraordinary man is too good to be omitted.

"Being debarred (by his late nativity) from his father's lands, he was happie in his mother's love, maintaining him in France till he returned one of the compleatest courtiers in Christendom, his body and behaviour mutually gracing one another. Sir Thomas Lake may be said to have ushered him to the English court, whilst the Lady Lucy Countess of Bedford led him by the one hand, and William Earl of Pembroke by the other, supplying him with a support far above his patrimonial income. The truth is, Somerset's growing daily more wearisome made Villiers hourly more welcome to K. James"

After reciting his rapid accumulation of titles, Fuller goes on—

"And now offices at court (not being already void) were voided for him. The Earl Worcester was persuaded to part with his place of Master of the Horse, as the Earl of Nottingham with his office of Admiral, and both conferred on the Duke. He had a numerous and beautiful female kindred, so that there was hardly a noble stock in England

into which one of these his clients was not grafted. Most of his nieces were matched with little more portion than their uncle's smiles, the forerunner of some good office of honour to follow on their husbands. Thus by the same act did he both gratifie his kindred and fortifie himself with noble alliance.

“It is seldom seen that two kings (father and son) tread successively in the same tract; but here King Charles had as high a kindness for the Duke as K. James. Thenceforward he became the plenipotentiary in the English court, some of the Scottish nobility making room for him by their seasonable departure out of this life. The Earl of Bristoll was justled out: the Bishop of Lincoln cast flat on the floor; the Earls of Pembroke and Carlisle content to shine beneath him; Holland behind him; none even with, much lesse before him. But it is generally given to him who is the little god at court to be the great devil in the countrey. The commonalty hated him with a perfect hatred, and all miscarriages in church and state, at home, abroad, at sea and land, were charged on his want of wisdom, valour, and loyalty. When Felton, a melancholy malcontented gentleman, and a sullen souldier, apprehending himself injured, could find no other way to revenge his conceived wrongs then by writing them with the point of a knife on the heart of the Duke whom

he stabbed at Portsmouth, anno domi 1620 (*sic in origi*). It is hard to say how many of this nation were guilty of this murder, either by public praising, or by private approving thereof.

“His person, from head to foot, could not be charged with any blemish, save that some hypercriticks conceived his brows somewhat pendulous, a cloud which in the judgement of others was by the beams of his eyes sufficiently dispelled. The reader is remitted for the rest of this character to the exquisite epitaph on his magnificent monument in the chappel of Henry the Seventh.”*

And “exquisite” indeed this epitaph is. It forms so complete a summary of his character—his virtues and his failings—and is expressed in such beautiful Latinity, that we regret that our confined limits will not permit its insertion here.

The monument itself, with the statues of the Duke and Duchess (for she, too, was interred beneath it), with its fine gilt brasses and other appendages, is one of the most remarkable in Westminster Abbey.

It has been asserted, that so obscure was the Villiers family, that at the time when George was ennobled, he was obliged, for want of any arms belonging to his ancestors, to adopt the coat of a gentleman in Kent. This is utterly inconsistent

* Fuller's Worthies, p. 130.

with fact. The Villiers pedigree is enriched with very fine blazons of arms, used by the family long before the Duke's time. The windows of Brooksby church contain seventeen different shields, all belonging to Villiers. Indeed, the highest of our aristocracy may well be proud to have the Villiers' blood; and it could be plainly shewn, if it were not too personal, that there are many living proofs of the truth of an ancient observation, viz., that both personal beauty and high mental endowments are hereditary in the family.

Granger says, there was an excellent whole length painting of the great Duke, by Vandyke, at the Duke of Queensberry's, at Amesbury. Pen-
nant mentions, at Gorhambury, "a portrait of the beautiful George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in white, with a hat and feather on a table."

The Duke appears to have been a patron of art, and, if we may judge from the following notice of Lord Orford's, he was also a connoisseur and collector.* "A catalogue of the curious collection of pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, containing such parts only of the museum of that magnificent favourite as were preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young Duke, *to be*

* Prefixed by Lord Orford to the Catalogue.

sold for his subsistence, great part having been embezzled when the estate was sequestered by the Parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first Duke, had been purchased by the King, the Earl of Northumberland, and Albert Montague. The collection was kept at York House, in the Strand, and had been bought by the Duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his Grace (particularly a Madonna and child, by Titian, and Abishay brought to David, by old Palma). One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been by the list of what remained, where we find no fewer than

19 by Titian,	8 „ Palma,
17 „ Tinteret,	3 „ Guido,
21 „ Basson,	13 „ Rubens,
2 „ Julio Romano	3 „ Leonardo di Vinci,
2 „ Giorgione,	2 „ Corregio,
13 „ Paul Veronese,	3 „ Raphael,

besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart, of Antwerp, bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and added to the noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture—the *Ecce Homo* of Titian—in which

were introduced the portrait of the Pope, the Emperor Charles V., and Solyman the Magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original MS., that Thomas Earl of Arundel offered the first Duke £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy in Northumberland House."

Scarcely inferior in interest to the life of the first Duke was that of his son and successor—who with parts of even greater brilliancy, and a person of no less beauty than his father's, was, however, still surpassed in both by his younger brother, Lord Francis. Had the limits we are bound to observe been more extensive, it would have been delightful, not only to continue our narrative through the lives of the two last extraordinary men, but to go through the whole history of the Villiers' family. Abler pens will tell of the distinguished Viceroy of Ireland, and of the other eminent statesmen of the line; and if the union of the Villiers' blood with that of the great legislator whom a whole nation is now deploring does not furnish subjects for history's page, talent is not hereditary, and lineage is not worth recording.*

* Sir John Villiers, the first Duke's elder brother, married Frances, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the richest heiress of the time. He was twice her age, and she soon eloped with Sir John Howard, by whom she had a son, who was not allowed to inherit on account of illegitimacy.—See Lord Campbell's *Lives of Chief Justices*—in which some curious particulars of this match are recorded.

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF LATHOM HOUSE.

LATHOM HOUSE, near Ormskirk, stood, according to an old biographer, upon marshy ground, and seemed in other respects as if nature had intended it for a place of strength. "Before the house," as he tells us, "to the south and southwest, is a rising ground so near it as to overlook the top of it, from which it falls so quick that nothing planted against it on those sides can track it further than the front wall; and on the north and east sides there is another rising ground even to the edge of the moat, and then falls away so quick that you can scarce, at the distance of a carbine shot, see the house over that height, so that all batteries placed there are so far below it as to be of little service against it (of which more hereafter), only let us observe by the way that the un-

common situation of it may be compared to the palm of a man's hand, flat in the middle, and covered with a rising round about it, and so near to it that the enemy in two years' siege were never able to raise a battery against it, so as to make a breach in the wall practicable to enter the house by way of storm."

The mansion thus protected by nature was surrounded by a strong wall, six feet in thickness, having upon it nine towers that flanked each other, and each tower had six pieces of cannon, three of which played in one direction, and three in the opposite. The moat beyond the wall was eight yards wide and two yards deep, and upon the inner side of it—that is, between the graff and the wall—there ran a stout palisade. In addition to these defences there was in the centre of the house a building called from its superior height, the Eagle Tower, for it rose considerably above all the rest, while two other towers less elevated but equally strong, stood at either side of the gate-house.

Upon the tops of these, in the entrance to the first court, were placed the choicest marksmen of the defenders selected from the keepers and others, who usually attended the Earl in his field sports, men that from long habit were peculiarly dexterous in the use of their weapons, as was soon to be seen in the havock they made amongst the Parliament-

arian leaders. They were armed with long fowling pieces, and with what the old writer terms "*scruded guns*," meaning, most probably, a rude sort of rifle.

Before his sudden departure for the Isle of Man, the Earl of Derby had hastily got together what men and arms he could procure at the moment for the defence of Lathom House. These, however, were manifestly inadequate to the purpose intended, and the Countess—the ever memorable Charlotte de la Tremouille—now set about supplying the deficiency with equal energy and prudence, making as little noise as possible with her preparations, and doing nothing that might induce the enemy to hurry on the attack, which she well knew was meditated. Every day of respite thus gained was sure to be of incalculable advantage to the defence, since it gave time for the better disciplining of her men, for the most part altogether unused to war, and whom it was of the last importance to gradually familiarize with its terrors. For their better management she divided them into six bands, each under its respective captain, the whole being subordinate to Captain Farmer, a Scotch officer who had served with much credit in the Low Countries, and who being reputed a man of skill and courage, was now advanced to the temporary rank of Major. Having completed her preparations so far as the circumstances of the time ad-

mitted, the Countess abided with an undaunted heart the approach of the enemy, her only fear being lest when it came to the point, her adherents might not be animated with equal resolution. Her quick eye no doubt detected many an anxious face amongst them, and one can hardly help imagining the doubtful smile into which those haughty yet beautiful lips must have relaxed, when declaring that she did not desire them to venture upon any peril in which she was not the first and foremost.

At length, on the 28th of March, 1644, the storm so long expected began to roll its near thunders. The enemy had advanced to Ormskirk, about two miles from Lathom, when Sir Thomas Fairfax sent an officer with a trumpet to desire a conference, in order, if possible, to come to an amicable understanding. To this the Countess assented; but at the same time, to prevent a surprise, and still more to impose upon the visitors by the appearance of greater strength than was really there, she lined the whole way with soldiers, from the main guard in the first court down to the great hall where Sir Thomas was to have his audience, while the rest of her men were disposed in open sight upon the walls and tops of the different towers, so as to make it appear she was quite ready to meet any assault they might choose to give.

The Parliamentary general now arrived with a select party of officers, and after the usual interchange of civilities, informed the Countess that they had been ordered to reduce Lathom House to their obedience ; but were at the same time commissioned to allow her to remove in all honour and safety with her children, servants, and goods of every description—arms and cannon alone excepted—to the Earl's house at Knowsley. There she would be permitted to enjoy one moiety of his English estates for the support of herself and family.

To this offer, which it is probable, intimated rather the aristocratic bias of the general himself than the feelings of his employers, the Countess craftily replied in the hope of gaining farther time, “ that she was there left under double trust—one of loyalty and faith to her husband, the other of allegiance and duty to her sovereign : that till she had obtained their consent, she could not give up that house without manifest disloyalty and breach of trust to them both ; therefore, desired only one month's time to know their pleasure therein, and then if she obtained their consent, she would quietly yield up the house ; if not, she hoped they would excuse her if she endeavoured to preserve her honour and obedience, though to her own ruin.”

Little disposed as Fairfax evidently was to adopt harsh measures, he did not dare to comply with such a request as this, but answered, and no doubt with perfect truth, that it exceeded their commission to allow her any farther respite for consideration than that one day. Less than this Fairfax could hardly have said without betraying his military trust, and exposing himself to reproach, if not to something worse, and so far it was plain he was unprepared to go, whatever might be his secret inclinations. His conduct, however, though a brave as well as honest man, was marked by a feebleness of purpose that we do not find for a single moment in his high-spirited and sagacious opponent, and his indecision was yet farther increased by a very simple artifice. The countess's chaplain, Mr. Rutter, afterwards Bishop Rutter, purposely threw himself in the way of one of the general's followers, to whom, as being an old friend, he communicated in well-affected confidence the great secret that Lathom House was abundantly stored with men and arms, and therefore not to be attacked without much danger to the assailants, but that being short of provisions they might be easily starved into submission. The deluded inquirer lost no time in carrying the intelligence to Fairfax, who, too much inclined to half measures before, was

then convinced that the safest plan would be the best plan. Let us, however, charitably hope that a humane anxiety to save all unnecessary bloodshed had a share in this decision. If the fortress could be reduced by the dread of famine, why should he waste the lives of his people, or the lives of the besieged, merely to gain possession of it a few hours earlier than might otherwise be the case? Instead, therefore, of carrying Lathom House by storm, as he full surely might have done had he set about the work at once, he quietly sat himself down with his troops before the mansion, in daily expectation of receiving proposals of surrender from the famished inmates. On her part, the Countess employed the time in a very different way; and, indeed, it seemed as if they had mutually exchanged their respective weapons of the distaff and the truncheon, the general amusing himself with the former, while the lady wielded the staff of command, and wielded it to good purpose. In excuse, however, for Fairfax, it should be remembered that until the appearance of Cromwell upon the scene, though blows were given and taken with right good will, yet the war on the side of the Republicans moved after a very slow and ponderous fashion; there was much courage but little enterprise in it; when

once brought into the field, the Roundheads fought stubbornly enough, but they seldom seemed to be in a hurry to get there, not from want of courage—for in that quality they were by no means deficient—but from lack of that active spirit of daring which makes men of ardent temper seem to love peril for its own sake. In fact, their conduct in the early period of the civil war reminds us not a little of Beaulieu and his sluggish Austrians, who were quite shocked at the irregularities of their little Corsican opponent, flying about, as he did, from place to place, like some wild meteor—now in their front, now in their rear, and now again upon their flanks—never where he ought to be, according to every legitimate calculation, but always beating them in a most unorthodox fashion. Not a single rule of fence did he observe, but aimed his most deadly blows with the left hand, when a man of any science would have used his right. Strange enough that at a later period Napoleon himself should have brought the very same sort of complaint against the English, reproaching them with much bitterness for their insular stupidity in not knowing when they were beaten. To return to Lathom House.

At the end of fourteen days, when, according to the chaplain's deceitful promises, the garrison should have been tamed by hunger into submis-

sion Fairfax sent them a summons to surrender. The countess, who had employed the interval in perfecting her defences, and in disciplining her men, as well as accustoming them to stand fire by making occasional sallies, returned for answer, "that as she had not lost her regard for the Church of England nor her allegiance to her prince, nor her faith to her lord, she could not therefore, as yet, give up that house; that they must never hope to gain it till she had either lost all these, or her life in defence of them."

This sarcastic reply opened the general's eyes, though somewhat of the latest, to the deception practised upon him. He now clearly saw that the place, if taken at all, must be taken by the strong hand; but just at this crisis he was called away by express orders from the Parliament, either because they really thought his presence more essential to their interests in another quarter, or because they doubted his good will to the task he had in hand. However this might be, he yielded a ready obedience to their commands, and left the farther prosecution of the siege to Colonel Egerton, assisted by Colonel Rigby, and Major Morgan, who was reputed to have some skill in engineering.

The affair was now carried on in a more earnest fashion, and it is not a little amusing to see how

indignant the old biographer of the house of Stanley becomes at this change in the besieger's mode of proceeding. "Colonel Egerton," he exclaims, pushed on by the inveterate malice and spite of Colonel Rigby, gave orders for drawing a line of circumvallation round about the house," as if they had not been there for the express purpose of doing their best to possess themselves of the mansion. The Countess, however, and her associates, looked at the affair in a much more soldierly point of view. Fully aware of the peril to be apprehended from such near approaches, they resolved to interrupt them by a vigorous sally; and so successfully was it conducted, that with the loss of only two men on their part, they killed about sixty of the besiegers, and made prisoners of as many more. Thereupon the Roundheads, abandoning their intended ground as too dangerous, drew fresh lines about the house at a safer distance, and though often unpleasantly interrupted in their work by sallies from the besieged, they managed to complete it by the end of five weeks, being assisted by the country people around, whom they had pressed into the service. They then made a deep trench near the moat, and erected a strong battery, upon which they placed a mortar, sent to them from London for the purpose. From this new species of artillery—new

that is, to the raw levies of the garrison, who had probably never seen such an engine in their lives before—they discharged huge stones and shells, to the infinite wonder and dismay of the besieged. One of these so dreaded missiles exploded in the room where the Countess and her children sat at dinner with her officers; but though it destroyed every thing around, yet, by an accident as wonderful as it was fortunate, not a single individual was hurt by it.

It will easily be supposed that while the terrible mortar was playing so principal a part in this military concert, the cannons were not silent, and though they caused less alarm, as being things of custom, it would seem that in reality they did much more mischief. On one occasion, the Countess herself had a narrow escape, a heavy bullet passing through the window of her bed-chamber. The siege, at last, ill conducted as it was, grew so hot that it became a matter of serious consideration with the royalist leaders how long the courage of their men might hold out against the pelting of the pitiless storm, which it was clear their feeble batteries were totally unable to keep under. In consequence, a council of war was held, and though councils of war are not usually noted for recommending the most vigorous expedients, yet upon this occasion

the spirit of their leader communicated itself to those around her, and it was unanimously agreed to make a vigorous sally, and endeavour to destroy the batteries, which otherwise seemed likely to destroy them. At break of day, the Countess, no less pious than heroic, held a solemn prayer in her own chapel, those soldiers and officers attending who had been selected to bear a part in the approaching conflict, and who were thus animated by every feeling that is most powerful over the human mind—the zeal of religion, the spirit of loyalty, and that devotion of man to woman, which originated in chivalry, and was a distinguishing characteristic of the Cavaliers. If ever men felt the threefold inspiration, so simply, yet energetically described by the old romancer, it must have been felt by this little band of heroes :

“ A Dieu mon ame,
Ma vie au roi ;
Mon cœur aux dames ;
L'honneur pour moi ! ”

Prayers being over, the gallant troop filed rapidly through the gates, and made a sudden dash at their enemy, the Countess marching with them up to the very trenches, by her voice, look, and action, breathing courage into the faint-hearted, if any such could be supposed amongst them. The onset was tremendous. All the fanaticism

of the Roundheads could not enable them to sustain so fierce a contest for more than half an hour, when they broke and fled, and the victors lost no time in nailing up their cannon, or rolling them into the moat. The mortar itself, the grand source of annoyance to the besieged, was dragged off in triumph to Lathom House, destined henceforth, like some deserter, to play the same part against its old friends that it had so recently played for them.

During the whole day the Cavaliers remained masters of the works and trenches they had so bravely taken, and which they now no less bravely busied themselves in demolishing, so far as the time allowed. By nightfall the Roundhead leaders had rallied their broken forces, whereupon their opponents deemed it the most prudent plan to retire again within their citadel, and they had thus an opportunity of repairing their damaged works. For five weeks did they labour incessantly at this task, but not without frequent and dangerous interruptions. Fired by their recent success, the besieged made several desperate sallies, and though always in the end compelled to retreat, it was seldom before they had done considerable mischief.

The energetic spirit of Colonel Rigby rebelled against these tedious and unsatisfactory proceed-

ings of his superior. He complained to the parliament, accused Colonel Egerton of indolence and incapacity, and succeeded in getting a commission from them to supersede one, who, in their own phrase, was doing the work of the Lord so negligently. If the new commander did not evince more skill than his predecessor, he at least carried on the war with a more unflinching zeal, not to call his conduct ferocity, to which it seems to have had a good title. "He denied a pass to three sick gentlemen to go out of the house, and would not suffer a midwife to go into the house to a gentlewoman in travail, nor a little milk for the support of young infants, but was everywhere severe and rude beyond the barbarity of a Turkish general." In short, the pious colonel evidently considered that everything was lawful which could in any way add to the sufferings of the besieged, and thereby hasten a surrender.

For nearly a fortnight this "Turkish general" was allowed to do as he pleased without much interruption on the part of the garrison, from their want of gunpowder; but then they were lucky enough by a bold and well directed sally to get an abundant supply, and the war re-commenced as vigorously as ever; the loss of the besieged in these frequent encounters bearing not the slightest

proportion to that inflicted upon their enemies. Still, at the end of about four months it became manifest, that unless relieved by the royalists, the house must speedily surrender. To hasten an event so desirable every way to the Republicans, Colonel Rigby dispatched a letter to the Countess, conceived in a tone very different from the speeches and messages of Fairfax. Instead of assuming a delicacy, which it was not in his nature to feel, he wrote to say, "that he required and expected the lady would forthwith deliver up the house to the service of the Parliament ; that there was no hope of any relief from the King's forces, which were then in a low and desperate condition ; and that if she refused to deliver it up upon that summons, she must hereafter expect the utmost severity of war."

The Countess, who had for so many months turned a deaf ear to the report of guns and mortars, was not likely to be scared by a few big words. Refusing to send any written answer, she replied by the trumpet who had brought the message, "Tell that insolent rebel, Rigby, that if he presumes to send any other summons, I will hang up the messenger at the gates."

The boldness of this reply would probably have cost our heroine dearly, for there was little chance of the place being able to hold out much longer,

but that the Earl himself, hearing of her distress, hastened to King Charles, and obtained his consent that Prince Rupert, who was about to march to York, should in his way thither relieve Lathom House. The tables were thus completely turned. Rigby, seeing himself threatened by the approach of such superior numbers, raised the siege of Lathom House, and sought refuge with all his troops in Bolton, where he, who had so lately been the besieger, was now in his turn the besieged. He wanted however the skill, or the courage, or the good fortune of his late opponent, for Bolton was taken by assault, though he himself escaped.

Shortly after these events, the Earl finding his presence again requisite in the Isle of Man, took with him the Countess and their children, for he well knew that upon the least reverse in the king's affairs Lathom House would be laid siege to a second time. And so indeed it fell out. The victory over the Royalists at Marston Moor left the Roundheads at liberty to attack and storm it, when, having the place in their possession, they utterly demolished it that it might not serve another time as a stronghold to their enemies.

GEORGE, THIRD EARL OF ORFORD,

THE SPORTSMAN.

No man ever sacrificed so much time or so much property to practical or speculative sporting as the third Earl of Orford. Among his experiments was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description: in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bade fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accus-

combed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

This lucky escape effectually cured the Earl of his passion for deer driving, but his zeal for coursing and his rage for its improvement remained to the last. No day was too long, no weather too severe for him. The singularity of his appearance used to excite universal amusement. Mounted on a stump of a piebald pony (as broad as he was long), in a full suit of black, without either great coat or gloves; his hands and face crimsoned with cold, and in a fierce cocked hat, facing every wind that blew, his lordship rode, regardless of the elements and the sand-gathering blasts of Norfolk.

On two occasions symptoms of insanity shewed themselves, and it was found necessary to place the Earl under restraint. The second attack, induced by regret at the death of his favourite female companion, was attended with increased

violence, and confined his lordship to his chamber, under the surveillance of an attendant.

One morning, during its continuance, his lordship, with that latent artifice which is often the associate of mental wandering, contrived by some plausible pretext to get his keeper out of the room, and instantly jumped out of the window, ran to the stables and saddled his quaint little pony, at the very moment he well knew the grooms were all engaged. On that day his favourite greyhound, Czarina, was to run a match of considerable importance : the gamekeepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled, equally lamenting the absence of the Earl and its melancholy cause, when at the very moment of condolence, who should appear, at full speed, on the well-known piebald, but the very object of the field's commiseration, None had power to restrain him : every attempt, every entreaty was in vain ; the match he was determined to witness, and there he resolutely remained. At length, all efforts failing to induce the poor invalid to forego the delight he anticipated in his favourite amusement, the greyhounds started and Czarina won ; but the excitement of the scene, his ardour in the contest, and the eagerness of triumph were too much for his shattered nerves. He fell from his pony, and almost immediately expired.

“Still lived the ruling passion strong in death.”

The Earl of Orford was deeply and deservedly lamented. A man of more simple manners, more liberal constructions, or more courteous deportment never existed. All the urbanities of life, all the benevolence of the human heart were his, and the sweetness of his nature won general regard and affection. Acquainted as he was from his rank as well as from his sporting pursuits, with every condition of people, from the prince to the peasant, his conversation was happily suited to each and equally winning with all.

The Prince of Wales, when occasionally visiting at Houghton, his lordship's fine old mansion in Norfolk, used to say he saw at no other place such a profusion of game of every description, such a display of attendant gamekeepers, such a noble though plain hospitality; and a park so curiously and infinitely stocked with every original in beast and fowl of almost all countries, from the African bull to the pelican of the wilderness.

His lordship never married. At his melancholy death, which occurred in 1791, the family honours reverted to his uncle, the famous Horace Walpole, who then became fourth Earl of Orford.

THE END.

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	0 13 1	0 7 1	0 3 8	9 1 7	118 18 3
25	0 14 4	0 7 11	0 4 1	9 3 10	116 17 7
30	0 15 7	0 8 9	0 4 6	9 6 4	115 3 3
35	0 17 2	0 9 7	0 4 11	9 9 1	113 11 7
38	0 18 2	0 10 1	0 5 2	9 10 10	112 14 4
45	1 1 1	0 11 10	0 6 1	9 15 1	110 19 0
50	1 3 2	0 13 1	0 6 11	9 18 5	119 15 8
55	1 5 9	0 14 6	0 7 9	10 2 3	108 14 4

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